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# CONTENTS

OF

No. 364.

Aut.	Page
I.—1. The Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman. By W. R. W. Stephens, B.D., Dean of Winchester. Two vols. London, 1895.	
2. English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century. By James Anthony Froude. London, 1895.	
3. Lectures and Essays. By Sir J. R. Seeley. London, 1895 - - - - -	281
II.—1. The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth. Edited by Augustus J. C. Hare. Two vols. London, 1894.	
2. The Novels of Maria Edgeworth. Twelve vols. London, 1893.	
3. Castle Rackrent and The Absentee. By Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Chris Hammond, with an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. London, 1895.	
4. Ormond. By Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Carl Schlosser, with an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. London, 1895 - - -	305
III.—1. M. Tullii Ciceronis Libellus de Optimo Genere Oratorum. M. Tullii Ciceronis Opera ed. J. G. Baiter. Vol. II. Leipsic, 1860.	
2. Petri Danielis Huetii de Interpretatione Libri duo, quorum prior est de optimo genere interpretandi, alter de claris interpretibus. Paris, 1661.	
3. Preface to the Translation of Ovid's Epistles. By John Dryden. London, 1680. Preface to the Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies. By the Same. London, 1685. Dedication of the Third Part of Poetical Miscellanies. By the Same. London, 1693	324
And other Works.	

ART.	Page
IV.—The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria. Edited by Stuart J. Reid. William Ewart Gladstone. By George W. E. Russell. The Earl of Beaconsfield. By J. A. Froude. London, 1892 - - -	354
V.—1. The Apostolic Fathers. Part I. S. Clement of Rome. A revised Text, with Introductions, Notes, Dissertations, and Translations. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. London, 1890.	
2. The Apostolic Fathers. Part II. S. Ignatius and S. Polycarp. Revised Texts, with Introductions, Notes, Dissertations, and Translations. Second Edition. By the Same. London, 1889 - - -	369
And other Works.	
VI.—1. The Renaissance of the English Drama. By Henry Arthur Jones. London, 1895.	
2. The published Plays of Henry Arthur Jones. London, 1895.	
3. The published Plays of Arthur W. Pinero. London, 1895 - - -	399
And other Works.	
VII.—1. Report of the Tenth Indian National Congress at Madras. Calcutta, 1895.	
2. The Protected Princes of India. By W. Lee Warner, C.S.I. London, 1894.	
3. The Flower of Forgiveness, and other Stories. By Flora Annie Steel. London, 1894 - - -	429
VIII.—1. A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven (Pauline de La Ferronnays). With Extracts from her Diaries and Correspondence. By Maria Catherine Bishop. London, 1894.	
2. Le Récit d'une Sœur. Par Madame Augustus Craven. Paris, 1866 - - -	454
IX.—1. Derecho Consuetudinario del Alto Aragon. By Joaquin Costa. Madrid, 1880.	
2. Derecho Municipal Consuetudinario. By several Writers. Madrid, 1885 - - -	483
And other Works.	
X.—1. Vita di Torquato Tasso. Da Angelo Solerti. Volumi III. Turin and Rome, 1895.	
2. Le Prince Vitale; Essai et Récit, à-propos de la Folie du Tasse. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris, 1863. New Edition, 1882 - - -	508
And other Works.	
XI.—The New House of Commons. 'Pall Mall Gazette' Office, 1895 - - -	538

# CONTENTS

OF

No. 363.

ART.	Page
I.—1. Publications of the Navy Records Society. State Papers relating to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. Edited by J. K. Laughton, M.A., R.N. London, 1894.	
2. Calendar of State Papers and Manuscripts relating to English Affairs, existing in the Archives and Collections of Venice and in other Libraries of Northern Italy. Vol. VIII. 1581-1591. Edited by Horatio F. Brown. London, 1894	1
And other Works.	
II.—1. John Addington Symonds: a Biography compiled from his Papers and Correspondence. By Horatio F. Brown. London, 1895.	
2. The Renaissance in Italy. By J. A. Symonds. London, 1875-86.	
3. Essays, Speculative and Suggestive. By the Same. London, 1890	31
And other Works.	
III.—1. London of To-day. By Charles Eyre Pascoe. London, 1894.	
2. Life and Labour of the People in London. Edited by Charles Booth. Vols. V. and VI. London, 1895	59
IV.—1. Obedientary Rolls of S. Swithun's, Winchester. By the Very Rev. Dr. Kitchin, Dean of Durham. London, 1892.	
2. Winchester Cathedral Records: A Consuetudinary of the Fourteenth Century. By Dr. Kitchin. London, 1886.	
3. Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries. By Francis Aidan Gasquet. Two vols. London, 1890	83
And other Works.	

ART.	Page
V.—1. The Book of the Rose. By the Rev. A. Foster-Melliar, M.A. London, 1894.	
2. The Rose-Garden. By William Paul. Ninth Edition. London, 1888	110
VI.—Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, 1890-93	126
VII.—1. Geschichte des Burlesken. Von F. Flögel. Leipzig, 1794.	
2. Book of Ballads. By Bon Gaultier. Edinburgh, 1857.	
3. La Parodie. Par Octave Delepierre. London, 1870	153
And other Works.	
VIII.—1. Novum Testamentum Græce. Ad antiquissimos testes denuo recensuit, apparatus criticum omni studio perfectum apposuit, commentationem isagogicam prætexuit, Constantinus Tischendorf. Editio Octava Critica Major. Volumina I. et II. Lipsiæ, 1869-72.	
2. Novum Testamentum Græce, &c. Volumen III. a. Prolegomena scripsit Casparus Renatus Gregory, additis curis Ezrae Abbot. Pars Prior. Lipsiæ, 1884. b. Pars Altera. Lipsiæ, 1890. c. Lipsiæ, 1894	181
And other Works.	
IX.—The Evil Eye: an Account of an ancient and widespread Superstition. By Frederick Thomas Elworthy. London, 1895	204
X.—1. Life and Teaching of Mohammed; or, the Spirit of Islâm. By Syed Ameer Ali, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal. London, 1891.	
2. Mohammed and Mohammedanism, critically considered. By S. W. Koelle, Ph.D. London, 1889.	
3. Lettres sur la Turquie. Par M. A. Ubicini. Two vols. Paris, 1853	220
And other Works.	
XI.—Royal Commission on the Aged Poor. Report and Minutes of Evidence. Three vols. London, 1895	254

2182.

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

- ART. I.—1. *Publications of the Navy Records Society. State Papers relating to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.* Edited by J. K. Laughton, M.A., R.N. London, 1894.
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3. *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.* By J. A. Froude. London, 1895.
4. *English Seamen.* By Robert Southey. Edited by David Hannay. London, 1895.

‘OCTOGESIMUS octavus mirabilis annus.’ So ran an ancient and famous prophecy, said to have been first written in German in the fifteenth century, though now only extant in a Latin version of the sixteenth. This prediction, says Bacon in his essay ‘Of Prophecies,’ ‘was thought accomplished in the sending of that great fleet—the Spanish fleet that came in eighty-eight—being the greatest in strength, though not in number, of all that ever swam the sea.’ With the original purport of the prophecy and with its alleged fulfilment we need not concern ourselves. It is at any rate certain that the words were written long before the event, and it is equally certain that the event fits their meaning. The coincidence is one which naturally struck men’s minds at the time. Three centuries later the prophetic character of the words is of less moment than their historic significance. Undoubtedly the year 1588 was an *annus mirabilis*. Two great forces, those of Rome and Protestantism, had long been striving in Europe for the mastery; and the overthrow of the Armada finally determined that the empire of the sea, with all that it involved, was to pass

Vol. 182.—No. 363. B from

from a Catholic to a Protestant power. We may admit that the forces which then came into conflict were expressed mainly in terms of politics and not in terms of religion. We may assent to the proposition that the war between Philip and Elizabeth 'had its origin in two perfectly clear and mundane causes'—the commercial policy adopted and enforced by the Spanish Government in respect of its West Indian and American settlements, and the countenance and assistance given by the English to the Spanish king's rebellious subjects in the Low Countries. But it is equally true to say with Froude that the Armada was 'ostentatiously a religious Crusade. The preparations had been attended with peculiar solemnities. In the eyes of the faithful it was to be the execution of Divine justice on a wicked princess and a wicked people. In the eyes of millions whose convictions were less decided, it was an appeal to God's judgment to decide between the Reformation and the Pope.'

The larger issues involved in the origin and result of this 'Titanic struggle belong to general history. We are not about to discuss them afresh. They have long ago been decided beyond appeal, not so much by the judgment of men as by the march of events. *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*. Things are what they are. The overthrow of the Armada determined once for all the course of human history and the type of modern civilization. So much is clear alike to the plain man, the historian, and the philosopher, and no fresh knowledge of the details of the conflict can alter our estimate either of its fundamental character or of its ulterior results. On the other hand, it is not too much to say that the detailed history of the Armada and its defeat has never yet been adequately written. It has only quite lately become possible so to write it. Froude and Motley in our own time first showed the way. They went to the archives, Spanish and English, and studied them each after his own fashion. In broad outline and general effect the narrative of each leaves little to be desired. But since they wrote, much original material has seen the light. Froude indeed twice returned to the subject which he had treated so brilliantly in his History. When the Spanish Story of the Armada, for which we are indebted to a Spanish naval officer, Captain Duro, was published, it was Froude who first made that doleful narrative accessible to English readers in one of his fascinating essays. At the very close of his life he fused the two sides of the story together in that brilliant series of Oxford lectures, now posthumously published, whose title we have placed at the head of this article. A great writer of an earlier generation had also taken

taken the Armada for his theme, and his work has opportunely been republished at a time when the great story is once more engaging the attention of all students of naval history. Southey's 'Life of Lord Howard of Effingham,' says Mr. David Hannay, the able editor of another work mentioned in our heading, contains as full an account of the Armada as could be written on the evidence accessible to him; and we need not add that, being written by Southey, though it may be superseded, it can never become obsolete. The antiseptic of style preserves good literature from decay; and Southey, Froude, and Motley will be read when the mere Dryasdust is forgotten. But the functions of Dryasdust, even of the mere Dryasdust, are not to be despised. His researches are the material out of which the drama of history is or should be woven. It often happens, however, that the dramatic historian gets the start of Dryasdust. Froude in particular, with all his dramatic insight, with all his magic of presentation, even with all his labours at the archives, was far too little of a Dryasdust. Diligently as he toiled at the archives, he was constitutionally incapable of reading them without the aid of his dramatic spectacles. He instinctively selected not what best displayed the truth, but what best suited his immediate purpose; and with the overmastering rhetorical impulse of a consummate writer he often unconsciously distorted even what he selected. Hence the conscientious student is compelled to examine, and often to correct, Froude in the light of the original authorities. His picture is correct in the main; and in colouring, draughtsmanship, and dramatic presentation his composition is a masterpiece. But here and there it is inaccurate in detail—

‘And indeed the arm is wrong.

I hardly dare—yet, only you to see,

Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go!

Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!’

So must any one feel who endeavours to correct Froude's magnificent picture in the light of more patient or more recent research. But the truth is the truth, and history is not a picture. Until quite lately, however, Froude's narrative as the latest and most dramatic has necessarily held the field. He who would study the history of the Armada independently must have gone direct to the archives themselves. But a new spirit has lately been infused into the study of naval history. Captain Mahan has created the philosophy of the subject. Men are no longer content to regard the history of naval conflict either as a mere episode of general history or as a mere

adjunct of military history. The great and pregnant conception of 'Sea Power' has been expounded with rare genius, and is fast being assimilated by the public mind as a new historical category. In the light of this new category all naval history requires to be reviewed and a great part of it re-written. A noteworthy illustration of this revived interest in naval history is to be found in the formation two years ago of the Navy Records Society. This Society 'has been established for the purpose of printing rare or unpublished works of naval interest,' and 'aims at rendering accessible the sources of our naval history, and at elucidating questions of naval archæology, construction, administration, organization, and social life.' In other words, the Society aims at being the Dryasdust and not the dramatist of naval history—at publishing those original documents which are the necessary materials of the historian. There is no need to dwell upon the value of such a society, or upon the importance of the work it has undertaken. The only wonder is that it has not long ago taken a place among the literary institutions of the country. No Power in the world, ancient or modern, has so long or so instructive a naval history as England. Captain Mahan's great work is not upon the naval history of England as such, but upon the 'Influence of Sea Power upon History.' Yet it practically amounts to a history of the sea-power of England. That is not so much from choice as from the nature of the case. An analysis of sea-power necessarily deals for the most part with the naval history of England, just as a philosophy of modern commerce must needs draw most of its material from the history of English trade. But the naval history of England has never yet been adequately treated as a whole by any native historian. Not only has the required insight been wanting, but the necessary materials have been largely inaccessible. The Navy Records Society will supply the latter want; there is abundance of material ready to its hand; and to judge from the admirable performance of Professor Laughton, the learned and judicious editor of the first volumes issued by the Society, containing the State Papers relating to the Defeat of the Armada, there is every reason to anticipate that the publications of the Society will be not less instructive in editorial comment than copious in original material. It is, indeed, almost impertinent to praise Professor Laughton in this connection. The masterly series of naval biographies contributed by him to the 'Dictionary of National Biography' attest his unrivalled knowledge of the facts of naval history and his firm grasp of its philosophy. Both qualities are specially needed in dealing with  
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the history of the Armada; both are abundantly and most effectively displayed.

Spain in the sixteenth century was the dominant Power in Europe. The territory ruled by Philip II. was immense; his military prestige was unrivalled. On the sea, however, he was not unchallenged, in spite of the wealth of the Indies and the still recent glories of Lepanto. The adventurous mariners of Elizabeth had often flouted his flag and harassed his squadrons on both sides of the Atlantic. But their attacks were for the most part isolated and desultory. The naval warfare of the sailing ship area had not yet differentiated itself as the conflict of ships at sea with definite strategic principles and appropriate tactical methods. It was still regarded as the conflict of troops on shipboard. In like manner the ships themselves were regarded as floating fortresses garrisoned by troops. A naval battle was a series of hand-to-hand encounters in which soldiers did the fighting and the sailors only worked the ships. In the Spanish Navy at any rate the gun was a despised auxiliary, and the decisive weapons were those of a conflict at close quarters. So long as these conditions prevailed, naval supremacy was held to be mainly a question of military strength. Hence when Philip resolved upon the invasion and conquest of England, it may well have seemed to most contemporary observers that to resolve was to achieve. The enterprise might be a serious one, but, if seriously undertaken, few would expect it to fail. The military resources of England were no match for the mighty power of Spain. Her naval resources were less unequal, as Professor Laughton conclusively shows, than has generally been supposed; but they were universally believed at the time to be immeasurably inferior. Over against the mouth of the Thames, Parma, the greatest captain of the age, was encamped in Flanders with an army of veterans. Should he cross the sea, there were no troops in England capable of withstanding him. It was only for him to carry his army over, and the refractory Netherlands would be subdued in England, as Father Parsons, the Jesuit, said, while England itself would be added to the dominions of the Spanish king and its people subjected once more to the spiritual sway of Rome. But between Parma's veterans and the shores of England there ran the sea, and neither to Parma nor to any other captain has it ever been given to cross the sea on a military enterprise except by virtue of sea-power. For a military expedition to cross the sea, it is necessary that its leader should command the sea either absolutely or as the result of conflict. He commands it absolutely if there is no enemy afloat capable of disputing his  
passage

passage—as France may be said to have commanded the sea in 1870-1. Otherwise he only commands it if and when he has defeated and driven off the sea any enemy afloat who is capable of disputing his passage. Command of the sea, as we pointed out in a former article, means strategic freedom of transit and nothing else. A hostile ‘fleet in being’ is its direct and peremptory negation.

We have been much taken to task in various quarters for insisting with so much emphasis on the ‘fleet in being.’ We are nevertheless wholly impenitent in the matter. The phrase, it is true, is not a term of art. It does not determine the issues involved with the cogency of a mathematical demonstration. But it expresses forcibly and picturesquely a fundamental principle of naval strategy, it sums up the teaching of ages of naval history, and it does so in plain language which a plain man can understand, though strategical pedantry may pronounce it to be wanting in precision. He who contemplates a military enterprise of any moment across the sea must first secure freedom of transit for his troops. To do this he must either defeat, mask, or keep at a distance any hostile naval force which is strong enough, if left to itself, to interfere with his movements. In default of one or other of these alternatives, it is safe to say either that his enterprise will not be undertaken or that it will fail. This is the true doctrine of the fleet in being—which is a fleet strategically at large, not itself in assured command of the sea, but strong enough to deny that command to its adversary by strategical and tactical dispositions adapted to the circumstances of the case. Until such a fleet has been disposed of, no serious enterprise across the sea is possible. In point of fact command of the sea and a fleet in being are mutually exclusive terms. If command of the sea means freedom of transit, it stands to reason that a force capable of impairing that freedom is *ipso facto* incompatible with the command of the sea. So long as a hostile fleet is in being, there is no absolute command of the sea; so soon as command of the sea is established, there is no hostile fleet in being.

It has been contended that this doctrine is disallowed by the teaching of the recent naval war in the East. It is argued that long before the battle of Hai-yun-tau—as it appears that the naval engagement commonly called the battle of Yalu ought more properly to be designated—the Japanese, neglecting the Chinese fleet in being, had successfully landed an army in Corea; and Captain Mahan himself, unless he was misreported, appears to have given some countenance to this view of the matter.

matter. A temporary evasion of the fleet in being is always possible—in some rare and exceptional cases it may be justified by sound considerations of strategy and by a sound estimate of the relative strength of the forces engaged. Napoleon evaded Nelson's fleet when he carried his troops to Egypt. The battle of the Nile was the immediate consequence, and the total discomfiture of the French expedition to Egypt was the ulterior result. If Admiral Ting had been a Nelson, and had commanded a fleet such as Nelson commanded, the Japanese invasion of Corea must have ended in disaster. But no sooner had the battle of Hai-yun-tau ended in the retreat of the Chinese squadron to Port Arthur—a result which showed that Admiral Ito had rightly gauged the value of the Chinese fleet in being—than the whole of the strategy of Japan was directed to the destruction of the surviving Chinese fleet—a fleet still in being, although discomfited and overmatched. With this object Port Arthur was invested, assaulted, and captured, but not in time to prevent the escape of the Chinese fleet. With this object again Wei-hai-wei was, in its turn, invested, assaulted, and taken: and only when what remained of the Chinese fleet was finally surrendered to Japan was the way to Peking opened and the resistance of China overborne. Even if Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei had held no troops capable of taking the field, it would have been necessary for Japan to reduce them lest they should serve as shelters to a fleet still in being and still within striking distance of the ulterior Japanese objective. Thus the inexorable conditions of naval warfare asserted themselves. Though the Chinese ships dared not show themselves beyond the range of the guns of their fortresses, yet no serious military enterprise could be undertaken by Japan in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li until the Chinese fleet, crippled and overmatched as it was, had actually ceased to exist. Rarely in the history of naval warfare has the doctrine of the fleet in being been more triumphantly vindicated.

The foregoing argument, though apparently a digression, is, in reality, strictly germane to the case of the Armada and its defeat. There were many who thought at the time, as there are perhaps some who think even now, that Parma alone could have undertaken and accomplished the invasion of England. Lord Howard and his comrades never doubted their power to cope with the Spanish fleet. If they had had their way, it would never have crossed the Bay of Biscay. But they feared Parma's troops. Even after he had chased the defeated and flying Armada away to the North, and knew that for that year  
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at any rate nothing more was to be feared from it, Drake wrote to Walsingham :—

‘We ought much more to have regard unto the Duke of Parma than to the Duke of Sidonia and his ships . . . My poor opinion is that the Duke of Parma should be vigilantly looked upon for these twenty days, although the army of Spain return not this way; for of them I have no great doubt.’

Wynter alone among Lord Howard’s captains seems to have had a clear grasp of the situation.

‘I suppose,’ he wrote on June 20, ‘if the countries of Holland and Zealand did arm forth but only the shipping which the Lord Admiral at his departing delivered unto our Admiral in writing that they would send from those parts to join with us here, and that was thirty-six sail of ships of war, and that it were known to the Prince those did nothing but remain in readiness to go to the seas for the impeaching of his fleet whensoever they did come forth, I should live until I were young again or the Prince would venture to set his ships forth. And again, if her Majesty’s ships, and such others as doth but now remain under our Admiral’s charge, may be continued in the state we are in and not to be separated, the Prince’s forces, being no other than that which he hath in Flanders at this time (upon whom we mean to keep as good watch for their coming forth as possible we can), dare not come to the seas.’

Here is the fleet in being in full operation. The Armada was about to sail when these words were written. In fact, none knew in England but that it had sailed and might appear at any moment in the Channel. But Wynter, a seaman of nearly fifty years’ experience, at any rate knew that Parma was powerless for offence not only until the Armada had actually appeared, but until it had disposed of the forces afloat which held Parma in check. It must be acknowledged, however, that Wynter subsequently abandoned this view, and recommended the fortification of the approaches to the Thames.

Parma, to do him justice, was under no delusion on the subject; and Philip, though no seaman himself, was too well advised to think that Parma without a commanding fleet could stir from the shores of Flanders. Parma indeed had to reckon not only with the English naval force stationed in the Straits of Dover, but with those ships of Holland and Zealand on which Wynter, as we have seen, relied. In fact, so far as Parma was concerned, the Dutch fleet was the key of the situation. This fact, which is disputed, though on grounds which appear to us to be insufficient, by Froude, is far from adequately recognized by Professor Laughton. Motley alone among modern historians appears to have grasped its full strategic significance. Parma, like

like Napoleon two centuries later, could provide himself with abundance of transport, and, like Napoleon, could exercise his troops in rapidity of embarkation. But beyond this he could do nothing. The Dutch fleet on the one side, the English fleet on the other, held him in their grip. As in 1805, so in 1588, the real and final obstacle to the invasion of England was invisible to the immediate spectators of the conflict.

'Those far-distant, storm-beaten ships,' writes Captain Mahan in the most impressive passage of his history, 'upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world . . . while bodily present before Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon, strategically the British squadrons lay in the Straits of Dover, barring the way against the army of invasion.'

In a similar spirit, and with a strategic insight which has too often been denied to our own historians, Motley writes:—

'Farther along the coast, invisible but known to be performing a most perilous and vital service, was a squadron of Dutch vessels of all sizes, lining both the inner and the outer edges of the sandbanks off the Flemish coasts, and swarming in all the estuaries and inlets of that intricate and dangerous cruising ground between Dunkerque and Walcheren. Those fleets of Holland and Zeeland, numbering some one hundred and fifty galleons, sloops, and fly-boats under Warmond, Nassau, Van der Does, de Moor, and Rosendaël, lay patiently blockading every possible egress from Newport, or Gravelines, or Sluys, or Flushing, or Dunkerque, and longing to grapple with the Duke of Parma as soon as his fleet of gunboats and hoys, packed with his Spanish and Italian veterans, should venture to set forth upon the sea for their long-prepared exploit.'

A striking confirmation of the justice of this view has quite recently come to light in the new volume of Venetian State Papers edited for the Master of the Rolls by Mr. Horatio F. Brown. The Battle of Gravelines, which finally shattered the power of the Armada, and drove it in fugitive disarray into the tempestuous seas of the North, was fought on Aug. 8, according to the continental reckoning of the time, though Professor Laughton prefers to give the date as July 29, in accordance with the old style then in use in England. But the news of this great and unexpected victory spread through Europe very slowly, and for several weeks many rumours of a decisive Spanish victory were afloat. So persistent and detailed were these rumours that on August 27 the Venetian Senate passed, by an almost unanimous vote, a resolution for congratulating the King of Spain on the success of the Armada. Information to the same effect was communicated on the same day to the Pope by the Spanish Ambassador in Rome; and Giovanni Gritti, the Venetian

Venetian Ambassador, at once waited on his Holiness to congratulate him on 'the good news of the Catholic Armada. But the Pope was incredulous. He had no great belief in the fleets of Spain or in the capacity of Sidonia. He had promised Philip a million of gold, but it was only to be paid on receipt of the news that a landing had been effected in England. On August 20 he had said to Gritti, 'talking with his usual frankness for a considerable time':—

'The King goes trifling with this Armada of his, but the Queen acts in earnest. Were she only a Catholic, she would be our best beloved, for she has great worth. Just look at Drake! Who is he? What forces has he? And yet he burned twenty-five of the King's ships at Gibraltar, and as many again at Lisbon; he has robbed the flotilla and sacked San Domingo. . . . We are sorry to say it, but we have a poor opinion of this Spanish Armada, and fear some disaster.'

Hence the astute Sixtus V. was not too ready to credit the rumours which had imposed upon the Venetian Senate and thrown it into an ecstasy of congratulation. When he received Gritti's congratulations on the good news,

'His Holiness said,' as Gritti reports, 'he did not give it full credence, and that he desired further verification. He pointed out . . . that even if it were true the victory was not very great, for the body of Drake's fleet had escaped. *Unless the Duke of Parma and the Duke of Medina effected a junction, nothing else mattered much.*'

The sagacity of Sixtus V. was abundantly vindicated in the issue. Parma, as we know, had not and never could have effected his junction with Sidonia, and, as the Pope said—'with his usual frankness'—'nothing else mattered much.' The reason why Parma could not effect his junction with Sidonia is given in his own words in a letter written 'from Dunquerque' on August 12, and published in the same volume of State Papers. A copy of this letter was obtained by Gritti and forwarded to the Venetian Senate.

'On the 7th came a pilot with news that the Armada was off Calais; whereupon the Duke of Parma left Bruges to hasten on the embarkation of his troops and to be nearer the Armada. On the morning of the 8th came d'Areco, Secretary to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, with confirmation that the fleet was lying in the roads of S. Jean, close to Calais; and that although the enemy continued to harass them and fire shots, still the whole fleet was in excellent order and complete, though the Duke had not yet been able to force the enemy to come to an engagement, as the wind was always against him. The Duke of Parma left at once for Nieuport, where the detachment of twelve thousand men were to embark; and then came early



early to Dunquerque, where everything was ready, so that within that day the embarkation might have been carried out at Nieuport and at Dunquerque. At this juncture came the Superintendent-General, Don Giorgio Manrique, with further despatches of the day previous, explaining the danger to which the Armada was exposed if caught by a storm in the Channel, and urging the Duke of Parma to put to sea with his ships and troops and to effect a junction with the Armada, so that in a body they might attack the enemy's fleet or secure a port for our own. This operation was impossible, owing to the set of the wind, which was such as to prevent even ships specially constructed for navigating those waters from putting out, to say nothing of the enemy's ships which barred the egress.'

We shall see in the sequel what and where these enemy's ships were.

When Philip first began seriously to entertain the idea of invading England, it was not in his plan for Parma and his troops to take part in the enterprise. The Armada was to sail direct from Spain under the command of Santa Cruz in sufficient strength to overcome all opposition, and carrying with it as many troops as were required for the military objects of the expedition. But Santa Cruz, when called upon for his plans, produced a demand for 596 ships of all kinds, of which 150 were to be great ships and galleons, 360 transports, hulks, and despatch boats, 40 galleys and 6 galleasses, and 40 Italian frigates and Neapolitan *felucche*, besides 200 boats for the purpose of landing the army. The men required were 55,000, which, making an allowance for sick and deserters and for the military defence of the Armada during the invasion, would leave a force of 35,000 for offensive purposes on shore. Adding to these sailors and marines, galley slaves, cavalry, artillery, engineers, staff officers, adventurers, domestic servants, and other non-combatants, the total number of men to be employed and provided for was, in the estimate of Santa Cruz, no less than 94,222. The cost for eight months was estimated at 4,373,500 Spanish crowns. These figures differ somewhat from those given by Professor Laughton on the authority of Captain Duro, but they are taken from a 'Short Summary of the Supplies required for an Attack on England, calculated for eight months; forwarded by the Marquis of Santa Cruz to his Catholic Majesty.' A copy of this Summary was obtained by Lippomano, the Venetian Ambassador in Spain, and forwarded by him to the Venetian Senate on August 6, 1586.

'Philip,' says Professor Laughton, 'could not approve a project so vast and so costly; he resolved on the expedition, but conceived the idea of doing it at a cheaper rate by utilizing the army in the

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Low Countries. From this grew up the scheme which ultimately took form. The Duke of Parma, in Flanders, was to prepare an army of invasion and a number of flat-bottomed boats to carry it across the sea. The Marquis of Santa Cruz was to bring up the Channel a fleet powerful enough to crush any possible opposition, and carrying a body of troops which, when joined with those under Parma, would form an army at least as numerous as that which Santa Cruz had detailed as sufficient.

Such was the plan finally adopted; but many things concurred to delay its execution. In the spring of 1587 Drake achieved his famous exploit of 'singeing the King of Spain's beard,' descending with his fleet on the coast of Spain, destroying thirty-seven ships and a vast quantity of munitions and supplies collected at Cadiz, and insulting Santa Cruz himself at Lisbon. This brilliant feat of arms, which alarmed all Spain, appears to have quickened Philip's resolve to make an end once for all of Elizabeth and her buccaneers, as he called them. The Pope, who had promised him large subventions in certain contingencies, was constantly urging him to action, and Philip in his turn was as constantly urging Santa Cruz to make a start. But the expedition was not ready, and before it was ready the season was so far advanced that Santa Cruz, who knew what naval warfare was, hesitated to undertake the risk. He recommended delay until at least the March of the following year. Before that time came Santa Cruz was dead. He was already advanced in years, and the anxieties of the expedition, combined with Philip's impatience and mistrust, had worn him out. Lippomano, the Venetian Ambassador in Spain, forwarded to the Senate a copy of a letter written by the person in whose arms Santa Cruz breathed his last.

'I will only say now,' writes this anonymous correspondent, 'that I frequently heard him sigh and complain that the attacks made upon him at Court were sending him to his grave. It is indeed a death to be deeply lamented for many reasons, and perhaps as time goes on the loss will be seen to be even greater than it looks.'

These words were prophetic. The death of Santa Cruz sealed the fate of the Armada. It is probable that the psychological moment was already passed. Could the Armada have sailed in the autumn, Elizabeth would have been found unprepared.

'The King of Spain,' said the Pope to Gritti in July 1588, 'should have listened to our advice last September, when we entered into alliance; we then told him that he should not delay, but ought to deliver the attack at once, as the Queen was unprepared and  
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unarmed, instead of allowing her time to arm as she has done. At that moment he might have achieved with small forces that which, perhaps, he will not be able to effect even with great forces.'

But what Santa Cruz might have achieved with the great force he was preparing was beyond the capacity of his successor, Medina Sidonia, to achieve with any forces, however great. Santa Cruz was a seaman of experience, capacity, and renown. Sidonia was no seaman at all. He could neither fight nor plan, and, to do him justice, he never deceived either himself or his master on the score of his own incapacity. On receiving the news of his appointment to the command of the Armada, he wrote to Philip's secretary:—

'My health is bad, and from my small experience of the water I know that I am always sea-sick. . . . The expedition is on such a scale, and the object is of such high importance, that the person at the head of it ought to understand navigation and sea-fighting, and I know nothing of either. I have not one of those essential qualifications. I have no acquaintances among the officers who are to serve under me. Santa Cruz had information about the state of things in England; I have none. Were I competent otherwise, I should have to act in the dark by the opinions of others, and I cannot tell to whom I may trust. . . . If you send me, depend upon it I shall have a bad account to render of my trust.'

Such a letter, while it does credit to Sidonia's knowledge of himself, or, as Froude suggests, to the cynical candour of his more masculine wife, was assuredly of fatal augury for the issue of a great and arduous enterprise. But Philip was perhaps glad to be rid of a servant who knew his own mind and took his own course like Santa Cruz. He selected Sidonia as a man who, having no initiative of his own, would submissively do his bidding. He would fain have commanded the Armada himself; but that being impossible, he preferred to entrust it to a puppet and not to a man.

'You are sacrificing yourself,' he wrote to Sidonia, 'for God's service and mine. I am so anxious that, if I was less occupied at home, I would accompany the fleet myself, and I should be certain that all would go well. Take heart; you have now an opportunity of showing the extraordinary qualities which God, the Author of all good, has been pleased to bestow upon you.'

Sidonia was appointed, and the Armada was doomed. It might have failed under Santa Cruz. It was certain to fail under his successor in command. Profoundly and justly distrustful of himself, with no experience of the sea, with a fleet formidable in appearance but eminently unfitted for the warfare  
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that was before it, well equipped indeed with fighting men but ill-found in many essential respects and fraudulently victualled with rotten food and stinking water, with a scheme of strategy radically faulty, and with a system of tactics entirely unadapted to the nimble warfare of his foe, Sidonia was about to encounter the most hardy, experienced, determined, and even desperate race of mariners the world has ever known. The only real danger to England—and in our judgment it was, in spite of Professor Laughton's ingenious apology for Elizabeth's conduct, a very real and almost a fatal one—was that Elizabeth should fail to appreciate the value and strength of her sea-power; that anxious as she was for peace, and not perhaps believing that Philip's intentions were really serious, she should relax her naval preparations, lest by prosecuting them she should bring about the very attack she desired to avert. This we believe to be the real clue to the apparent indifference which Elizabeth showed in regard to the strength and equipment of her fleet. On this point Professor Laughton has little difficulty in showing that Froude, who incessantly denounces Elizabeth's parsimony and neglect, constantly overstates his case and as often misunderstands the facts. The mariners of Elizabeth's day were accustomed to rough fare and scanty rations; they were content with little and accustomed to shift for themselves. Such ships as there were were at any rate tight and trim. Hawkins had seen to that, according to the repeated testimony of Howard, Drake, and others, but he did not on that account escape calumny. The men were willing and eager to fight; and if they often found their ammunition short at a pinch, they were burning powder at a rate the like of which the world had never before seen. So much may be said, and said quite legitimately, in Elizabeth's defence; but it does not cover the whole case. Either Elizabeth never realized the magnitude and imminence of the peril, or if she did she thought it more politic to ignore them. On no other hypothesis is it easy to explain the frequent remonstrances of Howard and his captains. 'Sparing and war have no affinity together,' wrote Howard bitterly enough on April 7, when, if Santa Cruz had not died, the Armada would already have been on its way. That there had been sparing his words are a proof. That there would be war he had no doubt whatever. A month earlier he had written on March 10:—

'I am sorry Sir F. Drake is not in more readiness than he is. I know the fault is not in him. I pray to God her Majesty may not repent this slack dealings. It had been good he had been ready, though he had but lien on our coast. I am afraid he will not be ready

ready in time, do what can be done. All that cometh out of Spain must concur in one to lie, or else we shall be stirred very shortly with heave and ho. I fear me ere it be long her Majesty will be sorry that she hath believed some as much as she hath done, but it will be very late. . . . For her Majesty's four great ships, I am out of hope to see them abroad, what need soever shall be. If things fall out as it is most likeliest, they shall be to keep Chatham Church when they should serve the turn abroad. . . . Sir, if her Majesty think that her princely preparation of Sir F. Drake's fleet, and this that I have, should be a hindrance to a peace and that the King of Spain should take it ill, why should not the King of Spain think that her Majesty hath much more cause to think ill of his mighty preparations? It will peradventure be said that he hath many ways to employ them and not to England. That is easily answered, for it is soon known by the victualling; and he never prepares so many soldiers for the Indies.'

Many similar passages might be quoted, but we have no need of further witness. Howard's words establish the slackness and unreadiness of Elizabeth's preparations, and apparently assign the true cause for them. Other defects in the equipment of the English ships were probably characteristic of the time, and not specially due to Elizabeth's parsimony. But her reluctance to acknowledge the imminence of the peril and to put her whole force at sea in order to avert it may perhaps be explained by causes which lay deeper. For months she had been negotiating for peace with Parma. Neither she nor Philip was disposed to fight if acceptable terms could be had without fighting. Philip knew that now that the Queen of Scots was dead no prince in Europe, least of all the Pope, was at all anxious to see England added to the overshadowing dominions of Spain, and he feared that even the success of the Armada might bring him no profit commensurate with its immense and inevitable cost. All this was probably well known to Elizabeth. Even the Pope thought that Philip's ostentatious preparations were intended to be employed rather as a card in the diplomatic game he was playing than as a weapon in actual war. Elizabeth might well think the same, and might quite honestly persuade herself that to make counter-preparations in equally ostentatious fashion would inevitably precipitate the conflict she was genuinely anxious to avoid. Hence the four great ships were made to 'keep Chatham Church' as long as was possible and far longer than was prudent, though they were ultimately ready in time, and many other necessary preparations were not so much culpably neglected as deliberately postponed. It was a defensible policy, but a dangerous one; defensible because he who really desires peace—and Elizabeth must have desired peace,  
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for she had little to gain and much to lose by war—must needs avoid a provocative attitude ; but dangerous because, if Philip really meant war, nothing but the sea-power of England could save the kingdom from invasion.

Philip may not have meant war if he could avoid it, but when the menace of the Armada failed to extort from Elizabeth such terms as he could accept, he was left with no alternative. Either Elizabeth must accept his terms or her pride must be humbled by defeat. When in May the negotiations had produced no result, Philip resolved to wait no longer, and the Armada set forth from Lisbon. Its first proceedings were an augury of the fate which awaited it. Baffled at first by contrary winds and afterwards scattered by a storm, Sidonia's clumsy and unwieldy squadrons remained at sea long enough to discover their own nautical deficiencies and the unwholesome quality of their victuals, and then returned to Corunna. Sidonia was for abandoning the enterprise, but Philip was now resolved. Ships were repaired, provisions renewed and crews recruited, and before the middle of July the Armada was again at sea. This time the wind was favourable, the Bay of Biscay was crossed, and the mouth of the Channel was at last reached. Elizabeth's hesitation and her parsimony, whether politic or culpable, had made it impossible for her captains to dispute its passage or to attack it, as they themselves desired, on its own coasts and even in its own ports. The fate of England and of Europe was now to be decided in the narrow waters of the Channel.

We must refer to Professor Laughton's Introduction for a detailed comparison of the forces engaged. It is there shown conclusively and in detail that, however great the apparent superiority of the Spaniards—a superiority which imposed on all contemporaries not familiar with the sea and its warfare—the real advantage lay in many respects with the English. The Spanish ships were unwieldy and slow to manœuvre. The English ships were far more nimble in movement and far more skilfully handled. Number and size of ships told for apparent strength on the one side ; but the balance was more than redressed by superior seamanship, superior gunnery, and incomparably more skilful tactics. And, after all, in spite of hesitations and economies, delays and shortcomings, when the Armada reached the Channel the fleets of England were not unready to receive it. Howard and Drake were at Plymouth with such ships as they could muster and equip. Seymour, with a not inadequate force, was in the narrow seas to the eastward keeping a close watch on Parma. This was a form of  
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passive defence which commended itself little to the fiery spirit of Drake. But it was too late now to pursue the more adventurous but really sounder policy which Drake had recommended to the Council as early as the end of March:—

‘If her Majesty and your Lordships think that the King of Spain meaneth any invasion in England, then doubtless his force is and will be great in Spain; and thereon he will make his groundwork or foundation, whereby the Prince of Parma may have the better entrance, which, in mine own judgment, is most to be feared. But if there may be such a stay or stop made by any means of this fleet in Spain, that they may not come through the seas as conquerors—which, I assure myself, they think to do—then shall the Prince of Parma have such a check thereby as were meet.

‘To prevent this, I think it good that these forces here should be made as strong as to your Honours’ wisdoms shall be thought convenient, and that for two special causes:—First, for that they are like to strike the first blow; and secondly, it will put great and good hearts into her Majesty’s loving subjects both abroad and at home; for that they will be persuaded in conscience that the Lord of all strength will put into her Majesty and her people courage and boldness not to fear any invasion in her own country, but to seek God’s enemies and her Majesty’s where they may be found; for the Lord is on our side, whereby we may assure ourselves our numbers are greater than theirs. I must crave pardon of your Lordships again and again, for my conscience hath caused me to put my pen to the paper; and as God in His goodness hath put my hand to the plough, so in His mercy it will never suffer me to turn back from the truth.

‘My very good Lords, next under God’s mighty protection, the advantage and gain of time and place will be the only and chief means for our good; wherein I most humbly beseech your good Lordships to persevere as you have begun, for that with fifty sail of shipping we shall do more good upon their own coast, than a great many more will do here at home; and the sooner we are gone, the better we shall be able to impeach them.’

Again, on April 28 Drake wrote to the Queen herself, beseeching her to pardon his boldness in the discharge of his conscience, declaring that he desired peace as much as any man, but imploring her to consider that ‘these great preparations of the Spaniard may be speedily prevented as much as in your Majesty lieth, by sending your forces to encounter them somewhat far off, and more near their own coasts, which will be the better cheap for your Majesty and people and much the dearer for the enemy.’ Howard was entirely of the same mind. The great seamen of those days never faltered in their grasp of the principle expressed by Farragut in the maxim, ‘The more you hurt the enemy, the less he will hurt you.’ They knew

that Philip was preparing a great naval armament, and they knew that the surest way to defeat its object, whatever it might be, was to destroy that armament at sea. It might be going to Ireland, it might be going to Flanders; but wherever it was going, if it could be caught on its own coasts and there 'impeached,' its ulterior object would be frustrated. 'The opinion,' wrote Howard on June 14, 'of Sir Francis Drake, Mr. Hawkyns, Mr. Frobiser, and others that be men of greatest judgment and experience, as also my own concurring with them in the same, is that the surest way to meet with the Spanish fleet is upon their own coast, or in any harbour of their own, and there to defeat them.' But Elizabeth and her Council could not see matters in this light. Possibly they thought that to send the fleet away, even for the purpose of finding and fighting the enemy, was to expose the country to peril. This is a very common delusion of statesmen who direct naval campaigns without knowledge of the sea, and of theorists on naval warfare who look at it with a military rather than a naval eye. A fleet being essentially a mobile armament, there are nevertheless many who never can bring themselves to regard this mobility as the determining factor of naval strategy. They want to see the fleet and know that it is there, a visible, tangible, material element of more or less local defence; and they cannot understand that the true place of a fleet in war is the place, however distant, where it can meet and fight the enemy to the greatest advantage. 'Those far-distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world.' It was St. Vincent, a seaman, who placed them where they were, and it was Lord Barham, another seaman, who determined their strategic disposition, far away from the shores of England, at the decisive moment when Villeneuve was returning across the Atlantic. But neither a St. Vincent nor a Barham were among the Councillors of Elizabeth. 'As has often happened since,' says Admiral Colomb, in speaking of Torrington's case, which was examined at length in a former number of this Review, 'the statesman was found on the quarter-deck, and the rash blunderer at the seat of Government.' Not only has it happened since, it had happened a hundred years before. It will happen again some day if Englishmen continue to neglect or allow their rulers to misread the lessons of naval history.

It may be, however, that Elizabeth, who was still negotiating with Parma, still believed in the possibility of peace. So tortuous and so unscrupulous was the diplomacy of those days, so complex, so subtly disposed, and so craftily handled were the

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the forces at work, that perhaps we shall never know what was her real mind in the matter: whether she really believed in the sincerity of the negotiations and in the near prospect of peace, or whether she was only trying to make Philip believe she believed in them, it almost passes the wit of man, at this distance of time, to determine. But the shrewd sense and plain dealing of men like Howard and his comrades would soon have cut the tangled knot which Elizabeth with all her patience and all her cunning failed in the end to unravel.

'Sir,' continues Howard in the letter quoted above, 'it is very strange that, in this time, the Commissioners cannot perceive whether they mean a peace without a fraud, or use the same to detract a time for a further device. And if our Commissioners do discover any detraction in them, only to serve their own turns, methinks her Majesty should use the like policy, and devise to beat them with their own rod.'

But Elizabeth and her Council could not or would not see the wisdom of beating them with their own rod, and so far as they did see it they thought they better understood the strategy appropriate to the situation than men like Howard, 'Sir Francis Drake, Mr. Hawkyns, Mr. Frobiser, and others that be men of greatest judgment and experience.' On June 9 Walsingham wrote to Howard on behalf of the Council:—

'MY VERY GOOD LORD,—Her Majesty, perceiving by your Lordship's late letters to me that you were minded to repair to the Isles of Bayona, if the wind serve, there to abide the Spanish fleet or to discover what course they meant to take, doubting that in case your Lordship should put over so far the said fleet may take some other way, whereby they may escape your Lordship, as by bending their course westward to the altitude of 50 degrees, and then to shoot over to this realm, hath therefore willed me to let your Lordship understand that she thinketh it not convenient that your Lordship should go so far to the south as the said Isles of Bayona, but to ply up and down in some indifferent place between the coast of Spain and this realm, so as you may be able to answer any attempt that the said fleet shall make either against this realm, Ireland or Scotland.'

Howard had already answered this by anticipation in a letter written on June 13, before Walsingham's letter had been delivered:—

'Sir,' he said, 'I protest, before God, I would I had not a foot of land in England, that the wind would serve us to be abroad; and yet it is a hard matter and a thing impossible for us to lie in any place or be anywhere to guard England, Ireland, and Scotland.'

Here is the statesman on the quarter-deck again. The rash blunderers at the Council table could not understand that if you wish to 'impeach' a hostile fleet with certainty, you must go where it is certain to be found, not wait for it to appear in some one or other of half-a-dozen places where, after all, it may never be found, and where, if it does appear, you may not be at hand to 'impeach' it. Howard explains this fully in a reply written to Walsingham on June 15:—

'SIR,—Within three hours after I had written my letter, which herewith I send you, I received your letter of the 9th of this present by a pursuivant. Which letter I do not a little marvel at; for thereby you signify that her Majesty, perceiving by a letter I sent you heretofore, that I was minded to go on the coast of Spain, to the Isles of Bayona, her pleasure is that I should not go so far, but only off and on, betwixt the coast of Spain and England; lest the Spanish fleet should come into the height of 50, and then should bend their course directly to this realm.

'Sir, for the meaning we had to go on the coast of Spain, it was deeply debated by those which I think the world doth judge to be men of greatest experience that this realm hath; which are these: Sir Francis Drake, Mr. Hawkyns, Mr. Frobiser, and Mr. Thomas Fenner; and I hope her Majesty will not think that we went so rashly to work, or without a principal and choice care and respect of the safety of this realm. We would go on the coast of Spain; and therefore our ground was, first, to look to that principal; and if we found they did but linger on their own coast, or that they were put into the Isles of Bayona or the Groyne, then we thought in all men's judgments that be of experience here, it had been most fit to have sought some good way, and the surest we could devise, by the good protection of God, to have defeated them. . . . And if we were to-morrow next on the coast of Spain, I would not land in any place to offend any; but they should well perceive that we came not to spoil, but to seek out the great force to fight with them; and so should they have known by message; which should have been the surest way and most honourable to her Majesty. But now, as by your directions to lie off and on betwixt England and Spain, the south-west wind, that shall bring them to Scotland or Ireland, shall put us to the leeward. The seas are broad; but if we had been on their coast, they durst not have put off, to have left us on their backs; and when they shall come with the south-westerly wind, which must serve them if they go for Ireland or Scotland, though we be as high as Cape Clear, yet shall we not be able to go to them as long as the wind shall be westerly. And if we lie so high, then may the Spanish fleet bear with the coast of France, to come for the Isle of Wight; which for my part, I think, if they come to England, they will attempt. Then are we clean out of the way of any service against them.

'But I must and will obey; and am glad there be such there, as  
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are able to judge what is fitter for us to do, than we here; but by my instructions which I had, I did think it otherwise. But I will put them up in a bag, and I shall most humbly pray her Majesty to think that that which we meant to do was not rashly determined, and that which shall be done shall be most carefully used by us; and we will follow and obey her Majesty's commandment. But if we had been now betwixt Spain and England, we had been but in hard case, the storm being so strong and continuing so long as it hath done; but upon the coast of Spain, we had had a land wind and places of succour. We meant not to have spoiled any town or village; only we must of necessity water; and when we lie betwixt both coasts, we must come to this coast to water, for so we are enjoined; and if the wind do not serve us to come on our own coast, then in what case shall we be, now that we must not go on the coast of Spain? We lay seven days in the Sleeve, which was as long as we could continue there without danger, as the wind was; and if some had been with us, they should have seen what a place of danger it is to lie on and off in.

Thus the true policy of offensive defence was disallowed by the Council and abandoned by Howard. One or two excursions into 'the Sleeve'—that is, the sea between Scilly and Ushant—were made, but Howard was driven back as he anticipated by stress of weather, and the short time which elapsed before the appearance of the Armada was occupied in completing such stores and equipments as Elizabeth could be induced to provide. The defensive policy imposed upon Howard against his own judgment was radically faulty and might have been fatal. If the English fleet was not strong enough to 'impeach' the Spaniard in his own waters, it was too weak to defend itself and its country at home. It was forbidden to do what its own leaders thought it best able to do, and set to a task which, as being more difficult in itself and far more precarious in its issues, it might have been unable to accomplish. It succeeded in the end, as we know. But that only proves that as it was equal to the more difficult task it must have been more than equal to an undertaking which, as Drake had assured the Queen, 'will be the better cheap for your Majesty and people, and much the dearer for the enemy.' 'The advantage of time and place,' he wrote in another letter, 'is half a victory; which being lost is irrecoverable.' That advantage was lost and was never recovered. The Spaniard was overthrown in the end; but if Elizabeth's defensive policy was sound, it was mainly his own blundering strategy that wrought his discomfiture. Elizabeth's strategy can only be defended by allowing that the defeat of Sidonia was the result of his own folly and not of the valour of his foes.

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But if the strategy of Elizabeth and her Council was feeble and inconsequent, that of Philip and Sidonia was positively fatuous. The plan was for the Armada to hold the Straits of Dover while the troops of Parma were transported across under its protection, and reinforced by a large contingent supplied by the Armada itself. To carry out such a plan the first thing to be done was to dispose of any and every hostile fleet in being. Now when Sidonia reached the Channel, there were three several and distinct fleets in being to be disposed of.

'There was, as we have seen,' says Admiral Colomb in his very judicious and instructive comment on an earlier version of Professor Laughton's Introduction, 'Lord Howard's fleet at Plymouth, Lord Henry Seymour's in the "narrow seas" by the Straits of Dover, and Count Justin's blockading Dunkirk and Nieuport. Had Philip ever looked this matter in the face? Had he in any way prepared his naval forces for division into the necessary four parts, each of sufficient strength—one to mask Lord Howard, one to mask Lord Henry Seymour, a third to defeat and then to mask Count Justin of Nassau, and a fourth to conduct and cover the landing? There is no sign anywhere that ideas so obviously pressing found a place in his mind; and if Medina Sidonia in any way represented the mind of his master, there must have been a firm belief that in some way or other the descent could proceed to success in the very face of three opposing fleets.'

In point of fact Sidonia's sole idea was to join hands with Parma as soon as possible. Perhaps he was anxious to shift on to the more capable shoulders of Alexander Farnese a responsibility for which he knew himself to be totally unfit. More probably he had no clear idea at all of what he was to do or how he was to do it, except that whether he left three or thirty fleets undefeated behind him he was to get to the narrow seas as soon as possible, where if he could not help Parma it might be possible for Parma to help him. He needed Parma's help very sorely by the time he got there, but he had so ordered matters that no such help was to be had. The fault was with Philip, however, quite as much as with Sidonia. The King's final instructions to the latter were not to fight the English unless they attacked him, but to use all expedition in joining hands with Parma; or as Froude puts it, with perhaps too sarcastic an emphasis:

'The Duke was not to seek a battle. If he fell in with Drake'—Drake, it must be observed, was in Spanish eyes the leading spirit of the English defence, and his name stands for Howard as well—'he was to take no notice of him, but to thank God, as Dogberry said to the watchman, that he was rid of a knave. He was to go straight to the

the North Foreland, and there anchor and communicate with Parma. The experienced admirals who had learnt their trade under Santa Cruz—Martinez de Recalde, Pedro de Valdez, Miguel de Oquendo—strongly urged the securing Plymouth or the Isle of Wight on their way up Channel. This had evidently been Santa Cruz's own design, and the only rational one to follow. Philip did not see it. He did not believe it would prove necessary ; but as to this and as to fighting, he left them, as he knew he must do, a certain discretion.'

These are the instructions of a pedant ; they were executed by a fool. There was no need to tell Sidonia to take no notice of Drake ; it was certain that Drake would take plenty of notice of him. No sooner had the Armada passed Plymouth than Howard and Drake were at its heels, and there they stayed, fighting incessantly whenever the wind gave them a chance, until Sidonia anchored according to his instructions at Calais, having had more than enough of the *endemoniada gente*, as he had already learnt to call them, whom he had been sent to subdue. According to Lippomano, the Venetian Ambassador in Spain, his instructions were, if attacked by the enemy, to fight courageously ; and that, to do him justice, he did. But though he could fight courageously, he could not fight effectively. He was outsailed, outmanœuvred, and as thoroughly outwitted as a man so totally without the sort of wits required in a naval commander can ever be said to be. If he could have closed with his nimble foes, he might have crushed them. But Howard and Drake knew what they were about. Their strength was in seamanship and the naval use of artillery. The Spaniards despised the gun and could fight best at close quarters. Howard and Drake never gave them a chance of coming to close quarters. They hovered on the rear and flanks of the Armada, 'plucking their feathers little by little,' as Howard said on the day of Gravelines, never losing an opportunity and never giving one, until at last their ammunition being expended, they were fain merely to follow and watch the enemy and see him anchor off Calais weary, disheartened, discomfited, and demoralised.

Thus, to the letter, the instructions of the pedant were executed by the fool. Sidonia had not attacked the enemy ; he had fought courageously when attacked by him. He had anchored in the narrow seas and had opened communications with Parma. Yet he was no nearer his object than when he lay in the Tagus. If he had been a seaman, he would have known that the men who had fought him so desperately, so tenaciously, and withal so skilfully, would never leave him alone while a plank floated beneath them and a shot remained in

in their lockers. If he could not vanquish them or drive them off, he might as well have been anchored in the Dead Sea as in the Straits of Dover. Whatever his instructions were, he should have known that to leave such a foe behind him was merely sowing the wind to reap the inevitable whirlwind. As to securing Plymouth or the Isle of Wight, he might as well have attempted to seize the North Pole. So far was he from being able to cover Parma's descent upon England, that the first thing he did when he dropped anchor off Calais was to send off messengers to Parma and implore him to come forthwith to his assistance. If he could not defeat Howard and Drake, Seymour and Justin, once for all and all at once—for to this pass had his futile strategy now brought him—he could get no help from Parma and Parma could get no help from him. So impossible was it then, and so impossible is it always, to conduct an enterprise which involves command of the sea without first disposing of the hostile fleet in being.

For Parma himself was in no better case. Another fleet in being, that of Justin of Nassau, held him relentlessly in check, though Sidonia understood this as little as he understood that Howard and Drake were already his conquerors and his masters.

'Where was Farnese?' we quote from Motley. 'Most impatiently the Golden Duke paced the deck of the *Saint Martin*. Most eagerly were thousands of eyes strained towards the eastern horizon to catch the first glimpse of Parma's flotilla. But the day wore on to its close, and still the same inexplicable and mysterious silence prevailed. There was utter solitude on the waters in the direction of Gravelines and Dunkerque—not a sail on the sea in the quarter where bustle and activity had been most expected. The mystery was profound, for it had never entered the head of any man in the Armada that Alexander could not come out when he chose.'

Parma was afterwards bitterly attacked at Madrid for what was represented as his betrayal of Sidonia. But he said himself, as we have seen, that the enemy's fleet prevented his exit, and whether he meant it or not he certainly spoke the truth. Froude indeed insists that by the enemy's fleet Parma meant the English fleet and not the Dutch; that he never spoke of the Dutch as enemies, but always as rebels. It does not much matter which he meant. If two terriers are watching a rabbit hole, it is hard to say which of them prevents the exit of the rabbit. It is enough to know that the rabbit cannot bolt. Froude further attempts to show that the Dutch fleet had been driven into the Scheldt by a storm on July 21, and did not issue from it again until after the battle of Gravelines; but in this he is scarcely successful.

ful. Burnham, an agent of Walsingham in the Low Countries, whom Froude cites in proof, says, writing on July 25: 'This last tempest forced all the ships of war in these countries, that lay before Dunkirk and Nieuport, to come in. . . . But this day it is thought they will all go forth again.' Kylligrew, whom Froude also cites, says, on July 31: 'I understand that Admiral Justinus is gone out already with thirty sail from Flushing.' It is true that, as Froude also points out, Howard himself, writing on the evening of July 29, the day on which the battle of Gravelines was fought, said, 'There is not one Flushing nor Hollander at the seas.' But the Dutch fleet, if it was at sea at all, was watching Dunkirk and Nieuport, and of these one is some twelve and the other some thirty miles from Gravelines. On August 6, Seymour, Wynter and Palmer, writing to the Council, say, 'if there were any Flushingers and Hollanders attending about Dunkirk, *as it seemeth by your Lordships' letters that there was*'; and on the same day the States of Zeeland addressed a despatch to the Queen, in which they expressly claim 'that our fleet, under the charge of Count Justinus of Nassau, being happily arrived and riding off of Dunkirk at the very time of the discovery of the Armada of Spain, the forces of the Prince of Parma, then ready to put to sea, were, by the same, closely locked in and stayed within the said Dunkirk . . . which Prince, although he was ready and his soldiers embarked, he has been and now is so closely locked in by our ships in the havens of Nieuport and Dunkirk, that he will be unable to come out.'

It has been necessary to examine this point at some length, because the strategical action and effect of the Dutch fleet have been too often ignored, or, if not ignored, misunderstood by the historians. As a question of evidence, it is still perhaps somewhat uncertain what was the exact position of the Dutch ships at the moment when Sidonia anchored at Calais and sent off message after message, each more urgent than the last, to summon Parma to his rescue. But the uncertainty of the evidence is immaterial to the strategical effect of the Dutch fleet. Parma knew, if Sidonia did not, that until Justin of Nassau was disposed of, he could not stir. Sidonia had never seen the Dutch ships, and was not seaman enough to know that, whether visible or invisible, they were equally formidable in menace and equally potent in effect. Even Howard saw nothing of them on the day of Gravelines. But Parma had seen them, and knew what they could do, even if he did not know exactly where they were. So long as the weather kept them in the Scheldt, it would keep him in his havens. If it

abated

abated so as to allow him to set forth, he knew that wherever they might be at the moment they would pounce upon him like a hawk upon its prey as soon as he had reached the open. Sidonia had summoned him to his rescue against one hostile fleet in the narrow seas. How could he possibly go with another hostile fleet in his rear? He could give no naval assistance to Sidonia. He could, it is true, furnish transport for the contingent carried by the Armada, but such transport would be a hindrance rather than an assistance, unless the seas to be traversed had first been cleared of all opposing naval force. If Sidonia could not cope at sea with Howard, Drake, and Seymour, still less could Parma cope at sea with even Justin of Nassau alone. Before Sidonia could expect to see Parma afloat he must first crush the *endemoniada gente* which had plucked his feathers for a week, and driven him all bedraggled, bewildered, and beleaguered into Calais Roads, and then seek out and destroy Justin of Nassau, who, whether in the Scheldt or in the open, was an absolute bar to Parma's exit. If he could not do that, he could do nothing. To all intents and purposes he had been defeated the moment he dropped anchor at Calais and sent forth his agonized cry to Parma for help. As has often happened in naval history, the overthrow of Gravelines and the headlong flight of the Armada to the North were only the tactical consummation of a conflict which strategy had decided beforehand in favour of the side which had best mastered the secret of sea-power.

But Howard and his comrades were by no means content with having paralysed Parma and brought Sidonia to bay. Their spirit was that of Achilles, *Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*. They were plain men and homely strategists, whose one idea of dealing with an enemy was to attack and defeat him. Sidonia was anchored at Calais. They could not attack him in that position, because to do so they must close with him, and for an action at close quarters their strength was insufficient and their ships were not adapted. He had sought cover like a fox when he is hard pressed, and they resolved to force him again into the open. With this object a device was adopted, as some say, on the suggestion of Elizabeth herself, but more probably at the instance of Wynter, whom Howard had summoned with his other lieutenants to a council of war. At any rate, Wynter says himself:—

‘Having viewed myself the great and hugeness of the Spanish army, and did consider that it was not possible to remove them but by a device of firing of ships, which would make them to leese the only road which was apt and meetest to serve their purpose, as also

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an occasion to put many of them in danger of firing, and at the least to make them to leese their cables and anchors, which could not be less than two for every ship, I thought it meet to acquaint my Lord withal . . . and his Lordship did like very well of it, and said the next day his Lordship would call a council and put the same in practice.'

Accordingly on July 28, eight ships, which were adjudged good for no other purpose, were duly prepared for firing, and at midnight they were set alight and allowed to drift among the Spanish ships at anchor. 'This matter,' says Wynter, 'did put such terror among the Spanish army that they were fain to let slip their cables and anchors; and did work, as it did appear, great mischief among them by reason of the suddenness of it.' It does not appear that any of the Spanish ships were destroyed or seriously injured by fire. But the main object was to inspire terror, and this was most effectually accomplished. Sidonia never afterwards anchored in security until months later he reached the Peninsula with the shattered remnants of the Armada. There was no longer any question of meeting or waiting for Parma; all he could do was to gather his fleet together and make sail whithersoever the wind might carry him. It carried him along the coast towards Gravelines, and by daylight Howard, Drake, and Seymour were once more at his heels and upon him. Howard's account of the memorable day, the day of Gravelines, is brief but significant:—

'This morning we drove a galleass ashore before Calais, whither I sent my long boat to board her, where divers of my men were slain, and my lieutenant sore hurt in the taking of her. Ever since we have chased them in fight and distressed them much; but their fleet consists of mighty ships and great strength; yet we doubt not, by God's good assistance, to oppress them . . . Their force is wonderful great and strong; and yet we pluck their feathers little by little.'

Drake, writing on the same day, is equally brief:—

'God hath given us so good a day in forcing the enemy so far to leeward as I hope in God the Prince of Parma and the Duke of Sidonia shall not shake hands this few days; and whensoever they shall meet, I believe neither of them will greatly rejoice of this day's service.'

Wynter shall tell the story at greater length. If we reflect that he was only one of many, all of whom quitted themselves as manfully as he did, we shall understand the nature of the struggle and the magnitude of its results:—

'His Lordship, with such as were with him, did bear room after the Spanish fleet, the wind being at the S.S.W., and the Spanish fleet bearing

bearing away N.N.E., making into the depth of the channel; and about 9 of the clock in the morning we feat near unto them, being then thwart of Gravelines. They went into a proportion of a half-moon. Their admiral and vice-admiral, they went in the midst, and the greatest number of them; and they went on each side, in the wings, their galleasses, armados of Portugal, and other good ships, in the whole to the number of sixteen in a wing, which did seem to be of their principal shipping. My fortune was to make choice to charge their starboard wing without shooting of any ordnance until we came within six score of them, and some of our ships did follow me. The said wing found themselves, as it did appear, to be so charged, as by making of haste to run into the body of their fleet, four of them did entangle themselves one aboard the other. One of them recovered himself, and so shrouded himself among the fleet; the rest, how they were beaten, I will leave it to the report of some of the Spaniards that leapt into the seas and were taken up, and are now in the custody of some of our fleet.

'The fight continued from 9 of the clock until six of the clock at night, in the which time the Spanish army bear away N.N.E. and N. by E., as much as they could keeping company one with another, I assure your Honour in very good order. Great was the spoil and harm that was done unto them, no doubt. I deliver it unto your Honour upon the credit of a poor gentleman that out of my ship there was shot 500 shot of demi-cannon, culverin, and demi-culverin; and when I was furthest off in discharging any of the pieces, I was not out of the shot of their harquebus, and most times within speech one of another. And surely every man did well; and, as I have said, no doubt the slaughter and hurt they received was great, as time will discover it; and when every man was weary with labour, and our cartridges spent, and munitions wasted—I think in some altogether—we ceased and followed the enemy, he bearing hence still in the course as I have said before.'

One more day of agony, a day on which but for a timely shift of the wind the whole of the Spanish fleet must have been cast away on the flats of Holland, completed Sidonia's discomfiture. Howard and his heroes had at last done their work. Their ammunition was spent and their victuals were exhausted, but they followed their flying enemy until they saw that he had no more stomach for fighting, and was fain to get away as best he could by rounding the north of Scotland and braving the storms of the Atlantic sooner than face the *endemniada gente* again.

'After the fight,' says Howard, 'notwithstanding that our powder and shot was well near all spent, we set on a brag countenance and gave them chase, as though we had wanted nothing, until we had cleared our own coast and some part of Scotland of them. And then, as well to refresh our ships with victuals, whereof most stood in wonderful



derful need, as also in respect of our want of powder and shot, we made for the Frith, and sent certain pinnaces to dog the fleet until they should be past the Isles of Scotland.'

The rest of the woful story belongs to the tragedy of the conflict, not to its strategy. The latter was at an end when the *felicissima Armada*—for such it appears and not 'Invincible'—was its official title in Spain—ceased after Gravelines to be a fleet in being. Howard had destroyed it strategically; the weather and the sea only completed its material overthrow. *Flavit Deus et dissipati sunt*, which was long accepted as a true and sufficient account of the whole business, is at least approximately true of its final stages. But the theory that it was a Heaven-sent storm, and not the still more divine gift of bravery and brains equal to the occasion, that overthrew the Armada, is, as Professor Laughton well says, as false as it is childish:—

'False because the Spanish fleet, after being hounded up Channel, had sustained a crushing defeat in which they lost many ships and thousands of men before they fled to the North; a defeat so terrible that nothing could induce them to turn on their pursuers; a defeat which forced them to a headlong flight into the unknown dangers of the Northern seas, rather than face the more certain and now known danger of the English shot. Childish, because in affairs of State Providence works by recognized means, and gives the victory not by disturbing nature and nature's laws, but by giving the favoured nation wise and prudent commanders, skilful and able warriors; by teaching their hands to war and their fingers to fight.'

Μέγα γὰρ τὸ τῆς θαλάσσης κράτος. This, which is perhaps the first mention of sea-power as such in history—it occurs in the first speech of Pericles reported by Thucydides—is the true explanation of the defeat of the Armada by England. It was the growing sea-power of England, still unrecognized by the nation and grievously misunderstood by its rulers, that brought the Armada to nought. The men who overthrew Sidonia were not professed strategists. In an age of strenuous action like theirs the practice precedes the theory. Their strategy was implicit and not explicit. The instinct and the experience of consummate but untutored seamanship had taught them all that they needed to know of the strategic secret of the sea. Yet there is scarcely a principle of naval warfare, as interpreted by centuries of subsequent experience, which these men did not implicitly recognize and explicitly illustrate. Act always on the offensive; find the enemy and fight him; make his coast your frontier, and never let him cross it unchallenged; if you cannot

cannot beat him to-day, follow him and fight him to-morrow ; if you do not follow him, he is certain, if he knows his business, to follow and fight you when you have lost the advantage of time and place which is half a victory ; take no thought of his military enterprises until the naval issue is decided ; if you are victorious, or even until you are finally beaten, they cannot be undertaken ; if you are beaten, they cannot be impeached,—these, in plain words, are the eternal maxims of the strategy that makes for sea-power. It is because Howard and his comrades understood and applied them, and Philip and Sidonia did not, that the heritage of the world's sea-power was taken from Spain and given to England in 1588. It is because these lessons were never forgotten by English seamen, and rarely neglected by the English people and their rulers, that the sea-power of England grew without ceasing from that time forward until it was finally made supreme at Trafalgar by the genius and patriotism of Nelson. No man can say how soon or how stoutly it may be challenged again. Inspired with the memories and the lessons of that rich and splendid history which began at Gravelines and ended at Trafalgar, English seamen may be trusted never to be unworthy of their sires in daring, in endurance, in the noble traditions of naval discipline and obedience, and above all in that native capacity to understand and apply the secret of the sea which is at once the sign and the sanction of supreme sea-power. But for the nation and its rulers the story of the Armada is fraught with a solemn warning. Howard and his comrades saved Elizabeth in spite of herself. From first to last she never understood that the sea was her sole salvation. If the people of England ever allow themselves to forget what Elizabeth never knew, the sun of their naval glory will set for ever. 'Sparing and war have no affinity together.'

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- ART. II.—1. *John Addington Symonds: a Biography compiled from his Papers and Correspondence.* By Horatio F. Brown. London, 1895.
2. *The Renaissance in Italy.* By J. A. Symonds. London, 1875–86.
3. *Essays, Speculative and Suggestive.* By the Same. London, 1890.
4. *Animi Figura.* By the Same. London, 1882.  
And other Works.
5. *The Renaissance, Studies in Art and Poetry.* By Walter Pater, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. Seventh Thousand. London, 1893.
6. *Marius the Epicurean.* By the Same. Sixth Thousand. London, 1892.
7. *Greek Studies.* By the Same. London, 1895.  
And other Works.

EURIPIDES has left no more touching story than ‘Hippolytus the Crown-bearing,’—a play in which, as by some inspiration from another world, the poet canonizes purity, adorns self-denial with a martyr’s death, and, while his choir of singing-women chant the praises of Aphrodite, opens to our view a holier faith. If Aphrodite seems victorious, yet she holds but the second place; it is her rival, the woodland Artemis, chaste and fair, who rises in so bright an effulgence above these coloured mists, stainless as marble from Pentelicus, severe yet by no means inhuman, and full of compassion for the dying hero. Save him she cannot; lift him to the sphere of the immortals she can and will. Unlike her dreadful namesake of the Chersonese, Artemis here shadows forth the better Paganism which, scorning Ionian festivals, fled to solitude, in the hope of communion with what was Divine. Her votaries laid upon themselves a rule and a yoke; their spirit of renunciation made them not unworthy to be disciples, by and by, of a Name which had the power not only to cleanse, but to consecrate. Hippolytus foretells the philosophic Marcus,—a Pagan saint, and a king after Plato’s own heart. This way, if it continues to ascend, will take no small multitude along with it, to the threshold on which they may kneel in adoration, and see the Christian mysteries unveiled.

But the lower Paganism looks up to Venus Victrix, whom Lucretius celebrates:—

‘Te, Dea, te fugiunt ventei; te nubila cœli,  
Adventumque tuum; tibi suavis dædala tellus  
Submittit flores: tibi rident æquora ponti,  
Placatumque nitet, diffuso lumine, cœlum.’

She

She is queen of Epicureans, Cyrenaics, dilettanti,—of all who choose to be 'exquisite humanists' rather than humane, who prefer sensations to principles, caprice to law, and intoxication to duty. The pose which these men assume is more affected than Byron's, and their pleasures are, by definition, sad ones. These serious triflers marvel exceedingly that so many can waste the time which they might have spent in pursuing savours, scents, and rhythms, upon the 'flaccid interests' of law, business, politics, or philanthropy. When a sharp touch sums up their conversation as 'art and self-indulgence,' they gently applaud. Another stroke might annihilate the art, leaving only the indulgence; and this, perhaps, would be a return to that 'unity with one's self' which, we are told, is 'the eternal problem of culture,'—a problem solved during one brief moment in Hellas when morals held 'the clue of unerring instinct,' and the worship of 'beautiful aspects' was religion.

Two biographies lately published—the one real, the other imaginary yet in some sense no fiction—enable us to survey in detail that æsthetic movement which has been with us these thirty years, and the principles of which run up into Paganism, Cyrenaic, or Stoic, but avowedly pre-Christian. Nor shall we be doing it an injustice whether we assume that the late Mr. Symonds entered deeply into the meaning of a philosophy which, as time went on, he exchanged for another, or that Marius, the Epicurean of Pater's shadowy romance, had many qualities in common with his creator. To follow their windings will not, perhaps, be easy; yet the changes through which they pass, and their final verdict on a movement the effects of which are visible in the fine arts, in literature, and in social intercourse, will have for us something in the nature of an experiment carried out on our behalf.

The experiment, to one of those concerned, was tragic enough. In his own pages, where the lights are as intense as the shadows are gloomy, Symonds writes himself down a failure. He despairs from the beginning; and after many years, although friends have come to him, and fame, and a wide spiritual influence, he despairs still. He moves round the circle from Leopardi to Goethe, and thence to Walt Whitman, whose optimism would have struck Leibnitz dumb. What is the last word? Still Leopardi, 'E naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare.' But you are an optimist, his correspondent cries. 'Yes,' he answers, 'an optimist prepared to return to Nirvana, thankful that no proof is forthcoming to demonstrate immortality. This hope is sweet in my bosom.' He can lie on the knees of Doom, look down the years past and see that he has been  
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what he was to be, 'a literary viveur,' and at length disdain the Pagan myths which held his fancy or inspired his pen, as 'a spectral corps de ballet on the empty stage of Nature.' He, if anyone, has dedicated his life to learning and its æsthetic uses; but now, with an energy almost equal to Swift's, he declares that genius, weighed in the scale against character, is light; culture not to be compared with action,—that 'passion, nerve and sinew, eating and drinking, even money-getting, the coarsest forms of activity,' come before it. 'Life, not literature,' he exclaims. It is clear that when Paganism takes a certain large sweep, art, which was once its finest flower, may wither on its stem. But life, unless it falls to drift and dross, will demand a standard. We look for it eagerly in this immense correspondence, in the essays, poems, histories, flung out to us by the unwearied invalid. There is none. Talk we find of human service; abstract worship of Law; hymns recommending the 'cosmic enthusiasm.' But a rule of conduct, or grounds of hope—these Symonds cannot give; and he makes known his poverty with a frankness which cuts to the heart, as we read him.

So little from so much? Unlike many children of genius, he was the heir of a noble estate in intellect, with circumstances of gentle nurture, domestic happiness, friends of name, and the doors into public life open. Six generations of Puritans—whose letters he should one day burn—had bequeathed to him a tradition of strenuous piety, transfigured or filed down in his father—a successful and art-loving physician, Liberal and Broad Church—to moralities and modern progress. In their fine old pedigree might be reckoned a Knight Templar, a Crusading captain, a founder of the Garter, colonists to Ireland and New England, a regicide, Cavaliers and non-juring clergymen, all coming down from Adam FitzSimon, who held lands in Hertford, Essex, and Norfolk under Bishop Odo. The Roundheads, however, prevailed in shaping Symonds's childhood, despite his free-thinking parent. He is full of indignation at the hard noviciate that he endured in their Bethesdas and Blind Asylums, thanks to his grandmother Sykes, the Plymouth sister, and her 'motley crew of preachers and missionaries, trades-people and cripples.' That lady held all things pleasant to be of the Evil One. Her ailing grandson was haunted by a morbid sense of sin; and when the cholera broke out, prayed feverishly that he might not catch it. Religious to this extent he was,—no more. Of the Gospel, in these pools where pietism lay stagnant, he heard nothing. Mrs. Sykes—her only human trait seems to have been a love of flowers—took immense

delight in 'the minatory chapters of the Prophets,' and the Apocalypse. We cannot be surprised if a child brought up in this atmosphere suffered terrors unimaginable, or was persuaded that 'the devil lived near the doormat' in a dark corner by his father's bedroom. But never anyone saw into the solitary mind, which through the brooding fancy lived a life of its own.

For if his surroundings were dingy in that town of Bristol, nearly fifty years ago, yet the house and garden of Clifton Hill which his family occupied, and which he looked upon always as his true home, had a special air and grace of breeding. He learned to know pictures and poems, revelled in music and in the gloom of St. Mary Redcliffe, was inspired by Scott's 'Marmion' to cry out, 'I too will be an author,' filled his imagination with Shakspeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' wept with artistic delight over the vision of the god Hermes, disguised like a shepherd-boy in Homer's Iliad, went on weaving to himself day-dreams of Apollo serving among the herds of Admetus; he came to distinguish and to love the fairest colours, the tones of the clouds, the beauty of lightning; and in idyllic drives with his father, in pilgrimages to his mother's grave,—she died young, leaving a memory of grace and brilliant intellect,—in readings miscellaneous, from studies of anatomy to 'innocuous Greek and Latin,' this strange boy, companionless, not athletic, and, as he says, quite unmalleable, was training himself to be the man we see before us. Limits his powers had, as strongly marked as the vivid perception which his eyes always brought him, and his facility in writing verse. He could not learn the multiplication-table or the subjunctive mood; he fell into trance until he was twenty-eight, lived more in sleep than during the day-time, was sensitive about his person, ambitious but 'permanently discouraged,' and, though seeming candid, impenetrable.

Pietism and art were struggling, thus, over the boy's soul,—Religion raven-winged, grim, and gaunt, while culture was Apollo ever fair and young, shining in golden armour. His eyes alone served him for windows of the soul; what hope, then, of victory on the side of that dismal phantom which called itself divine, yet never had the glamour of beauty upon it? Though not creative, Symonds had been from the first as if bred in the schools of Athens or Venice. Our grey skies revealed to him the miracles of cloud-building, which, long after, when he had made Alpine solitudes his retreat, still seemed to possess all the elements of the sublime. Pictures in his father's house told him of that sunny marble world,  
perfect



perfect and flawless, which in the great galleries of the South, in the Louvre, in our own Museum, shines on the sordid background of modern life. Then the reserved sentimental boy finds himself in a public school. His father, who had not a dream that John was either emotional or passionate, sends him to Harrow, and he is miserable. He stammers and faints, yet—the spirit which was in him holding on bravely—gains an influence over his comrades, makes life-long friendships, learns Theocritus and Shelley by heart, and sits up during a summer-night to finish the 'Phædrus' and the 'Symposium,' which give him back, in all the hues of a style beyond imitation, the enthusiasm whereon his home-life had been nourished. That was the aspect of Plato which decided his future. It saved him from a 'torpid cynicism,' only too congenial with the less wholesome influences of a place where he was manifestly out of his element.

Oxford succeeded, and to Symonds it proved the large liberal abode of freedom and ideas,—‘an ampler ether, a diviner air,’—with spirits so different as Jowett and Conington to furnish him themes of meditation. His career had its triumphs. He won the Newdigate, took a first class, was elected Fellow of Magdalen. But his life-long travels in search of health over the Continent began. For, already, Jowett was remarking that he had ‘no iron in his composition,’ while another described him as ‘worked out in premature culture.’ A severe illness followed upon this indigestion of the mind. The cloud which now descended was never wholly to lift. Languid days, long agonies of doubt, suicidal fancies, prepare us for the announcement that he, who never had been a Christian by training or temper, had lost all belief in the Supernatural.

He wanted guidance, but none was vouchsafed. The Oxford of thirty-five years ago, he says, made men rhetoricians and sophists, who would come out brilliantly in the ‘Saturday Review,’ and, if they fell under Jowett’s influence, were sceptics. But it gave them no principles beyond a vague sense of duty; they were taught, instead of philosophy, mere literature. There was no process by which a man would be compelled to think,—neither robust mental training nor sound gymnastic. Hence the crowd of amateurs, seemingly omniscient but in fact blind, among whom this candid critic of himself may be found by his own admission. Endowed with certain ‘proclivities,’ but no ‘commanding bias,’ he wandered aimlessly from one pursuit to another. It is the year 1862; but in a rich and amusing picture which he draws of his undergraduate flutterings, we see the dawn of that movement wherein Mediævalism, the Renais-



sance, Mr. Ruskin, Japanese ware, old blue china, and the French symbolists, were to play their several parts.

Conington, indeed, directed his pupil upon the path of literature by 'principles of common sense and manly prosaic taste.' The Hegelian Thomas H. Green, afterwards his near kinsman by marriage, could not bestow on him a sense for political or abstract interests, but strengthened his character by exhibiting a noble personality in their long and affectionate intercourse. However, on the whole, Symonds remained what he had been at Clifton, a self-absorbed dilettante. His apprenticeship to the golden alchemies of the 'Opium-eater,' whose style was a standing-dish at College breakfast-parties, and his dabbling in Mr. Ruskin's 'paint-box of colours,' did not seem likely to atone for the loss, not merely of creeds and dogmas about which he had never vexed himself, but of the belief in divine realities now altogether gone. Henceforth, the world invisible was to be an enigma or a torment as he stumbled on, bleeding and solitary, along the *Via Mala* which he called existence. To such issues was he impelled by fatal, though well-meant, influences, now in words of miraculous efficacy, anon by the mere burden of paralysing silence, and, too often, with interjections which their victim charmingly describes as at once 'crushing and inconsequent.' The luminous haze that spreads over so many pages of our English Plato proved to Symonds an enfolding Alpine mist, with here and there a silver-circled glacier piercing through, but the way uncertain, the guide as perplexed as his followers, and crevasses opening into unknown depths.

Down such a crevasse Symonds was hurled, almost at the moment when his path seemed brightening. Elected Fellow of Magdalen, suddenly a charge was brought against him, says Mr. H. F. Brown, by a 'quondam friend,' resting upon 'garbled letters,' which in its consequences was nearly fatal. 'Deeply wounded in heart, brain, and nerves,'—to borrow Symonds's account of the matter,—he went abroad, and for the next three years, until 1865, his wanderings, laments, and physical distress make a sad story. With eyes useless and brain enfeebled, unequal to serious reading, no man had more need of religion. His emotions called aloud for faith,—'it is the oxygen of life,' he said; but his intellect rose against every form of Theism. 'The old realities have become shadows,' he exclaimed, 'but the shadows torment me.' His dreams were avenging Furies, even in the calmer Oxford season; now they showed him to himself in frightful and disgusting aspects. Music wrought like an anodyne; but it was neither food nor light. He married, and always found in the home-life a refuge from trouble.

trouble. Yet says he mournfully, 'Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux.' The artist in him feels aged, the man a wreck. And he is five-and-twenty.

By instinct he had begun to write upon the Elizabethan dramatists. But he consulted the oracle in Balliol, and the answer was significant of Professor Jowett's curious infelicity, when genius did not come to his aid. If the Master could have gone through those brilliant pages of correspondence which we now admire,—abounding in the perception of colour and form, in exact details of things experienced, and in thought no less solemn than impassioned,—he would have pointed the way to literature, but not to the drudgery of translation. Symonds had eloquence; he painted landscape in words as truly as the great writer whom he has sometimes copied, though not servilely; and his prose-sonatas are splendid in their language and rhythm, subtle in exposition, and occasionally very pathetic. Who can doubt that the proper task of Symonds was criticism?—but, as Matthew Arnold would say, criticism touched with emotion. Professor Jowett did not think so. He had a way of giving his friends tasks to perform, 'undoubtedly useful,' but for which they were not in the least fitted. And now he talked of Hallam,—that dry scholarly man who displayed neither rhetoric nor emotion when he was writing,—nay, it appeared that a certain Zeller, a German (and Symonds detested Germans), had published a library of books on the Greek philosophers, to dig and quarry in whose mine Jowett enticed his reluctant friend. For years the translation haunted him; a 'muddy stream,' not even, like Bayle's Dictionary, 'a mighty tide of ditch-water.' It would not flow; and Symonds, at last, gave his unfinished manuscript to another, who has no doubt, by this time, printed his Zeller in English. To the original translator, it was a task which fatigued eyes and brain, threw him upon the wrong track, and brought neither reward nor gratification.

His 'fatal facility' had been censured at Harrow. It was now thoroughly curbed by Zeller, and, health not returning, the uncongenial task left his mind vacant, his spirits depressed. He is one of the world's invalids, who can but exclaim, 'Imus, imus præcipites.' Not Handel's music, nor the garden-landscapes of Monaco, bring him relief. He is 'a saltless soul,' doomed to 'rot for thirty years on the dunghill,' borne down by a lethargy in which will and power of thought are exhausted. The high Alps revive him again, and he writes: 'I have a deal of faith, not reduced to a creed—*Quis Deus incertum, est Deus.*' But is there a Father in heaven who will

will listen when he prays, and answer him? Alas, no; the hidden Deity has, perchance, neither ear nor voice. What is left? he asks. 'To live bravely in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful'? So the wisest of modern men. But Symonds, taking the words to himself, adds a striking comment, 'We cannot be Greeks now'; and 'hasheesh,' not the vital oxygen of faith, must satisfy us. 'We can dull the present by living the past again,' he says to a philosophic friend, Mr. Henry Sidgwick, with whom he corresponded largely, 'in reveries or learned studies, by illusions of the fancy and a life of self-indulgent dreaming . . . Take down the perfumed scrolls . . . Behold, there is the Athens of Plato in your narcotic visions: Buddha and his anchorites appear; the raptures of St. Francis, and the fire-oblations of St. Dominic; the phantasms of mythologies, the birth-throes of religions, the neurotism of chivalry . . . all pass before you in your Maya-world of hasheesh, which is criticism.' May we not subjoin that it is decadence?

Yet these airy phantoms have no warmth in them; and he is plunged into 'the glacial region of the soul,'—*Abyssus abyssum invocat*. If there could be reconciliation of his many doubts, Beethoven and the C Minor Symphony, music, rather than metaphysics, might suggest 'the height, the space, the gloom, the glory,' in which 'we know,' but cannot frame a creed. Still roaming up and down the world, studying Norman cathedrals at Coutances and scaling the heights of Mont Saint-Michel, he waits for a revelation or a crisis. The maladies of the spirit seize him while wintering in Cannes; there, as Teufelsdröck would say, he wrestles with the Everlasting No, and is almost overthrown. 'Hours too black for human language pass by'; the soul comes forth, living but scarred; and now he will shape his 'rule of conduct' in one single axiom. Out of the 'devil's cauldron'—his own word—he has emerged; and it is a day of conversion on which he moves into 'Stoical acceptance of his place in the world, combined with Epicurean indulgence.' A combination, indeed! 'These two motives,' he observes, 'restored me to comparative health, gave me religion, and enabled me, in spite of broken nerves and diseased lungs, to do what I have done in literature.'

Not once, but intermittently, suicide came within his view. 'It offers no solution,' he said, and waved the tempter from him. And the solution which he did accept? Was it 'some clear faith in things that are pure and eternal'? Or 'a definite conception of Deity'? Not so. In the vacuum of abstractions—thus his biographer sums up—he could no longer breathe.

It

It was impossible to find the Absolute. He turned then from thoughts to things, from ideals to sensations, like a second Doctor Faustus; and while his state of 'entire negation' became, as it were, crystallized by so deliberate a choice, in action he was henceforth the dilettante, curious and impassioned, who looks not for to-morrow. All moods of existence, if they be pleasurable, are justified to him. When they give pain, resignation is the wisest course. By such adjustments, adroit and ever-renewed, did Goethe, in the spirit of a stage-director, contrive to enact the drama of life, not believing in 'things pure and eternal,' yet, on the whole, a successful artist, who with his last breath might whisper, 'Vos valete et plaudite.'

Hippolytus, then, offers garlands to Aphrodite, and, like a child playing on the edge of the abyss, will disport himself until he falls in. The Stoic travels towards his grave singing; the Epicurean borrows King Solomon's seal on which is inscribed 'Omnia vanitas,' and in virtue thereof bids genies and demons serve him up a banquet of pleasure. To 'live in the whole' is to enjoy the moment. We cannot forbear observing on the coincidence, as undesigned as it is remarkable, between these passages in a real biography, and the moods, the language, and the reasoning ascribed in an imaginary one to Marius the Epicurean during his time of servitude to Aristippus. Certainly Pater was not drawing from Symonds; but with the sagacity of principle, he traced those ideal curves which, given a temperament thus compounded, the man was likely to follow.

Now, had he taken hold of a 'clear faith,' all would have gone well with him; and Symonds, who long had known the charm of Augustine's intimate and naïve self-portraiture, might have found—in the Seventh Book of the 'Confessions,' we will say—the truth which he was seeking, a heaven of cloudless light above his mind. This, to speak in a later tongue, is 'the Divine Idea at the bottom of appearances.' But our unhappy man is not Augustine. 'I feel paralysed,' he writes again, 'by the confusion round me, science and religion clashing, no creeds emergent, social conditions shifting like quicksands, the phantasmagorias of old literatures rising up to mock our modern style.' In an age no less chaotic, the great African Saint could learn where the track led up to the Mount of Vision. But he, though for a time bewildered, had come to live in communion with the Highest. Augustine was alone with the Alone: Symonds was by himself.

But he will go to the grave singing. Henceforward, the Diary loses its introspective tone. It narrates the travels of an idle, sufficiently well-to-do Englishman through Corsica, Tuscany,

Tuscany, Venetia, and back to the Alps. It is full of enjoyment, observation, historical acquisition. It tells of Italian studies, in Tasso, the 'Orlando,' and Tassoni. The 'persuaders of death' remain, it is true, the one sect irrefutable; and in the midst of golden verse-reading, we hear this minor chord, 'I am incapable of living for any purpose, or of raising my soul to the altitude of a delusion.' His friend argues that wickedness goes down upon an inclined plane. 'May be,' replies Symonds, 'but what is to arrest one, and why should I seek to be arrested?' He wishes that he could embrace Positivism; but he sees too clearly that Comte 'makes his universe revolve round the men on this planet,' and a scheme so pre-Copernican appears to him inane. At Clifton he lectures on the Greek poets, with inward disgust, and yet listeners say that 'his intellect set ours on fire.' In conversation he was at his best; the 'intense emotional susceptibility of a limited and rather superficial kind,' for which he gave himself credit, was making of him an 'Opalstein,' as R. L. Stevenson long afterwards called him. His brain, impenetrable to abstract ideas, left room for things visible, with their atmosphere of feeling, and provoked the 'splendid audacities,' the *Paradoxa Agnosticorum*, let us term them, which gave to his conduct of an argument the pleasure of the chase. With his 'sensuous artistic temperament,' was combined a vein of rare sweetness. He was winning friends wherever he settled, and, though not expectant of success, held on, tenacious of what he undertook, but so much weaned from literature as to despise it ere he had chosen it for his profession. 'I was disciplined by failure into democracy,'—this sentence and the like proclaim with incisive sharpness a new creed. 'I will have nothing,' says Whitman, prefixing an oath, 'of which all cannot have their counterpart on the same terms.' The words are echoed by his disciple. And in a vein thus detached from the task he was entering upon, Symonds began his studies of the most select and exclusive movement which Christian Europe has witnessed,—we mean the Renaissance.

First, however, he touched at Palermo and Girgenti, and paid a religious visit to Athens. Of the Greek spirit he says, with that remembrance glowing in him, 'it is pure light, all human and beautiful.' The serenity, the Doric grace and order, steeped him for a little while in their calm. Then, returning to England, he met with an accident, was ill and broken; travelled again,—Malta, Tunis, Rome, Perugia, Florence, such are the musical names that we light upon continually in this pilgrimage,—and Symonds makes us share in his

his conviction of the debt we owe for beauty and refreshment of soul to Italy, a lesson he was never weary of enforcing. The worship of German ideas, except in Handel and Beethoven, he deemed nothing less than a sort of fetishism, which cannot discriminate between Hellenic loveliness and idols shapeless and primeval. Always he lived by sight and not by faith; yet the artist may well decline to bow down in worship where philosophy has nought save empty abstractions, to console him for his 'fantasies in marble' now smitten to dust.

He was thirty-five when he published the first volume of 'The Renaissance in Italy'; and he lived to finish that large undertaking, as well as to write several books of poems and essays, to translate the sonnets of Michael Angelo, the memoirs of Cellini and Gozzi, and to compose a Life of Buonarrotti. His activity, great and incessant, though illness struck him down, ranged over the provinces of literature with an ever-ripening judgment and a fastidious choice until he could say, in an instructive sentence, 'We love the sternest things in life best.' For the duties of the historian, he was on more than one account singularly disqualified. Names, dates, events which he had not seen or felt, might be learned with facility, but vanished from his mind as if writ in water. 'Vague, ill-digested, inaccurate, rich in possibilities, poor in solid stuff,'—this description of faculties which were to be employed on a task where Gibbon might have failed, does not inspire us with confidence. Nor will metaphor and imagery, whereby Symonds hoped, if not to subdue, yet to circumvent philosophical ideas, furnish that insight, lacking which a student of the Renaissance period is sure to put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, to dream that the 'worship of the body' is a 'new birth unto freedom,' and to degrade science into the apologist of a sensual and decorated unbelief. Seeing he will not see, and hearing he will not understand.

These are faults of a more serious kind than the purple patches and rhetorical tone which their author has marked in his volumes. He moves everywhere on the surface, content if he is dealing with painters, poets, humanists, in a fashion almost operative, and on a system so conventional that his characters fall in, line for line, with the legends and caricatures which a little judicious criticism puts out of court. Large and complex themes—Catholicism, the Reformation, the revival of learning—handled a thousand times by partisans, striking their roots deep, and abounding in tyrannous individualities, that differ as much as Julius II. and St. Charles Borromeo, as Erasmus and Poliziano, Luther and Savonarola, would



would seem to suggest a weighing and sifting of evidence, and readiness to hear both sides. But Symonds will not always be at the pains to understand the language he is quoting; and so faint is the grasp which he has upon his subject, that when a master more judicial and enquiring comes forward,—when Bishop Creighton sets the Roman events in a just perspective,—he has hardly a word to say beyond the suggestion that somewhere, *quand même*, an adequate cause must be found for the Reformation. Unless the whole drift of his volumes be mistaken, that cause he had himself set forth in words of vehement eloquence. But one who is incapable of mastering principles, to whom the philosophies of the mediæval period are a myth, scholastic Latin an enigma, the enthusiasm of religious nations a far-off sound, and the *vita contemplativa* of saints simply unintelligible, may, indeed, pass sentence on the details of painting, or guide us through the galleries of antiques, he will never be the Thucydides of an age when human thought was more active even than earthly passions, when interest, political or private, felt the imperious sway of theology, and when a friar at Florence or at Wittenberg proved himself a match for dynasties as cultivated as the Medici, and emperors reigning in both hemispheres like Charles the Fifth.

One sample of his uncertain dealing may suffice. In the History, Michael Angelo, greatest of Christian and Italian artists, is exalted as the 'Prophet of the Renaissance.' And what is meant by the Renaissance? It is 'the spirit of mankind recovering consciousness, recognizing the beauty of the body through art, liberating the reason in science and the conscience in religion, restoring culture to the intelligence, and establishing the principle of political freedom.' But, to attain this noble consummation, the Renaissance breaks with Church and Christianity. It is Humanist before all things, and Humanist means Pagan. Hear Symonds again: 'The essence of Humanism consisted,' he declares, 'in a new and vital perception of the dignity of man as a rational being, apart from theological determinations, and in the further perception that classical literature alone displayed human nature in the plenitude of moral and intellectual freedom.' These are brave words. The question is, will they explain Michael Angelo? Let us call our other witness, Pater, himself enamoured of freedom, a Humanist to the core, but with his eyes open.

Pater writes concerning the mighty sculptor, the poet of deep and melancholy thoughts, the artist who has rivalled with his brush Isaiah and Ezekiel in power of vision, that he was, not the prophet who began a period, but 'the last of the Florentines,



Florentines, of those on whom the peculiar sentiment of the Florence of Dante and Giotto descended.' Nay more, that 'up to him the tradition of sentiment is unbroken'; that, although 'his professed disciples did not share this temper,' he is so far mediæval as to endow sculpture with a certain 'inwardness' which the Greeks never possessed; that from the Middle Ages he derived his 'central conception' in painting, on the vaults of the Sistine Chapel, the 'Creation of Adam,' and that he did but give to their floating dream or ideal the perfect touch. Among new Pagans and new Catholics, observes Pater, he seems a ghost, or *revenant*, from times which to them had grown fabulous, lingering beyond his day in a world not his own.

Hard it surely is to reconcile this disciple of the ascetic Dante, of Nicola Pisano and Savonarola, with the sensualists and profligates who sold themselves to unsavoury imitation of classics they did not comprehend. But we may spare ourselves the trouble. Symonds, not for the first time, has sung his palinode. We turn to 'Essays Speculative and Suggestive,' and we find the warning which he might have addressed to himself, that between 'moral enfeeblement and esthetic vigour'—notes whereby in so many histories, including his own, the Renaissance has been defined—'there existed no causal link.' On the contrary. 'The best work of that brilliant period was accomplished during years which still retained the glow of mediæval faith and the verve of republican enthusiasm.' And he continues, 'What survived of force and goodness in the nation enabled painting to flourish between Giotto and Buonarroti.' So then, we ought not to signalize the deliverance of the human spirit as following upon a new movement in the fifteenth century; there is no such break between the faith of Dante and the 'best work' which was done by Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Leonardo, as would justify us in marking off by a blank page the New Testament of art from the Old. Boccaccio infects the poetry and romantic fiction of the Medicean age with his own licence; therefore, observes Symonds, it stands condemned to 'artistic mediocrity.' The 'myriad polished lines of Bembo, Molza, Sannazzaro,' the narrative poems which abound in Humanist circles, we may 'abandon without a sigh,' there is no life in them. Seneca has rightly judged that '*effeminat animos amœnitas nimia*.' And the symbolism of Bartolozzi—to which the Renaissance tended from the beginning—is 'insincerity and second childhood,' the aim of which was 'to clothe a faint and saccharine emotion with graceful form.' Symonds, forgetting his Lydian moods, informs us that he is of one mind with Aristotle, who has laid it down that

'morals

'morals are architectonic,' goodness queen over truth and beauty. We have, in short, sung our palinode.

So vaporous a conception of principles will furnish no supreme historian. With all his reading, Symonds could not achieve a classic page; the poems which he has left—although not, as in the severe judgment of Conington, to be set down as without form and void—are but echoes from Shelley, Swinburne, or Leopardi—cries of distress in another man's dialect, plagiarisms the pathos of which consists in their representing genuine emotions by means of an essentially false language. The true Symonds appeals to us only when he describes Nature; then he is admirable in word and painting; he has seen, and therefore he can speak. Everywhere else, in his volumes, the expression overflows, but does not charm; it is the vocabulary of passion served up cold; much rhetoric troubles the sense like a turbid stream, flowing over it. We put the book from us and forget its argument; narrative there is none; and the thought is diluted by floods of metaphor, not distilled into epigrams, or reduced to first principles, or set forth in the lucid order which understanding alone can give. Was not this failure? Symonds, at last, lets fall his pen: 'Literature has come to an end with me,' said the tired virtuoso. He would fain withdraw from the battle; but he remains 'a naked soul,' and suffers on, courageously; not complaining, except to friends, who welcomed his Amiel-like monologues and laid them up in cedar.

'It is the centre of the soul that ails.' He felt it deeply. Literature, which helped to keep him alive, had by the subjects chosen—'Greek poetry, Italian culture in one of the most lawless periods, beauty in nature and the human form'—overstimulated the imagination and excited cravings which it was powerless to satisfy. Under Oxford training, he might have said, as Socrates did of the fifty-drachma course at Athens under Prodicus, 'The noble breed of heroes are a tribe of sophists and rhetoricians.' The 'literary viveur' cannot hope to produce a monumental work. He must endure a long regret 'for sterner paths abandoned, and for nobler triumphs carelessly foregone.' In such terms of resignation Symonds bids farewell to his ambiguous Muse, and faces the night.

Yet he enjoyed a sunset of fame, which spread over the evening-tide at Davos a certain splendour. Ordered by physicians in 1877 to take the long Australian voyage, or to winter in Egypt, some angel had guided him to the dry sunshine, the 'snow-life, stars, and frost,' and the silence, for weeks unbroken, which make up his picture of a student's sojourning  
in

in the Alps. Friends came and went; correspondence grew; the peasants around looked up to him for counsel and effective aid; he walked over the mountain vales; gave the cheeriest of entertainments, in which high and low found a common interest; was open-handed, serviceable, alert in conversation, sympathetic towards younger men, and not envious. And though pain, on the most august scale, as he expresses it, searched him through, he could reflect that 'in the five years since he came there dying,' he had been allowed a 'wonderful Indian summer of experience.' As long again he was to fight his enemy; and while life burnt low, its heat and radiance astonished. His childhood tendencies to dreaming with open eyes returned. Thought, he says, in many kindred metaphors, 'is the only thing, yet it is nothing.' The real is far beyond appearance, and tragically hidden. Sometimes he escaped to Venice or London, but his home was now in solitude. The illness or death of near kinsfolk—the loss of his eldest daughter especially—tried him; no loud applause greeted his ventures into poetry; and, while the last considerable work he put forward, the 'Life of Michael Angelo,' met with a recognition which its industry and exotic knowledge deserved, on the whole he had ceased to hope in immortality, whether of the kind which George Eliot celebrates in her curiously hollow strains, or such as Christians look for. How could he desire to live again, he asks; adding, 'I should be always restless.' He was, we have seen, 'an optimist prepared to accept extinction.' Strange optimist, who might have quoted the melancholy verse:—

'Nec nova vivendo proceditur ulla voluptas.'

He could not die too soon.

And so the 'green tree of life' was shedding its golden fruit; 'grey theory' clouding the sky over which swept those hurricanes of unbelieving yet tremulous fancies under whose blighting influence the spirit wasted away. He was a Stoic, nevertheless. 'Do not,' he pleads in a sad but strong letter to one who was tempted to go down the 'inclined plane,' 'do not delude your conscience with the seductive dream of becoming corrupt.' He knew well that Epicurean mood. And now he advises that intellect should conquer passion, the man realize his better self, and 'sing to God.' *Quis Deus?* That would be the natural enquiry. Symonds could never answer it.

A verse of his own 'song to God,' the words taken from Cleanthes, but the sentiment, pantheistic and stoical, long his ruling idea, is graven upon the tomb where he lies buried, not  
far

far from Keats and Shelley, in the Roman garden, hard by the pyramid of Caius Cestius. For he died at Rome, far from Davos and Clifton. It affirms the Supreme Law, and submits, —‘Or if I strive, still must I blindly follow.’ One touch of the irony that pursued Symonds through life could not be wanting; and his old Oxford friend and master, light-minded as always, seeing truth only in the luminous haze, wrote above this hymn of Pagan hopelessness, ‘Requievit in Christo.’

We turn, with a sigh of relief, to ‘Marius the Epicurean.’ Here is the likeness faintly sketched of one that, living under the Antonines, walked in shadow, communing with himself, that hung upon the lips of Aurelius, and stood by when Fronto and Lucian discoursed, the one grave, the other mocking and satirical,—that could learn only through the eyes, and held existence for such a dream as will not come a second time, yet was so loyal to the spirit within him, so delicate, pure, and detached, as to fulfil the saying he had never heard, ‘Greater love than this no man hath,’ and to lay down his life for his friend. According to the student of manners whose biography we have just now dealt with, atomic scepticism unsolders our being; it leaves the phantom of self in a world without aim or substance; it is suicide. But Marius takes up his parable, and by dainty resolute cleansing of the sight, he comes to a vision in which there is the peace of the gods, ‘Pax Deorum.’ He dies a martyr, almost a Christian, who began as a devout acolyte of the heathen mysteries. From Aristippus and the Cyrenaics he had learned to renounce the Absolute; yet discovered in his brilliant pleasure-loving comrade Flavian where lay the taint of Paganism; and in the soldier Cornelius, in Cecilia the noble Christian matron, saw the light breaking through which was to transfigure mankind. Never did he bring garlands to Venus’s shrine. Yet it was his love of the Beautiful which made him one in spirit with the ‘flores martyrum,’ whose fragrance created in the young man, as it were, a new sense, whereby things heavenly made him aware of their neighbourhood. The sadness he dwelt in was shot through with gleams of hope, tender and bright as the morning-dawn. For him, at the last, horizons hitherto undreamt of were telling of larger skies; so that in losing his life he seemed to be finding it. This ‘obscure sense of possible sublimity,’ this feeling that, whatsoever point he gained, he yet ‘had something to pursue,’ to which our highest contemplative poet, Wordsworth, so often returns, we cannot—if we would measure its significance—liken to the submission that Cleanthes expressed, and Symonds has faithfully rendered. Somehow, it is informed, it is penetrated

trated by the Christianity which was in the air when Marius lived ; there is a heartfelt yearning in its accents, an aspiration, mournful and low-voiced, to One who can hear and answer.

The book is a transparent disguise. We have no memorials of Mr. Pater, and to enlarge upon 'his private virtues, the personal charm of his character, the devotion of his family life,' will be, as we trust, the pleasant duty hereafter of Mr. Shadwell, from whose feeling Preface to the 'Greek Studies' we have taken these words, or of one as well acquainted with the subject of them. But, in 'Marius,' we cannot fail to remark suggestive passages, epithets and axioms, which the author has made his own elsewhere. It is lyric and subjective. Is it also a recantation ? Did Pater intend to tell us in his subdued way that he had exchanged the religion of sense for that of the spirit, 'ideal form' leading on, as in Wordsworth's poetry, to 'recognition of transcendent power' ? There was need, if we may judge a doctrine by its popular consequences. A man of genius, undoubtedly ; with narrow but intense eyesight ; not unlike the master whom he followed, Gabriel Rossetti, in his self-centred style ; slow to produce, but the outcome imperishable as sculptured marble ; a recluse busy with his own thoughts, unwearied in rejection till the fit word shaped itself in light before him, Pater does not leave the critic questioning, as did Symonds, whether he will survive. He has written 'ut studiis se litterarum a mortalitate vindicet.' Who knows whether he may not have succeeded ? More than one of his pages deserve to endure while English is spoken or studied. 'What care for style !' we may quote from himself, 'what patience of execution ! What stately and regular word-building !' His manner has nothing of the rhetorician. He never flows ; the words, fixed and tranquil, look at you from a polished surface that hangs, like a picture in a gallery, always in its place, framed round about with gold, immovable. The current which makes music as it ripples along, is an exact antithesis to this firm, large drawing ; it stays, whether you come or go ; it has no motion.

For neither does the eye contemplating desire the landscape to move on ; and Pater, by temperament and theory, is absorbed in the moment. He cannot tell what went before ;—will anything come after ? He does not know. 'To see the object as in itself it really is,' he acknowledges for the aim of criticism ; but, he goes on to say, this means knowing 'one's own impression as it really is.' And the reason is plain to him ; we can never know anything else. What effect does this song or picture, this engaging personality in life or a book, produce on me ?

Does

Does it give me pleasure? If so, what degree or kind of pleasure? Such are the questions which an æsthetic temperament, feeling or judging, will put to itself. More it need not enquire—not the relation of ‘engaging’ objects to truth, experience, morality. When it has defined beauty ‘in the most concrete terms possible’—when, as an exquisite amateur, it strives always ‘*à connaître de près les belles choses et à s’en nourrir*,’ it has fulfilled the whole duty of man as an artist. For, says the last solemn sentence in that book on the Renaissance, ‘Art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments’ sake.’ All is impression, sensation,—‘a certain refined voluptuousness they have in them,’ observes Pater of the ‘great lords and erudite persons’ for whom Ronsard composes. ‘Experience is ringed round for each one of us,’ he says again, ‘by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced.’ We may give our impressions a pleasurable tone, if we know how; but to make them vehicles of the ‘not ourselves,’ be it righteous or unrighteous? Impossible! ‘This, at least, of flame-like our life has, that it is but the concurrence’—mark, we say, how absolute the knave is!—‘renewed from moment to moment, of forces parting sooner or later on their ways.’ They meet, they part; the man is made by their concurrence; he runs down into zero when they dissolve.

Whoever wrote these words was assuredly a Pagan, and not of the highest. How can we arrive at stable realities in that ‘race of the midstream,’ and ‘drift of momentary acts of sight and passion and thought’? We never can, but a sort of answer is given by Epicurus, the philosopher of the dizzy whirlpool. *Carpe diem*, he says; fill the moment with as much pleasure as it will hold. For this purpose all periods and types may be equal, provided they yield the pleasurable sensations of which Humanists are in quest. ‘A refined and comely decadence’ will have its place, side by side with the high exacting literatures, the severe philosophies, the works of art which, in their purity of perfect light, seem to reveal a world wherein decadence cannot enter. Even ‘the imagery of death serves for delicate ornament,’ just as ‘the grotesque details of the charnel-house nest themselves, together with birds and flowers,’ in the traceries of some mediæval architecture. And so, too, metaphysics may lend a hand to this kind of training, at once æsthetic and human, ‘not by the fancied gift of absolute or transcendental knowledge’—no; but by helping one to ‘detect the passion and strangeness and dramatic contrasts of life,’ always as an exquisite amateur!

The



The Renaissance, thus set over against all forms of the spiritual, derives its sweetness, we are assured, from the classic world. 'Sweetness,' here, and, in another place, 'the highest quality,' are given to our moments as they fleet, not by heroic conduct or transcendent moral choice, but by means of the works and affections proper to art as such. We have now, therefore, pretty well reversed the beliefs which were current among the orthodox. It used to be taken for granted that sweetness, or humanity, issuing in pity, forbearance, gentleness of demeanour, was, if not utterly the creation of the New Testament, at all events its chief and most gracious commendation. But perhaps a 'languid excess of sweetness' may not be quite the same thing as humanity. Certain it is that to ascribe self-control or true affection to the hard, sensuous, showy men of letters or of the studio with whom we associate the Renaissance, would be much like attributing to physical science, as Symonds has done, 'an extension of the province of love.' On the margin of the page where we read this astounding sentence, a pencil has traced the single word 'vivisection.' Yes, we had better pause ere we fly to the science of phenomena for the golden rule. And the 'sweetness' of sonneteers, poetasters, courtiers in the train of Nicholas V., or Francis I., or Cæsar Borgia, is, to apply one of Symonds's apt criticisms, a 'specious shape that catches the eye but has no life.' Such 'sweetness' had Ludovico Sforza, who murdered his young nephew by slow poison, but was 'so susceptible of religious impressions,' Pater gravely observes, 'that he blended earthly passion' with sentiments of piety. No wonder if he took for his crest the mulberry-tree, which yields flowers and fruits together! The example is by no means a solitary one. At this moment we are witnessing among French men of letters a 'refined and comely decadence,' which invites religion to the banquet where self-indulgence has exhausted the bill of fare. Symonds, in rending himself with sharp words, which he often did, talks of the 'putrescence in his own soul.' Not a little of it came from the inversion of means and ends which is a consequence when Hedonism shuts man up within the cell-walls of feeling. With all the resources of intoxication, these newborn gods cannot hold out; their diaries and poems abound in 'the sunless pleasures of weary people,' and their artificial, composite existence passes into stage-play.

Hence their fellow-feeling with ages of decline, their preference of the later Greeks to Homer; of Theocritus and the 'Anthology' to Sophocles or Æschylus,—their admiration, which the mild-voiced Stevenson called merely quaint, of



Tiberius and his dilettantism; their recurring elegies; and their melancholy. 'This pagan sentiment,' we grant in the author's language, does 'measure the sadness with which the human mind is filled, whenever its thoughts wander far from what is here and now,' supposing it has no intuitions of the Divine. Our Humanist would fain linger 'at home on the earth for ever, if he could.' And yet he must go; Nature says to him, '*Lusisti satis, tempus abire.*' Death is in the cup which he puts to his lips; it infects his writing with a macabre taint. 'The soul with all its maladies' makes of him an invalid. Ronsard's poetry is for the old who were young but yesterday; and the supreme Hellenic culture itself is 'a sharp edge of light across the gloom.' How deceptive a Renaissance, which promised eternal youth and behold the roses are falling from its chaplet! Shall we apologize for it by saying with Pater that 'ennui attaches even to the realization of the perfect life'? That is neither sense nor philosophy, but it is a strong argument against Paganism.

And he felt it so, and passed on, through contradictions, with a faltering step, by the way of romance, or of the mystic, into a region which, when he wrote his original essays, he had not explored. 'That sinister claim for liberty of the heart and of thought,'—Antinomian, rebellious,—yet more than just if his famous epilogue (published, withdrawn, and printed again) to this volume may stand unerased,—that plea for boundless self-indulgence so long as it is pleasurable, must at length be given up. 'Get as many pulsations as possible into the time,' he had said,—a doctrine fatal to men. Now, in the person of his self-denying Marius, he modulates into a higher key. There is a scale of pleasures. At one end we see the Roman multitude gaping with monstrous emotion as the sand drinks up the blood of their gladiators; at the other, Christian youths and maidens throw away their lives joyously, in the amphitheatre at Lyons or Vienne, finding a happiness in dying for their Master. On which side is the pretended Epicurean? Is he but doing homage to his fine taste, not his conscience, when the Coliseum rings with a cry for blood and he will not echo it? No, he looks at the indifferent Emperor, sitting there unmoved, and from that hour he cannot praise the '*Meditations*' of Marcus Aurelius except with a frigid or an angry brow; he is almost unfair to the man,—a philosopher, not human but merely ascetic! '*Vale, anima infelicissima!*' murmurs the indignant youth, as he turns from the Palatine to pursue a journey which will lead him down, through the house of Cecilia, to the Catacombs. He wanders on, by the path of enthusiasm for his brethren, with the new faith already throwing

throwing a gleam over his pallid features, to the martyrdom for which his life had been a preparation. His scale of pleasures will never allow him to sadden a living thing; his eyes are forbidden to look with delight upon anguish or the unclean.

Remarkable enough! Our most unbelieving century, as Von Hartmann defines it, cannot have done with Religion; whether it paints, or sings, or argues, in its discussions on the price of bread and a fair wage, to the question of questions it must return. Symonds, we are told by his admiring friend in the Biography, had one 'dominating pursuit,—the interrogation of the Universe, the search for God.' He flings from him with disgust the 'smugness of Agnosticism.' Were men satisfied to be Atheists, the melodious dithyrambs of Mr. Swinburne would never have awakened curiosity. And here is the lover of fair aspects, to whom enquiries beyond the passing delectation should seem as aimless as impertinent, pencilling, in a series of delicate scenes and groupings, what a mediæval saint has described as the '*Itinerarium Mentis in Deum*.' The interest we feel in Marius centres round this problem. He is a born heathen, but temperate, steady, abounding in the milk of human kindness, who, from the outset, has a deep sense of responsibility towards the world of men and things, and is gentle and unselfish. By what steps shall such a one arrive at the new discipline, which is taking hold of men everywhere 'in whom God is well pleased'? That he learns while still a boy, in a retreat, or Pagan monastery, where he has for his director a young priest of *Æsculapius*; and the rule runs, 'Thou shalt be made perfect by love of visible beauty.' We have come again to the heart of æsthetics. How is the Fair likewise the Good?

Not this story alone, but his 'Lectures on Plato' and his 'Greek Studies' prove how constantly the writer was busying himself—surely because in some degree perplexed—with the riddle of which art, philosophy, religion propound their several solutions. Without the sensible, no interest for man; he must be kindled by feeling, or remains a statue blind and dumb. Nevertheless, sense consumes the spirit, and at last blots out every trace of humanity from the countenance. Shall we, then, take our flight to the abstract? deny sense, and live a Spartan life, untouched by these singeing flames? That is to die ere our prime, or never to have lived at all. Sparta was a monastery, cloistral, severe; but not the 'eye of Greece, mother of arts.' Hence, also, 'amateurs everywhere of the virile element in life, the Lacedæmonians impart to all things an intellectual character'; they worship the Practical Reason, not

routine. But they remain hard and unsympathetic, — even Euripides, though he draws their pattern youth in Hippolytus, calls them 'hateful to all men.' Nor will the Renaissance, steeped in fire and passion, which Pater adorned with his arabesques of chosen words, find much to imitate among the Lycurgans. Yet we now seem invited to believe, that since it was the design of such training to promote 'honour, friendship, loyalty to the past,' and since it ended in making each man 'himself a work of art,' more exquisite than dead marbles or Sophoclean tragedies, why, this will be Marius the Epicurean. At all events, we say, he will not be Filelfo, Becadelli, Aretino, — he stands before us self-discipline personified, not self-indulgence crowned with fading blossoms.

Marius would have finely puzzled the Christian apologist of days not so critical as our own, entangling him like a *retiarius*, in network which his leaden sword would in vain have attempted to cleave, and that by no argument save the story of his own bringing up. Now we perceive that the true preparation of the Gospel was in such lives. Had the old religions of heathendom been utterly vile; had not grave and touching inspirations lurked in the Roman country festivals, rude as they were, in the silence and the ceremonies about the rustic altar, in those brotherhoods, Pythagorean, Æsculapian, which laid a rule upon their adherents, strict, if not always observed; had the 'most religious city in the world' never lighted up that divine radiance, clear, and as if pensive with a personal feeling, that in Virgil subdues while it melts the reader, and is touched to devoutest issues, where could the message of prophets and preachers awake those slumbering echoes that in time gave back so mighty a sound? The fierce Montanist—a Puritan born out of due season—would pull down and break in pieces all that he deemed hostile to his creed. Happily, a larger spirit, discreet and patient, curbed the iconoclast. No breach so violent as that which opened a yawning gulf between modern and mediæval,—to our loss, we are assured by the wisest,—divided man from himself when, taking in his hand the lovely flowers of poetry and ritual, the lights which had burned before ancient shrines, the sweet-smelling incense, he came into the holy place which all these were to adorn. In the life-long wanderings of Marius there is not one pearl of price, one element holding of the beautiful, that he is told to cast away on entering the Christian temple. Dimly, without grasping the profound principle of an order in things, which made so strong an impression upon Augustine—who was thereby enabled to escape the Manichean argument, and to distinguish between self-culture and surrender

to impulse,—Marius learns to refrain, but the end is that he may enjoy according to right reason.

His heart opens whenever the 'influences of the beautiful' are poured abroad; and yet he can be stern with himself; his eyes shall look on nothing base, the body shall be dedicated to health and purity; 'unseen moralities' stand behind the symbolism that gives him content. His home at White Nights, and the memory of a noble mother, keep him 'serious amid sopperies and languid days.' Already, some new word is wanting to express the spirit in which he contemplates existence; if he is not a 'spiritual man,' he dwells within,—in the shade, *umbratilis*; and his aloofness from the crowd, his freedom while pursuing the mimic rivalries of school and fashion, make him a spectator when he might be an actor, wholly absorbed in the world's services. The temptation of youth is to spread itself out in sunshine, wasting and wasted; to say with most Epicureans, 'Let no flower of the spring pass by us.' Not so this careful appraiser of the value of things. He marks in his first-loved schoolmate, Flavian, 'as it were an epitome of the Pagan world,—its depth of corruption, its perfection of form,' and he turns away, distressed, with a condemnation which is heightened by after-knowledge of Christians like Cornelius. Fortune brings him across the 'Golden Book,' in which we read that consummately perfect legend, 'where more is meant than meets the ear,' of Cupid and Psyche. To him it is a romance, not so much because it tells in dainty Latin how 'the course of true love did never run smooth,' as by its mystic passion, full of awe and tenderness;—such a god was he whom Dante beheld, 'the Lord of terrible aspect,' not a child playing with fire-tipped arrows. The dedication to things beautiful must henceforward take into its scheme grief and trial; without them no perfect life is conceivable. Thus, in spite of the unhandsome stains that defile Apuleius, a fair soul knows how to derive its proper nourishment from pages too often, like those of Boccaccio, better left in their dust.

Still, when Flavian dies, the young philosopher, who had been writing down at his dictation a chant of love and life, the 'Pervigilium Veneris,' can no longer hope. That friend, he mused in the Lucretian vein, 'had gone out as utterly as the fire among those beloved ashes.' Heracleitus, not Socrates, reasoned well. Things are in a perpetual flux; if the moment be not its own end, there is no other. But the conclusion, then? Aristippus gives it. Fall back on direct sensation; the blue sky is overhead, 'let us eat and drink.' Only there  
is

is still a choice in our eating and drinking; the 'sight of perfect men and things' may be a kind of religion. It is the philosophy under whose influence Pater composed his first writings. How the bowman can shoot to any purpose without a mark, and whether, if there must be an aim in our action, the flux itself may not have a tendency,—a law of direction,—and so, at last, a reason which will account for it, the author was still to investigate. He has made some steps towards this view, though not reaching it exactly. 'You may always pit form against force,' said Mr. Ruskin, with admirable precision. Form is order, and means stability, the constant which Marius was ever seeking. The law of the Beautiful goes beyond sense: it is in the mind, not in mere sight. Here is our first answer to the enigma.

But order, though excellent, is impersonal; it will not suffice. The Stoic who ruled mankind, as in some weary service of the gods not answering him, Aurelius, believed in law and order, wrote 'Meditations' on the 'city builded in the heavens,' and was a prey to melancholy, though exclaiming almost in Hamlet's famous words, 'Tis in thy power to think as thou wilt.' So he deluded himself, being all the while 'a comfortless shadow,' eaten up with sadness. Where was the city to which he belonged? It was not Rome. Marius began to look round for it; his early self-contained existence he would now gladly merge, though not confound, in the brotherhood of man. So much he had learnt in the lectures delivered by his imperial master. But something more was needed. Fronto, like a second-century Rousseau at court, enlarged on the old moralities as recommended by their charm to sweetly-sensible persons, unable to believe in dogma. We can assent to them, he said, and we ought, as a matter of breeding. His meditative listener concludes that the will, even where beliefs are concerned, may shape the deed; will is, perhaps, vision, he argues. These fresh and determining elements had no place in the philosophy of Aristippus. They bind past and future; they speak, not obscurely, of a communion in which men's thoughts flow to and fro, even as we all breathe one vital air. And the great system existed before Marius; it will survive him; it is in 'impregnable possession' of the world. After all, the lonely monad which he took himself to be was an idle dream; and he is not solitary. With the new acceptance of a world outside, comes Apuleius, whom he meets at dinner in a friend's house, situate on pleasant Tusculum,—comes and would transform the Platonic 'ideas' into 'powers' demonic; a suggestion his old admirer does not embrace, yet will leave open as he begins to see infinite possibilities

possibilities beyond the Heraclitean moment. What he longs for is to experience the Divine; as that mystical outcry expresses it, 'O amare, O ire, O ad Deum pervenire!' And has he not, all along, had an unseen companion? With Hippolytus he might say to the deity, 'Thy voice is sweet in mine ears, yet never have I looked upon thy face'; there is, then, an unknown Eros. The crisis which these stirrings of the heart betokened was upon him. He sees the Christian Liturgy; hears the prophesyings of a time that is to be; recognizes how those common things, bread and wine and oil, the substance of every day, may be lifted up till they become heavenly mysteries. In a vivid and touching scene,—the nearest approach to artistic vision which the book contains,—he is present while the disciples set forth, according to the ritual of the Church, their beliefs, their unity, their worship of One who is not far from them. 'All that was deep-felt and impassioned in the experiences of the past' was here summed up and realized, but in a living figure. And Marius knew that he should require no less than this from the powers which had brought him into the world, if happiness were not to be denied him for ever.

◊ We are a long way from the Renaissance. Here is, indeed, a soul worn out with much travail, but willing to give up the vulgar delusions, and be at peace. He has turned completely round, if we view him now and in the days when he thought of making the hours yield their utmost, 'by dexterous training of capacity.' This perfect sight which he has seen is a prelude to the tragedies, beautiful if the eye that studies them be enlightened, but in themselves clouded with shame and horror, of which the 'Acta Martyrum' will hold a record. He, too, is set down for his part. By accident, in a popular tumult, away from Rome, he and his Christian friend, the Centurion, are arrested. He so contrives that the other shall escape; is himself roughly handled, taken for one of the new sectaries, released in a state of high fever, and left among Christians. And he dies with their sacrament on his lips, their prayers murmuring in his ears. It is a good end. He does not complain. Surely, he says with a sense of gratitude, life had been with him a success. For him the unknown has lost its terrors. 'The unclouded and receptive soul was quitting the world finally,' with fresh wonder as when it began its course, and if still with a conviction of the profound enigma in things, yet taking this for 'a pledge of something further to come.' Marius, we may conclude as did his tender brethren, fell asleep like one that hopes. He had but passed through the veil, from the seen to the unseen, from time to the eternal.

Grace



Grace and charm, assuredly, are not lacking to this delineation of a 'soul naturally Christian.' The manner, we allow, has caught some of Apuleius's gold thread in its tangles, and is not unaffected. A sentence up and down the ornate pages leads us to suspect that Marius, if he had fallen under the spell of a strong personality,—which he never did,—might have lost his 'remarkable self-possession.' He was at no turning in life severely tempted; he came to the new doctrines not like a penitent convinced of sin, but with an unsullied past. Still, he is sympathetic, humble, almost we had said, contrite. Anyone less resembling the decadent Humanist it would be hard to imagine. And herein lies the moral of this whole story,—of the æsthetic movement also, and the two distinguished writers whom we have taken to body it forth, 'in the most concrete manner possible,' that we might not go astray while judging of its principles.

That movement, then, like the Renaissance, which, on a limited scale, it has striven to imitate, will be sketched in a phrase, if we call it the false Platonism. When Symonds sat up all night to read the 'Phædrus' and the 'Symposium,' finding there a revelation for which his heart thirsted, we may be certain that he dwelt rather upon the visible aspects which to Plato are only the beginning of wisdom, than transcended them and rose into the 'kingdom of ideals.' In like manner, it is Aristippus, not the forerunners of Plotinus, who lays his enchantments upon Marius the Epicurean. All these are in love with the outward sign, not the inward grace. And of each it must be said until they change, 'Dilexit vanitatem.' They sacrifice the Good to the Beautiful; that is Hedonism, in literature as in life. To the form they sacrifice the substance; that, in moderation, is the prettiness of Euphuus; in excess, it is Decadence. If thought be one element in all true art, and technique another, to them technique is the sole object, thought may be wanting. In a word, they are dominated by impressions, by music which intoxicates, by scents and savours which leave them spell-bound, by sensuous delight in which reflection has no place. They reverse the order, and pervert the intentions, of Nature. For this is the order established in things, that feeling shall serve faculty, faculty shall go forth into action, and action build up character in a world of self-determining individuals whom the Law of Reason guides to their end. The outward show is an occasion, not an adequate cause, nor an effect in which we should rest wholly. And who are the supreme artists save those that paint, and carve, and sing with their minds open to a world of Divine exemplars, not to be simply given back in lines or contours, in colours or sounds, or in any earthly vehicle, but to be



be hinted at, suggested by imperfect devices, and, so to speak, called up in the remembrance of their fellows, not exhausted in a solid something, complete where it stands? Such is the doctrine of the 'Phædrus' as expounded in a glorious parable by Socrates, according to whom the idea of a scale, of progression and ethic choice, alone will deliver the human soul from perishing with the beauty which has ensnared it.

And the latest experience, startling as with a thunderclap our languid society, bears out his warning. If feeling, so long as it is pleasurable, remains artistically just and true, there is no perversion too monstrous for some school or other, of virtuosi and exquisite amateurs, to find delight in its cultivation. What are the fruits of that philosophy? The desideratum, at last, will be 'strangeness,'—the artificial, the high-spiced,—imagination feeding on the forbidden. Not the scale of idealism, but the demands of intellectual sensuousness, will give to objects a value and an interest. And whither can such an 'inclined plane' lead except into the abyss, 'dov'e bello tacere,' as Dante says? Virtuous, self-respecting heathen would not have borne to be under the same roof with the pattern Humanists who degraded literature, and achieved the decadence of Italy, four hundred years ago. Would they be more tolerant of unhappy moderns, fashioned according to the maxims with which Symonds, or Pater, set out? The reader may judge who will compare such sentences as we have quoted from their Epicurean pages (and they are samples of a large bulk), with classic lines and grave reflections in the tragedians, in Plato himself,—in Aristotle, who has laid down the only true, because the one reasonable, doctrine of aims and actions;—in all to whom the Cyrenaic adornment of the cup and the platter, filled as they were with all uncleanness, seemed, long ere the light of Christianity arose, detestable and inhuman. Culture without principle is a wrecker's light. Dilettantism, regardless of ethics, that is to say, of the something which makes us human, turns the finest knowledge, and the natural desire of man to embellish and sweeten existence, into a subtle poison,—'art after art goes out, and all is night.' Had there been no Pagan Renaissance, Europe might have spared itself a Puritan Reformation. It was the men who despised Religion that ruined art, and furnished an excuse for banishing innocent joy.

The same danger, and a not unlike dilemma, threatens now. It cannot be denied that shallow young men, whose acquaintance with Greek and Latin would not bear half-an-hour's examination, and whose passion for the fine arts is obviously affected, have learnt their false Platonism from teachers no less cultivated

cultivated than Symonds, and as reserved in style as Pater. The stream of tendency has caught them; and not a few are drifting downwards,—some have been already swept away. They begin with Aristippus; they end, as Leopardi ended: the next world fades into darkness, lighted by no sun or star. Most miserable of all, the sacred name of friendship is profaned on the abused authority of Plato; and a savour of death lurks in the most unselfish of relations, now disengaged from its human and ethical meaning. Yet Plato has warned them repeatedly, in words not unbecoming a Hebrew prophet—‘*Ut quid diligitis vanitatem, et quæritis mendacium?*’—that the penalty of mistaken ends is ruin. We may number some of its consequences as we turn the leaves of this ‘*Dichtung und Wahrheit*.’ They are moral relaxation, effeminacy, sickly self-consciousness, morbid tastes, *tædium vitæ*; the hope of annihilation which had rather die than live; complete dissolution of soul; ‘moments’ only, not even the ‘states’ which materialism would grant,—how much less energy, or sovereign self-direction according to the moral law, or life everlasting?

And yet, these two famous Humanists have recanted: the one by casting literature and art from him as inferior to the meanest action; the other, by leading his Cyrenian youth along paths of sympathy and self-denial, into the communion of saints and martyrs. The final verdict, which, however, was not given until, by preaching culture as a religion, they had stirred up the uncultivated to denounce even legitimate art, is that which the long tradition of reason and Christianity has recognized. We are still encouraged ‘to live in the Whole, to practise the Good, to delight in the Beautiful.’ Yes, but it needed no Goethe, if we knew our Augustine, to come from Weimar and teach us that. Rather, it was needful to understand this great sentence truly,—not to imagine the universe a perpetual flux with none guiding it; or the Good an impossible sum of pleasurable sensations; or the Beautiful that which steeped the eyes and heart in dainty feeling, but had no message beyond itself. And though we cannot but experience a pang, when the ice-cold pages of his Biography tell us how one of these men failed to find happiness, nor can help rejoicing when the other, in his romance, seems to have discovered an escape into the light, still it is melancholy to remember how many have followed them along slippery paths, not turning back when they turned, but going on, like Hippolytus, towards the great deep, yet, unlike Hippolytus, not innocent. For, as Socrates told them long ago, the way is nothing worth, and the end destruction.

ART. III.—1. *London of To-day.* By Charles Eyre Pascoe. London, 1894.

2. *Life and Labour of the People in London.* Edited by Charles Booth. Vols. V. and VI. London, 1895.

LONDON is perhaps the most eccentric wonder in the history of the world. Its vast extent of sordid, inartistic building, and its enormous migratory lodger population; its abundant evidence of wealth, and yet its wide-spread areas of local poverty; its feeble-minded native occupants, and the energy of its foreign and provincial immigrants; the sumptuousness of its western mansions, and its unlimited extent of squalid homes; its ill-arranged, ill-kept, and dirty streets, and its polluted atmosphere, are all exceptional, and most of them are in their various ways superlative. Moreover London, all its gifts considered, is perhaps the least efficient and least influential aggregate of people on the globe.

A population so enormous and condensed is, from sheer incapacity of apprehension, led to take the facts of its condition absolutely, and without comparison; and to suppose that in its special sphere the actual condition is at once natural and necessary. London so completely fills the eye of Londoners that they become incapable of measuring the great community, or of estimating its condition and its worth by any outer standard. Hence it is that the chief city in the world falls frequently behind those less important places which are not completely overwhelmed by their own greatness. Petty capitals and large provincial towns compare themselves with one another, to their mutual benefit. They thus acquire self-conscious modesty, and are not left to the assumption that in their respective areas and communities whatever is, or is determined, must be natural and right.

Moreover, of comparison comes healthy rivalry; with moderate size there is the possibility of observation and of movement. People know one another; and there is a local, corporate pride that tends to the improvement of the people individually and collectively. In a normal state of things most men are pleased to adorn and illustrate their native town or local district; but in London there is no such pride or interest. Even a London vestryman would be amused were he accounted proud of his peculiar parish; and in London as a whole we have a social chaos, without form or limits, and without a soul. Coteries and cliques may recognize appropriate and dominating individualities; but in London no one leads, the place is inarticulate, and no one represents it with authority.

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Even with a County Council there is lacking proper detailed governmental rule. There is indeed no broad foundation on which local government and practical progressive administration can securely rest; and possibly no great community in Christendom is more inept in its domestic life, more destitute of social power and combination, or more dangerously presumptuous in municipal affairs.

The character of urban populations is peculiarly due to local customs dealing with the land; and Londoners, as the result of the imperfect tenure of their property in land and houses, suffer year by year increasing detriment and degradation. Having no freehold status in the place, and therefore lacking full adult responsibility, they habitually substitute pretentiousness for dignity, and vanity for happiness. The tawdry stuff with which the London shops are dressed reveals the character of those who waste their lives in seeking to acquire such vain and costly demonstrations. Few things are produced that could have been a joy to the artificer; the local trading is a pretty constant scheme to palm upon the public spurious and inferior works on the pretence that they are genuine and excellent; and the great mass of the people are continually striving to obtain base imitations of superior goods at an inferior price. This is all painful and depressing to record. Indeed, the moral, personal, and social status of the population must arouse compassion rather than complaint; and strictures on the state of Londoners and of their town should always be accompanied by an unprejudiced, benevolent desire to benefit the people of the Great Metropolis.

The more immediate observers of the London population may be classed in three chief categories: the clergy; the medical profession; and those who have the management of property in tenements and houses. The public generally know little of their own domestic circumstances. Unaccustomed to attend to anything but what is superficial, they become incapable of insight into what is more obscure and not habitually seen; and in their frivolous and careless way they disregard things really of importance. Then the clergy always have one side or aspect of a household constantly presented to them; and the medical profession are but intermittent in their almost wholly personal acquaintanceship. But house proprietors and agents constantly observe the people intimately, as they are and as they live. Of the majority, the circumstances are best known by the attentive agent of the landlord. Every three months, every month, or weekly, he demands the rent; and in a very little time he learns what difficulty there may be in

in meeting his demands. He also sees how money is habitually wasted in the home; and, out of it, how means are further dissipated. He has not only to keep houses let, but to select from all the applicants the one or two who may seem fit to be entrusted with a house, a small proportion that decreases every year; and then he has to see, at times, the innermost recesses of the home. He knows how squalid and ill-kept most houses are; how crowded with unclean encumbrances; how destitute of decent furniture, of necessary household tools, and of appliances for comfort and salubrity; and how the people generally have in character and habits sunk so sadly to the level of their homes.

This is the pity of it all, that such a large proportion of the London population fail to see and understand their strange condition, and would probably revolt at a correct description of their case. Those who can remember the comparatively simple life and character of Londoners some two-thirds of a century ago, and now are able to appreciate the state and manners of the present people, cannot fail to notice the unhappy change. With far inferior appliances for cleanliness, how much more clean the houses of the middle and the lower classes were, compared with what is now habitual in London! yet the impurer atmosphere demands increasing care to keep our houses clean and wholesome. Furniture was scanty, but it was well kept; the household implements were made for use as well as for prompt sale; clothing was simple, but it had a style that seemed to dignify the wearer, since the people generally had individual character and dignity to manifest in their attire. The fashions then were modified rather than imitated by the middle class; and mental quality and culture were asserted unmistakably in dress. The people were not dummies for the goods of warehousemen; they had ideas and intentions of their own, and these could be immediately recognized. It was an individual, not a common pattern, that approached you.

Now, in our advancement, fashion has become a universal epidemic. Even the working class assert 'their right' to take part in the folly, so that their own honourable working dress, the origin of all the most elaborate accoutrements in Church and State, is hardly ever seen; and thus the workmen have become in their appearance pitiful, the feeble imitators of the people whom they thus proclaim to be 'their betters.' Fashion, being universal, must endeavour to avoid unbearable monotony by constant general change, instead of by judicious individual variety. It thus becomes a stamp of ugliness on most of those  
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who follow it, since from its extravagance it can in any case suit very few, and may be hideous on all. Yet people in their vain, gregarious way pretend to admire these horrors; and with the great majority a costly fashionable dress is their most easy method of distinction. But if London is to be improved and beautified, the work must be begun on individuals, in their clear perception and their homely cultivation of abundant grace of form and dress. The sentiment of excellence in these respects must be continually exercised; since those who make themselves exhibits only for the milliner and tailor are not likely to be capable of public demonstrations of artistic beauty. For a people to become imbued with dignified æsthetic feeling they must be artificers in their own physical development and clothing. The Athenians made nobility and grace of form and dress a cult; and our old medieval masons were most careful to have handsome clothes of state in supplement to wages. Kings and hierarchs then made the workmen's garb a model for their own attire.

But now the working class, to whom the modern fashions gradually descend, are totally demoralised; and so there is no check to demonstrations of depravity, no rational example for reform in dress, and no desire for improvement. Individual culture of externals is the surest impulse and foundation for all national art; and yet there is a constant waste of money on the worthless whimsies of dull manufacturers, who prepare the patterns to be chosen by the buyers at large warehouses. These tradesmen having made some mere fortuitous selection, then assert that this production of their folly is 'the fashion'; and the sympathetically foolish, those devoid of individuality, treating the matter seriously, adopt the fashion, and become again absurd. What hope, therefore, can there be for national artistic culture when the whole nation have condemned themselves, with exultation, to a personal neglect of art in things that constantly concern them? Throughout Christendom there is now no popular condition fit for the development and growth of the vernacular in art. The spurious æstheticism that occasionally manifests itself in a sporadic way is but a canting form of 'fashion,' to which those afflicted with the added weakness of conceit occasionally succumb. It leaves them in due time at once ridiculous and hopeless of improvement.

Proceeding from attire and conduct to more general domestic matters, those who pass along the dreary streets of middle-class or smaller houses throughout London may observe a fair proportion of these houses not entirely dirty-looking, with a few comparatively



comparatively bright and clean. The front doorsteps have been, perhaps with much care, whitened; and at curtained parlour windows there is often some display of toy-like elegance and sumptuous sham, suggesting that the occupant has means beyond his absolute requirements. This in many cases is a sign of a whole room dedicated to such vanity. To have a little chamber crowded with pretentious furniture not adequately used, indeed the use of which is scarcely understood, or owing to its lumber is made scarcely possible, is among working people held to be a special warrant of respectability.

These, however, are but things of show; and to discern the average condition of the London population superficial demonstrations should be left as superficialities, and the interior of the houses, to their *ima penetralia*, should be sought out and discovered. Passengers over railways behind rows of houses much adorned in front should, as they pass, consider, for they see abundantly, the negligence and dirtiness and disarrangement of the windows and the gardens; since from these things, not a part of the intentional display, a proper estimate of other parts not generally visible may be fairly made. From such frequent surveys of the more uncomely parts of houses, and from much experienced testimony, it is evident that a great part of the inhabitants of London live in variously qualified pollution, emphasized by multiplied disorder.

Still, these people are unconscious, and would feel aggrieved should it be said that they habitually neglect and injure or impair the health and comfort of their families. Yet this is what the mass of Londoners are always doing. Houses are taken for their neighbourhood, or their address, or for their pretty finish in the newest style. These things are objects of concern and competition; but not one tenant in a thousand makes enquiry about the thickness of the walls and roof. It is not yet perceived that the majority of London houses are unfit to live in, quite apart from their defective drainage. About questions of foundations much mere nonsense has been written recently; and all the while death is allowed to be continually active in the roofs. Houses are mostly built with some part of the outer walls but one brick, of nine inches, thick; and workmen's houses, 'self-contained,' are wholly built with merely nine-inch work. Yet bricks are seldom made so dense that moisture cannot penetrate a nine-inch wall; and fourteen inches is the least that should be used for the main walls of dwelling-houses. This slight extra thickness, and the joint of mortar, at a corresponding little extra cost, tend to obstruct both heat and cold, both damp and sound. The heat in summer-time  
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and cold in winter never are efficiently excluded by a nine-inch, one brick, wall; and in the winter, freezing outer walls condense the moisture in the rooms, which thus become unwholesome. Roofs are constructed with extreme tenuity; an inch of slate and plaster is the wholly insufficient covering and protection of an average London house.\* The attics, low pitched and extremely hot or cold, are quite unfit for servants' sleeping rooms; no wonder that so many of these girls are stunted, narrow-chested, and anæmic, and that consumption has become a national disease. The servants sit, or work, in basement rooms, in seventy degrees of heat, for several hours; then going up to these cold attics they experience an immediate fall of thirty-five or even forty-five degrees. And in that frost and chill they lie throughout the winter's night; while in the summer the excessive heat is painfully exhausting. Most young people of our English families are lodged in these pernicious places, unprotected by the *grenier* which in old houses used to intervene below the roofs. And most of our perpetual plague of phthisis has been generated in these barbarous torture chambers, to be gradually developed as the unsuspecting sufferer advances to maturity. Our sanitary people, all the while, are merely groping after faulty drains; a partial and infrequent danger when compared with the ubiquitous, inevitable injury of these upper stories. Do our occupiers seriously consider this, and carefully inspect the roofs and walls before they take a house? Of course not; but instead they decorate their drawing-rooms with much elaborate frivolity, and think their homes are elegant and charming.

Thus, in a well-administered estate, it has been found that only one tenant in seventy has made himself acquainted with the incidents and details of his house. The rest are much above, or very much below, such needful household care; they are characteristic Londoners. And to this ill-conditioned state the London population, almost universally and so perhaps unconsciously, have been degraded by the leasehold system under which they live. Even the Irish peasant is superior

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\* Beginning from the outside, a roof covering should consist of (1) thick slate or tiling; (2) the battens, one inch thick; (3) two layers of asphalted felt; (4) inch close boarding; (5) the rafters; (6) lath and plaster. Below all this should be an open space, a useful loft or store-room, with (7) inch tongued flooring; (8) ceiling joists; and (9) lath and plaster. For absolute comfort straw or reeds should be laid upon the lower boarding. With this arrangement, and with walls not less than fourteen inches thick, all under legislative authority and municipal control, our modern houses may be made as wholesome as the thatched cottages, designed and built by working men, in which our ancestors rejoiced three hundred years ago, before the architectural profession and the leasehold system had developed miserable building.

to Londoners in this respect, that he appreciates and understands the deleterious results of dual and imperfect tenure; and he perseveringly revolts against it. Have we no statesmen of discernment who will grapple with this widespread overwhelming injury, which tends with unregarded subtlety and great success to the municipal and moral degradation of this great community, and will bring into operation a prompt and equitable remedy? 'Freedom of contract!' But no man is free to contract himself into slavery, which has long since been recognized as an unpardonable outrage upon human nature. We have now to take a further, wider scope of what is damaging and what is due to our humanity; and never, for the sake of an illusive, transient convenience or gain, should a community contract itself into perpetual and unmanly alienage from the very soil on which it lives, and works, and has its home.

Some sixty years ago, when London houses, as distinct from land plots, were still mostly let on lease, the resident lessee provided stoves and locks and other fixtures, and upheld the place, and kept it wholly in repair. Everything the tenant might require was furnished by himself. All that was visible within the house, and much besides, were his peculiar care; he was the 'houseband,' and the place was suitable to his condition in the world. In London, then, there was much happiness, with which, and greatly due to lessened house responsibilities, there is at present no proportionate comparison. There is more out-of-door amusement, there are far more music halls and theatres than formerly; because, it seems, the people are not happy, as they used to be, nor hospitable and at ease at home. The amusements seem to be a ghastly substitute for the old domestic life of varied individual character, in which there was such infinite delight; and the great aim appears to be to get away from home. The people are, moreover, always grumbling about their defective modern houses; yet these houses are in fact a reflex and an illustration of themselves, and are upon the whole as good as the inhabitants are fit for, or indeed deserve. The cry about bad building is the cry of imbecility; if men were manly, and had proper care for those they undertake to care for, they would build appropriate and modest sanitary houses for themselves. But this is far too dignified and too deliberate for modern Londoners. We are not gravely cautious, but presumptuously impatient; and the jerry builder, in the way of business, makes inferior wares pretentiously attractive, so that they may captivate the frivolous and superficial multitude. As a protection, people are appointed to inspect the drains; a partial, incomplete endeavour when the

roofs and walls are so defective. Were they also to inspect the furniture and houses, room by room, and see that *they* are cleaned, far more than twice the good might easily be done; and householders would have efficient warning, or abundant censure very much merited.

Such is the condition of a large proportion of the London houses that an outbreak of some kind of fever frequently occurs; and then the landlord, not the tenant, has to clean the place. Thus he is not alone an ædile providence for those who will not build or buy, but he is by law domestic scavenger for dirty people. This is of course unjust; but the injustice soon reacts upon the occupants. Proprietors are not professed philanthropists, but men of business; and if they pay heavily for their trade product, then the tenant, in the way of business, must pay higher. Thus, it would be a wondrous saving to the London population were their furniture and rooms submitted to a universal stringent survey twice a year; and many Londoners would be surprised at the amount of filth in which they are embedded. Here is an opportunity for good of which the London County Council might avail themselves; and so become, by means of local wards, a blessing in a multitude of houses throughout London. Let them get the necessary Act of Parliament without delay.

Those not well acquainted with the middle-class and lower streets in London hardly comprehend this state of things. How seldom even residents in seemingly well-kept houses know the actual condition of their servants' rooms and other details of their domiciles! And when it is considered how few houses can be reckoned sanitary, and how seldom proper domestic pride and household cleanliness are understood or recognized, it is again quite clear that Londoners lack self-respect and decency in their home life.

It was not always so. Those who have reached their three-score years and ten remember an entirely different class of people in the town whose northern boundary was the line of road from Paddington to Islington. With nothing like the present amplitude of means for cleanliness, they were incomparably cleaner than their well-supplied successors. Women who had learnt good manners and plain needlework at school; who could make all their clothes, and washed them all; and who would scour the floors and furniture, and keep their simple homes quite clean and bright, and fit for decent men to live in; who could buy, and cook, and serve the household meals with sound economy and general satisfaction; who, although they did not mangle music, French, or German, could write English, and could dance and sing; who lived well within their means,  
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and in their dress and general equipment recognized before the world a limit to their income: people such as these, habitually self-controlled, and mistresses or masters of their circumstances, not the slaves of fashion, could be happy. Living simply and without pretence, their finery, whatever it might be, was a delightful demonstration of their freedom from the care of vanity, and not a constant, multiplying cause of tribulation, envy, and despair.

All this is altered now, and we have gained the liberty to be in bondage of our own; we have assumed unnatural cares, and have neglected those that nature gave us for our good. At present an immense proportion of the women throughout London never have been trained in proper household work, and so are quite incompetent to supervise and to direct the daily, monthly, yearly cleansing of their rooms. Among the working class, the mothers, mostly, are brought up in general neglect of things required for personal and family respect and comfort in their homes; and consequently are incapable of teaching what they do not know or practise. Thus we find that most domestic servants are untrained and uninstructed; since both mistresses and mothers are themselves unqualified for detailed and experienced direction. There are said to be in London many thousand servants out of place; a somewhat satisfactory announcement; to be out of place is, on the whole, the fittest place for them. Of the whole number probably not one in twenty is experienced or instructed in her business; and but few are even willing to be taught to work efficiently. Not fit to be received in any decent house, they can but make the houses that they enter even filthier than before, while taking pay to make these houses clean; and, doing little more than 'dusting,' without method or efficiency, each year their incapacity appears to be increasing. Without manners, and with little reverence even for themselves; untrained, and ignorant, and dirty; fashionably dressed in the most sordid style; untrustworthy and incompetent, they eventually become the punishment of those who so unfortunately marry them, and are a chief cause of the loose, spendthrift habits of our working men. These working people for the most part have no comfort in their homes; their meals are also so ill-cooked and badly served that drink appears to be the only gustatory pleasure left for men; and thus the public-house becomes the recognized relief and questionable solace of the working class.

It may be necessary to remind ourselves that of the London families three-quarters live in rooms or houses rented under thirty pounds a year; and that full half the houses up to

fourteen rooms a-piece are let in tenements or lodgings. Thus the people have no place or suitable appliances for laundry work, and more especially for rinsing. Linen is 'got up' indeed, but it is hardly ever cleansed. The women now are much above the task of washing clothes efficiently; and they and theirs are living in perennial filth, with a pretence of being clean. Formerly, when people were comparatively cleanly, all the laundry work was done at home, and linen could be dried in open air without becoming a receptacle for soot. Then, London was a quarter only of its present size, and scarcely at all a manufacturing town. But now the household linen is put out to wash; and, were it possible, the house itself would soon be put out too. Indeed the converse has become habitual with many; they abstain entirely from household cleaning; living in increasing filth, and leaving behind them the accumulations of from three to seven years, when they remove to a clean and freshly-painted house. And this occurs with people renting houses up to eighty pounds, or more, per annum. Clothing of all kinds, and from all sorts of places, is mixed up, half washed, half rinsed; and when returned is dyed with compound nastiness, an odoriferous neutral tint. It is not pure and white; but when immersed again in water it is dark and slimy. What are the show of curtains and the best front parlour as a set-off to this filthiness? And all the while the women in these houses dress according to the recent fashion of the upper class, and as 'they have a right'; but not at all as if they had the work of cleanliness to do.

This state of laundry work is not confined to London or to people of the lower class. We may remark in passing that throughout the country similar impurity prevails. The supply of water to the houses in our country villages is shamefully neglected, and the spread of epidemics seems to be permitted by the Board that should in every locality prevent it. Even in London the supply of water is not half of what the people ought to use. Thus throughout England 'put out' laundry work is generally vile; and even home work is not often free from faultiness. So that the upper linen is, by help of chemicals, got up passably, the rest is hardly criticised; indeed, in average households there is probably not one who could immediately and by constant observation tell pure white from neutral tint. The women, mostly, never have seen proper washing done, and have no trained discernment of the right and wrong of that which is in contact with their very skin. Our housewives are too under-educated, too absurdly trained, for such details; and so they are, with their belongings, clothed with 'matter out of place.'

Of course it is still more absurd to think of people who are highly educated being practically conversant with means of cleanliness; such people are to be accounted *supra munditiam*. It is not convenient to have the slightest knowledge about 'suds,' and 'seconding'; yet on these things depend our lives. Save cooking, no habitual household work affects us more, or more immediately, than laundry-work. That Londoners should be content with generally dirty linen, and without the assurance that the dirt is all their own, is only to be understood by recognizing their abundant ignorance in their domestic, social, and municipal affairs.

This all means unhappiness, as well as degradation; and considering these effects, it is a duty to denounce the cause. Mere finding fault, and what at present the majority would reckon squeamishness, would be of no avail; there must be some attainable improvement indicated, and the way to reach it should be pointed out.

The chief cause of the evil is the want of education for the young. Instruction is abundant; and, to say nothing about middle class 'establishments,' or 'ladies' schools,' where almost everything is taught except domestic decency, our National, and Board, and Sunday schools supply for the majority sufficient teaching. But mere knowledge cannot be a moral agent; children may have passed the highest standards, yet may still be wholly without education. Nothing that they learn by rote can give them moral fitness for their handiwork in life, and make them dignified and useful members of society, prepared to do their duty in that state to which they may be called. Instruction only gives them means, not habitude, or will; and almost all the children turned out by the Board and Voluntary schools are, therefore, destitute of trained and educated character. The great majority of children in these schools are of the working class; and should be taught to look upon their work in life as honourable. The curriculum of cramming or instruction should be made subordinate to real education; manners, address, and aptitude for work should have the preference, before scholasticisms. What is needed first and chiefly is, not information, but self-reverence, and reverence for others, a true sense of honour and responsibility and duty, and a dignified ambition to work well in an appropriate calling. For these children, lifelong manual labour will be their habitual lot; and for the girls, domestic care, and work, and management. But this is all neglected at the schools. Children are brought up in a way that leads them to despise laborious work; and so good workmen, of whatever class, become

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rarer every year. The unemployed are consequently numerous and loud ; not recognizing that they, for the most part, are not worth employing. Children should be, first of all, prepared for lives of well-directed and accomplished service ; girls especially should do all the housework at the schools, and even be inspected in the constant cleaning of their homes, the making and the washing of their clothes, and simple cookery. Indeed a great revision of our 'education code' is needed, so that manners, dress, and household work shall be rewarded with the highest marks, and thus be made a practical foundation for the real education of our working class.\*

Of course there would be difficulties in the way ; the children, or the teachers, or the parents, might object. But School Boards and school managers exist to overcome such difficulties. There has been enough of mere instruction ; and our people are fast sinking into cultivated impotence. It is surprising that in charitable institutions servants are employed about the buildings. Why should children who are brought up at the public cost, have all their most efficient form of education constantly denied them ? Practical domestic work well done must be the most appropriate introduction to domestic life ; and as the girls of London are not generally destined for the veil, their prompt instruction in all kinds, and firstly in the roughest kind, of household work, is absolutely needful. Board Schools should be kept throughout as clean as a ship's binnacle by the elder children of both sexes, so that these children may be led to understand betimes that learning is not given them to be a substitute for work, but chiefly to assist and to direct the working class ; that labour is the general and natural lot of men ; and that, whether in the simplest agricultural work, or in the finished operations of the trained mechanic, or in the cultured workmanship of artists and of artisans, instruction is the aid and guide, and not the element of work.

A century ago the servants of the middle class lived with the family, and dined with them, below the salt. In scientific culture, or the want of it, there was little difference between the mistress and the maid ; but the good manners of the family were influential in the education of their servants of both sexes. Somewhat later, and as trade increased and dangerous little

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\* 'It is proposed to organize in every school district throughout London "housewifery establishments," where girls will receive lessons in the correct method of sweeping a floor, tidying a room, polishing furniture, &c.' But the first thing needful is the *scrubbing*, not the sweeping of a floor ; and of equal importance is domestic laundrywork. For household cleaning 'water is indeed the best of things.' Moreover, will the girls be made to *work* ; and not be merely taught to play at seeming cleanliness ?



learning was more prevalent, the younger generation became uppish; they discovered that the servants were comparatively uninstructed, and not fit associates for themselves; and so, when the young ladies came from school, the meals were separated, and the parlour then became the 'dining-room.' Even a drawing-room was designated; and the domestics were an exiled and inferior class.

But, recently, instruction has been given to the working people, quite as good as that which half the middle class obtain; and knowing this, and feeling its results, young girls object to being treated strictly as inferiors by those whom, often, they surpass in natural intelligence and in acquired knowledge. They had rather go to factories and workshops, where they make the articles of dress that their superiors buy, as we have seen, to deck themselves in ugliness. It happens thus that decent and accomplished servant girls are scarce; and, owing to the folly, incapacity, and indolence of women of the middle class themselves, the damsels that should be their servants have been driven out to do that lighter work which their pretentious betters have abandoned. Formerly the females of the middle class made all the garments of the family, save boots and hats and tailors' clothes. Some twice a year a most mysterious individual, supposed to be of womankind, but never seen, was known to be in some secluded chamber, and received infinite attention from the sisterhood throughout the house. This was the dressmaker, who cleverly adjusted all the upper clothes, with due economy, to each girl's fancy or peculiar style or need; and thus the dress had individual character, and people could be recognized by their apparel. There was a picturesque variety in the costumes; and well-dressed women, as distinct from dummies, made the streets look pleasant with humanity and bright with colour.

The consequences of the new method are not merely the absurdity and ugliness on which we have remarked, but that the middle class find proper servants difficult to get on any terms; and now such would-be mistresses or masters have to do laborious work, or live in seething dirtiness, because they foolishly avoided any work at all, and left their clothing to the manufacturers. These people now employ the girls who, had the women of the middle class been wise, should be preparing for their future married life by suitable domestic training in all house affairs and cookery, in laundry work and sewing, under the command and guidance of their practised, sensible superiors. The circle, as we trace it, is a vicious one; and may continue unless people of discernment and determination

determination resolutely cut it. Education should begin at home, as well as in the schools, and must be individual and early. Children from three or four years old should learn to use the needle as a pastime; and from seven or eight should use it well in making their own clothes. They should distinctly make their clothes their own, a reflex of themselves in character and style; that women may be valued not according to the cost and fashionable cut of what they carry on them, but according to the comeliness and individuality of what they wear. Then, superseding sweating houses, and the coarseness and vulgarity of dress and manners that the modern system has induced, the women of the middle class, brought up to work, will not despise those, just a little lower in the pecuniary scale, who live by labour; and will welcome the well-educated working class to their society, by which the education of both classes will still further be improved.

The great want of real education in the average Londoner is continually felt by all of us; and all should seek to get the children of the working class endowed with self-respect as well as information. Where the classes meet in groups most frequently is where the influence of a higher class has most efficient opportunity; and this at present is most grievously ill used. To take the case of many Sunday schools—and here we must assume a wholesome, friendly candour—what instructive schools of vanity they often are! The children's dress is seldom decently appropriate. The girls will seek to imitate their teachers, who too frequently are most absurd in their sabbatical costumes; and probably no more distressing exhibition can be seen than the display of tawdry finery that these children make at what is called 'a treat,' or holiday excursion on a summer's day. It has been said that if objection should be raised to all this trumpery the parents would be hurt, and children would be kept from school. Perhaps this would not be a disadvantage; since the parents thus would have uncomfortable notice of their folly, and the teachers would have time to recognize how bad is the example they are setting to these imitative children. When a reformation is accomplished, teachers will habitually be a good example; and their better influence will reach to even the most humble and neglected classes of the people.

It is probable that London servant-girls of fair intelligence will not for long consent to spend their days in cellar chambers, and their nights in such inhuman attics as we have described; nor yet remain without an opportunity for business-like improvement, owing to the incapacity of mistresses to teach them. Women of the middle class who need domestic help had better  
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therefore become wise in time; and, first, they should reduce the style of their establishments, and raise their character. The present state of things is evil and absurd; it tends to make the public in their sections mutually contemptuous, instead of universally respectful; and it thus becomes a means and cause of social degradation. The outcry of our Londoners about bad trade is often a result of feebleness and want of clear discernment. There is in fact excess of trade in unproductive vanities, diverting capital from reproductive work; and people in the main are living much above a prudent scale of outlay. A few save their money and invest it; but the majority seek merely to appear perhaps a quarter richer than they actually are, and thus they make themselves at once ridiculous and impoverished. Were they to rid themselves of half their foolish furniture, and duly scrub their floors, they might live decently, without dependence upon ill-conditioned servant-girls; and might also multiply deposits at the bank. What we have now declared is no new thing, no first discovery. Some forty years ago a London preacher found it needful to exhort his congregation to a general abatement of their annual expenditure and style of living. The advice, like much advice of value, firmly given, without vanity, was taken in good part; and the result was good. Why cannot other ministers in London do the same? Economy in habitude of life, in family and personal expenditure, is the foundation of a multitude of virtues, and especially of individual self-respect and of financial liberality.

As social sympathies extend, the general happiness will certainly increase. The exclusion of three-quarters of the London population from polite society, whatever be the cause, should be esteemed a reprehensible misfortune. The sense of sectional superiority is not to be compared in value with a general feeling of association and respect for those around us; and the sooner we assist in raising working people to the character of gentlemen, the better it will be for gentlemen of character. In many countries there appears comparatively little of the boorishness that is so noticed in the average working man of London. Even in England the diversity in this respect in several districts is remarkable; and is indeed a source of hope that, as there is in some parts such superiority, it may be possible to carry out in less attractive spheres a vast reform in general behaviour. When, some years ago, the Cornish mining failed, the workers, many of them, migrated to the north of England. But they soon returned. The brutal manners of the Durham pitmen were revolting to the much more civilized and well-bred Cornish men. Why should this difference

difference remain; or why should not the men of Durham so improve that they may even supersede the men of Cornwall as the aristocracy of manners in the British proletariat? The cost would be no hindrance; while the benefit and the increase of happiness would be immense, and doubtless permanent.

The evils that we have thus gravely indicated have not been sought out for publication; they are evident enough to those who have the opportunity to see; they should be faced with candour, and utterly abandoned. We are now in revolution. The increase of wealth, due to a long-continued state of peace; the increase of knowledge, due to diffused instruction; and the decreasing cost of articles of prime necessity, resulting from the great development of manufacturing machinery, have brought all classes nearer to a level. Sixty years ago a baronet would have had as much consideration as is now, beyond his own domain, accorded to a duke; and, riches being so abundant, wealth itself is no distinction. There is no glamour about it; and to rely upon it for consideration is to make oneself grotesque. This is the state of feeling in the better middle class. But then the middle class must understand that as they level their superiors downwards, so their own inferiors will level them; and that they must even level upwards those below them. People of the working class will gradually cease to be looked down upon as merely handicraftsmen. They may, if they choose, become, even financially, a middle class among us; leaving the incapable of every rank to form the lowest class in London. For this change there needs but suitable improvement in the conduct and the character of working men. Truth and honour should be specially esteemed among them, and politeness and position will soon be the fortunate results; none can be blamed, except themselves, for their continued social degradation. Among the better class of Londoners the difference between fifty thousand and a thousand pounds a year does not reveal itself in social manners; and there is no reason why a hundred pounds a year should leave a man a boor, dishonest, or devoid of honour. The great aim of all of us should be to make the lowest working man in London a true gentleman; and to repudiate and condemn entirely a selfish, spurious gentility set up in supercilious repudiation of the working class.

Instead of this endeavour to improve the status of the proletariat, the present public impulse is to bring our London workmen to a state of pauperism. This results in what is called the Social, or the Labour question. Everything is to be provided for the workmen, if not gratis, with some large abatement:

ment of the ordinary price. Already clever and dishonest workmen need in practice pay no rent; the law, by recent foolish and demoralising Acts of Parliament, has placed such tedious difficulties in the way of rent collection. Houses are built for artisans, fares are reduced, trains are specially provided; for what reason? Why are certain handicraftsmen to be patronized at other workmen's cost? For, after all, it is the working class that mostly have to pay for such indulgence to their fellows. The true reason is, that a large and talkative proportion of the electors wish to patronize these men, to gain their votes; or possibly to vote themselves benevolent while other people pay. There is no valid, economic reason why these benefits should be provided; they are merely grants in aid of wages. If a London workman has his railway fare reduced, he may at a convenient opportunity be turned adrift, or he may move away; and in due time another man may be engaged at lower wages by the amount of the reduction in the railway fare; and to this level, by one method or another, wages will inevitably come. Nothing that the State can do will permanently raise the labour market, and nothing but removing obstacles to their advancement can efficiently assist the working men. Their constant agitation about wages, and their general indifference about their individual and personal improvement, is remarkably small-minded; and it is a pity that the workmen's friends do not instruct them that their surest way to higher wages is to deserve them, not merely as mechanics, but as men of honour and of excellent behaviour. Really, then, the only hope of Londoners is in themselves. Their general divergence into honesty, and truthfulness, and courtesy; their trustworthiness and moderation; and their well-instructed and unselfish recognition of the right in social and in business matters, are the means by which their characters and so their class will rise. There is no general desire, except among the weak and unintelligent, to keep the working class in what is insolently called 'their place.' Their place is where their qualities, and not their wages, take them; and it is the interest of all of us to make this place as high as possible, that all may benefit by their advancement in the good esteem of the more cultivated classes in society. Men on the whole get what they each deserve; and none are more assured than London working men of getting all that is their due. But, on the other hand, as people of the higher classes, born the very favourites of fortune, may be ruined by ill conduct; so the working class in this respect has no exemption from the inevitable rule.

It must be borne in mind that Londoners are chiefly working men,

men, who live with very little intermission, or with none at all, throughout the year in London. People of the middle class, not numbering a fifth perhaps of those who labour, have their weeks of holiday; and those of higher rank, who living in the country come to town for Parliament or the season, scarcely class as Londoners at all. But when the average London household takes a holiday, twelve hours in a twelvemonth limits the excursion. Again, Mr. Charles Booth tells us that in London there are 630,000 tenements of less than five rooms; and of these, 172,000 contain one room only, and 189,000 contain two rooms. 30·7 of the population living in poverty, and 69·3 in comfort, there are 31·5 crowded and 68·5 not crowded; by crowded being understood more than two persons living in one room. Of the half million that have servants, 227,000 have only one, and 144,000 have two. Only a little over 2 per cent. of the population of London keep three or more servants; while 80·1 per cent. or 3,371,789 have no servants at all. These are the real Londoners, the great bulk of the population; and persistent, strenuous endeavour should be made to raise the moral tone and widen the intelligence of this vast multitude. Such comprehensive and beneficent designs, appropriately carried out, will have a rich reward.

Like others, Londoners impoverish themselves, and make themselves absurdly miserable, by their own devices. Most things on which they expend their money are a vanity or a fraud. Their houses and their dress, as we have seen, are pitiful; their special literature, often worse than none; their art, the pictures on the hoardings; their amusements, sensual. Their very holidays are miserable labour, dull excitements, almost wholly without physical or mental good, or intellectual gain; a time of quiet relaxation or of natural enjoyment is indeed the lot of but a few. Crowded excursion trains, and the rude company at seaside towns, are the infliction of the lower middle and the working classes; and bank holidays are perhaps as much an injury as a blessing. Railways and steamboats and the means of entertainment are so overcrowded that all healthy, civilized enjoyment is impossible; and so the manners of the people become coarser from the very means that should promote improvement. On the Continent each parish has its isolated *fête*, well managed, and within the means at hand; and thus these *fêtes* are graceful, civilizing entertainments. We in London need such limitedly local relaxations, so that each part of the Metropolis being, as occasion may require, assisted by the others, district holidays might be a means of good alternately to all the population. Probably from mere conceit or mental laziness,



laziness, the people are so fond of bigness and monotony that they entirely overlook the ways of Providence, in which the multitudinously small and varied is the rule. Monotony and uniformity, the Radical ideal, is alike apart from Providence and healthy human nature.

Owing to the ill condition of the workmen and their families, the class above them must, it seems, keep studiously aloof from these uncultivated people; and they, further, have to assert their strict alliance, though through many grades, with aristocracy! The consequence of this very slender and remote connection is a ridiculous and mightily expensive aping; and a due 'gentility' of dress and style of living is a most oppressive tax upon the middle class. If those below them had some decent culture, and could be accepted as society, much constant waste on inconsistent show might be avoided; and the clerkly families might live at ease in perfect comfort. It appears that human vanity demands some strict assertion of superiority in social status, or enjoyment cannot be attained. All happiness and freedom may be sacrificed throughout a life, and the ability to 'give to him that needeth' be entirely lost, for the promotion of a pitiful conceit as vile as Haman's.

London artisans are seldom trusted with the conduct of their work, because they will not think, beyond the immediate necessity. They have no prescience, and no resource; and so they need, unfortunately, supervisors, when they ought themselves to see and undertake each necessary detail of their craft. On given opportunity many will combine to shirk their duty, and to cheat employers; no good workman daring to impeach them. Seldom can one reckon on their working zealously without control or oversight, as men of honour; 'doing service with good will, as to the Lord and not to men.' Individuals may perhaps be honest, but their hearts must grieve at what they see around them; and the driving foreman only can, it seems, arouse a latent spirit of 'enthusiasm.' What we have lately heard about the payment of the workmen by a minimum of wages is mere theory; any employer can in a few days manifest its fallacy. The scheme provides good pay for inefficiency; whereas botchers should have neither work nor pay. Those who with practised eye and quick intelligence observe the men employed by parishes and county councils notice how the public are systematically defrauded by these working men.\* The practice of their shiftiness is

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\* Recently, in eight small operations under the direction of the London County Council, the estimated cost has been exceeded by fifty per cent. A pleasant premium for the lower middle class, for instance, to pay, in recognition of the 'claims of Labour'! The Report of the Committee is instructive reading.



comical to see, and yet is sad ; it is so evidently habitual, and suggests a state of slavery rather than of free and honest labour.

In the last ten years the falling off in the amount and quality of work in many London trades has been deplorable ; and inexperienced people do great injury to the working class by foolish theoretic patronage. A workman is not benefited or reformed by any special rate of wages, 'current' or 'standard' ; but only by his own high principle, and his resolve to be efficient and trustworthy. Unions for raising the rate of wages to one indiscriminating level are promoters of injustice. A large proportion of the workmen in the London building trades, for instance, are not worth the wages that at present they receive. The bad work done throughout the greater part of London, and the charges made for the pretence of work at the West End, are scandalous. Men get good wages who deserve no work at all ; while others might receive with equity a great advance on 'standard' pay. Why should these good, efficient men be thus degraded to the level of collective incapacity or fraud ? The public, very reasonably, will not trust the workmen as a class, or scarcely individually ; and, their manners being unattractive and uncouth, employers, to avoid them, contract with the tradesmen. Why do not London workmen undertake their own reform, and make themselves efficient and acceptable ? It needs no outlay ; on the contrary the saving in coarse luxury would be great, and the advance in self-respect and in the estimation of society would be enormous. The continuous limitation of employment, due to culpable deficiencies in workmen, is most sorrowful to those who generously observe. Cannot the better working men of London honestly combine in a superior selected Union of each trade, with mutual recognition throughout all the trades, and with the strictest regulation as to character, capacity, and courtesy ? If building workmen would associate in such a Guild, the trade would in a few years' time be revolutionised ; and workmen would again be masters, like the architects of old. What would a penny more per hour in wages be, compared with an advance like this, made gently, without strike or warfare, but with the approval and congratulations of the entire community ? Besides, the horal pennies, many of them, would most certainly be gained.

But we must still respect and even reverence our workmen. They are our brethren, of that British race which has developed half the world ; and were they not unfortunately overlaid by centuries of unsuspected wrong, they would themselves be equal with the best of those who have made England great and glorious.

glorious. To speak of their infirmities and failures is not to condemn themselves; but to call them, with a voice of studious friendliness and hope, from their prolonged inferiority to the becoming status of hereditary Englishmen.

The London working class, however, are perhaps no worse than many of those found above them in society. In Parliament self-seeking groups, or individuals, will vote exclusively 'on party lines'; and so the State goes ill. Our London tradesmen frequently complain that business fails, and does not soon revive; the reason generally being that these men of business, in their 'business' way, lose mutual trust, and cause it to be lost. Hence trade must wait for settlement by means of gold; and bi-metallic congresses are gravely held. The aborigines of North Siberia are possibly superior to Londoners in that first element of commerce, common honesty. 'The merchants of Tobolsk, returning from their annual excursion to the North, leave unprotected what remains of their provision for the following year. Should a Samoyede take a portion for his use, he leaves his I O U, a duplicate stick, to show that he is a debtor; and in the fishing season he comes to his creditor and discharges his obligation.' There is thus, when people are all honest, little need for precious metals, and no apprehension of a drain of gold. The want of business that we periodically hear of, is a consequence of blind and greedy competition, vanity, and fraud; and after eighteen hundred years of Christianity, and with a wondrous outlay annually on religious teaching, it would be absurd to leave an umbrella, even, on a London door-step. We are, in some respects it seems, behind these semi-savages in Christianity. Yet the narrator of the custom we have quoted adds that 'the difficulty of Christianising these tribes is very great. Possibly better days are coming for them, owing to the efforts made by certain Englishmen to invade the lands of these aborigines for the purposes of trade'! No doubt these aborigines will learn with some astonishment how little Christianity there is in civilizing 'Christian' trade.

Of late in London there has been a pretty constant outcry against the increase of rates; as if rates were penalties, and not mere payments for advantages obtained; and as if the people were extremely burdened, and were liable to sink under the oppressive load. Hence the demand on property to pay for the convenience of those who will not save; who, spending all their income, look to thrifty people to provide for them material necessities. With equal justice they might ask for food and clothing. This poor cry of Londoners is wholly without dignity; a baby's scream or whimper. Will it be believed that while  
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the rates in London are but some five shillings in the pound, in Germany, at Chemnitz for instance, the corresponding tax amounts to sixteen and tenpence? Moreover, indirect taxation is all-reaching, and two years of each man's life in Germany are spent in military duty.

Londoners, seven-eighths of whom, at least, are of the working class, should make self-culture the first item in their scheme of class aggrandizement; remembering that love of money is the root of evil, not of good. Of such misplaced affection failure comes, and disappointment; money is spent extravagantly, on inferior objects and in mere display. High wages are thus made a means of vanity, promoting idleness; an injury rather than a benefit. London working men require dignity, to make them worth high wages, and to lead them to expend these wages beneficially. To obtain an independence is, quite properly, the great endeavour of most honest men; achieving this, their minds may be relieved and free; and they may grow in loftiness of character and breadth of view. The less emolument by which this greater mental independence is attained, the more fortunate the individual; he has gained his moral elevation at the lowest price. Spinoza, with his narrow means, was more to be admired and envied than was Rubens with his wealth. The latter had to spend his life in due accordance with the social exigencies of his pecuniary status in the world; the former was entirely free to spend his time and energies for good, without such sordid cares. The eager and exclusive struggle of the artisan for higher wages, while his highest culture is neglected, is the most hopeless element in the actual condition of our Londoners at home.

The want of combination and effective local power in Londoners is marvellous, amounting to a social and municipal paralysis; and it results in frequent loss of ordinary self-respect. Some years ago the Liberal Government of the day denied the greatest city in the world its due numerical representation in Parliament, and transferred twenty-three of its proportion of members, on the basis of population only, to say nothing of wealth, for the benefit of over-represented, pauperised constituencies in Ireland; and Londoners in silence acquiesced in the injustice and the insult. This was an incident; but Londoners habitually live as leasehold tenants, or as lodgers only, not in territorial dignity as freeholders of their own homes. Not true to themselves, but eager for the property of others, people so submissive and demoralised could hardly be entrusted with the honour of their country, or with its defence in case of war. Throughout the year large numbers of this pluckless, inorganic multitude

multitude are packed like swine in trucks by local railway companies, with half as many more as can get proper seats in each compartment. Yet there is no organized resistance to the injury; the third-class people do not regularly storm the first-class carriages, or resist by force of muscle or of law the intrusion on their limited accommodation. If they on their part should encroach, the companies immediately prosecute them by the law, in spite of equity. Nothing has been done by any County Council to protect the public in this matter, though the injury is obvious, and continuous throughout the year. Parish authorities habitually neglect the proper cleansing of the smaller streets in London; filthiness in every kind of public place in all the poorer districts is abominable, and there is very little unofficial combination to compel attention to the comfort and material improvement of the poor.\* The present parishes are often but a means of local tyranny; they are mostly ruled by cliques who give particular attention to those districts of the parish in which their own members may be interested, while for outlying districts there is but nominal and partial care. Were areas of two thousand people throughout London made in some sense corporate, yet subject to authoritative supervision, such oppression and neglect would soon be ended, and the poor would be regarded with intelligent respect.

If the London County Council has untrained or uninformed and inexperienced members, neither the Council nor the members are exclusively to blame. Londoners are aliens on the soil they occupy; and having little common local interest, they have no impulse to combine. We would never fail to uphold the rights of property, but it cannot be too often pointed out that all good, stable government is founded on possession of the land; and that while Londoners are not at home in their own houses, they will always be unhealthily indifferent to municipal affairs, and will be inclined to throw municipal taxation upon those on whom the district has no equitable claim. From popular indifference arises inexperience; and, as a result, the ignorance and folly manifested in the recent claim to tax land values.

London local government continually fails from want of trained experience among the masses of the population. The people mostly have no greater care about their parishes or for the metropolis at large than lodgers have for any watering-place in which they find a few weeks' shelter. They may be pleased, perhaps, to hear of decoration, sanitation, or proposed improvement; but they have no generous desire to be contributors

\* Mr. John Hamer's 'Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor' is very much to be commended to the public favour.

to any of this public good. Their notion is that 'they,' which means some other than themselves, should do it all; and they are grieved and injured when the rates which pay for all this pleasure and convenience are found to rise. Perhaps it never has occurred to Londoners and others that these public rates are for the public their most economical expenditure, and should be welcomed thankfully, and paid without grudging; nor that their individual and spontaneous outlay is in great part a display of vanity, without technical discernment of the real worth or worthlessness of what they buy. This waste is unappreciated, even unconsidered; and the chief regret of householders is not for all their own peculiar unadvised expenditure, but for judicious outlay, planned in sound economy, and for their general benefit.

Or, turning to the rating for the poor, how few know anything about the needs or the condition of the lower working class; how very few take any systematic interest in the unfortunately or the criminally poor. Is it then greatly to be wondered at that ignorant and impoverished people, finding so little personal and generous recognition of their state, become disheartened, and at times rebellious? Society is to them unsocial and perfunctory. People who go to church habitually, and sing *misereres* with much unction in the minor key, are thankful to have their own opportunity for offering human sympathy and kindness superseded by the clergy and the parish officers; and as they come from church they will assume, and possibly announce, that they have been at 'divine service.' But the great service that has been demanded by the Deity is personal consideration and careful help for those who suffer, and who are in real want. Such personal care and help the great majority, even of the sanctimonious, refuse; and yet the universal recognition of this service, and its local regulation, are the first step towards the general happiness and the intellectual and ethical advancement of the London population. Such advancement is now obviously needed to produce exemplary constituents of what our Londoners perhaps assume to be, in worthiness as well as in extent and wealth, 'the Greatest City in the World.' Established freeholders whose chief delight it is to give, although their daily and most strenuous exertion is for gain, are those on whom the government, imperial or civic, most securely and most fortunately rests.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Obedientary Rolls of S. Swithun's, Winchester.* By the Very Rev. Dr. Kitchin, Dean of Durham. London, 1892.
2. *Winchester Cathedral Records: A Consuetudinary of the Fourteenth Century.* By Dr. Kitchin. London, 1886.
3. *Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries.* By Francis Aidan Gasquet. Two vols. London, 1890.
4. *The Last Abbot of Glastonbury and his Companions.* By Francis Aidan Gasquet. London, 1895.
5. *An Account of the Priory of St. Peter and St. Paul, Bath.* By the Rev. W. Hunt, M.A. London, 1893.

A GREAT wrong has been done, knowingly or unknowingly, to the memory of a multitude of men who, with rare exceptions, according to their lights, seem on the whole to have done their duty well and faithfully. The monastic orders, who in the latter years of King Henry VIII.'s reign were suppressed and whose goods were confiscated, suffered the loss of all that in their eyes made life beautiful; a few of their leading men were put to death as traitors and felons; the great majority, simply ejected from their ancient houses, wandered forth landless, homeless, hopeless, well-nigh penniless. And this was not all: their very memory was stained with obloquy, and successive generations of Englishmen have been taught to regard them as so vile that their doom was richly deserved.

Several centuries have passed since the monk was forcibly ejected from his home, and until recent years he has found no defender chivalrous enough to speak a word in his defence. His guilt has been assumed as proved; and the story of his supposed wrong-doing, and of the punishment which followed his sin, took its place among the *credenda* taught to every English boy and girl.

It is something more than a feeling for a romantic past which has revived an interest in the ancient religious houses, which once played so great a part in the story of England. Several causes may be said to have contributed to this newly-awakened curiosity, if we give it no nobler term, to learn something more about a vanished order, on whose memory rests a sombre cloud of ignominy. Among these causes may be cited the fast-growing popularity of our great cathedrals as centres of religious life and human activity. It is well known that some of these cathedrals were the abbey churches of once famous monasteries. Could these monasteries, of which the well-loved cathedral was the living centre, have been the home of men sunk in sloth and steeped in nameless vice?



Another cause is the awakening of religious art, which finds in the ancient abbeys the noblest examples of religious architecture, the truest form of religious symbolism. To take one conspicuous instance, the craft of stained-glass painters, which in late years has made such notable advance, seeks and finds in the splendid remains of the scarred though still glowing windows of the cathedrals and abbeys, the best school from which to study, the fairest ideals at which to aim. Last but not least, recent study has stirred up among Englishmen a suspicion that injustice has been done to men who in their day played a noble part in English history.

It is indisputable that the reign of Henry VII., and the last half of the fifteenth century, found the monasteries of England sensibly weakened. The numbers of 'religious' were diminished by at least a third; in many houses scarcely half their proper number were maintained. This great numerical weakness was due in large measure to the desolating sicknesses of the preceding century. The Black Death of 1349-1361 had carried off, roughly speaking, nearly half the 'religious' in the country. No monastery could be said to have recovered from the calamity; and when the spoiler's hand was stretched forth to plunder, no 'house,' large or small, was found with its proper complement of professed monks. This sudden removal, too, of so many of the best and most devoted, must, as it has been well pleaded, 'have broken the continuity of the best traditions of ecclesiastical usage and teaching.'

But a yet deeper source of weakness in the doomed orders must be sought and found in the totally changed conditions of human life brought about largely by the invention of printing. The monk no longer possessed the monopoly of knowledge; the printing-press took away from the cloister much of its occupation. The education of the world ceased to be in the hands of the monk. Bishop Stubbs speaks of the 'incurable uselessness of the monastic orders in the time of Wolsey'; and though this expression may be exaggerated, no fair-minded Englishman can deny that considerable truth underlies the sweeping assertion. A reformation, a complete recasting of the monastic system, a revision of the monk's work and office, was needed; and this necessity the clear-sighted Ministers of Henry VII. and his son (Morton and Wolsey) saw, though they were unable, for various reasons, in their day of power to carry out the change.

There is no question but that in England, in the great upheaval which followed the Wars of the Roses, the monasteries with their vast wealth were viewed in many quarters with dislike and envy. A feeling that they were not doing the work which was naturally



naturally expected from men who possessed such great means was general, and it was shared by many thoughtful and earnest souls,—men who by no means can be classed with the needy and the greedy,—who had risen to power in the new state of things which succeeded the suicide of feudalism. Grave accusations—largely false, but still indicative of the direction of public opinion—were listened to by serious statesmen of the character of Cardinal Morton, Henry VII.'s illustrious Minister.

One of the most formidable accusations ever levelled against the religious houses before the Reformation, is contained in the well-known letter of Cardinal Morton to the Abbot of the great monastery of St. Albans, written in the year 1489. This letter preceded a formal visitation of the Abbey under a commission issued by Pope Innocent VIII. Froude makes much of it in two of his more famous works,—in his 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' and in his 'History of England.' 'No picture,' he says, 'left us by Henry VIII.'s visitors, surpasses, even if it equals, this description of a great monastery. It contains open charges of the most flagrant immorality and disgraceful excesses, together with grave references to simony, waste, carelessness, gross neglect of duties, and other shameful disorders.' After quoting this tremendous indictment at great length, Froude proceeds to give us, in the following words, the result of Morton's investigation:—'We need not,' writes our historian, 'describe further this overwhelming document; it pursues its way through mire and filth to its most lame and impotent conclusion. After all this, the abbot was not deposed; he was invited merely to reconsider his doings, and, if possible, amend them.' Nor was St. Albans the only abbey so accused before Morton: other important houses were similarly attacked, and in each case 'a simple reprimand was considered to be an adequate punishment.'

Now, supposing that Morton had been satisfied that even one-tenth of the tremendous charges had been proved, is it credible that such a man as the all-powerful Minister of such a king as Henry VII.—an almost absolute monarch, dogged in his determination to do his duty to his country—would have passed them by, and suffered such a state of things to exist in important religious centres like St. Albans? It must be remembered that Morton was no ordinary man. A distinguished lawyer, an able financier, of stainless character, he was *the* Minister of the great and, on the whole, beneficent reign of Henry VII., retaining the Great Seal as long as he lived. The conclusion, then, seems irresistible. The Cardinal Archbishop and his master, Henry VII., while evidently considering the

the necessity of changes in the life-work of the accused orders as imminent, still looked upon the graver accusations preferred against the Abbey of St. Albans and other important monasteries as absolutely unproved. Thus one of the most serious of the pre-Reformation charges levelled against the moral character of the religious houses, and one upon which the accusers of the monks lay the greatest stress, fails under examination.

Time went on : Morton and his royal master were gathered to their fathers, and Wolsey and Henry VIII. reigned in their room. The urgent necessity for a great monastic reform grew yearly more pressing. Wolsey's plan for a partial reform or recasting was connected with the establishment of colleges and places of education. His fall interrupted his projects ; but, as Bishop Stubbs reminds us, the progress the great Minister had made in his partly developed scheme opened King Henry VIII.'s eyes to a new possibility.

It is difficult to credit Henry VIII. with any lofty motives in the matter of the suppression of the monasteries. As a statesman of no ordinary capacity, trained by his great Minister, Wolsey, he could not help seeing that much of the monks' work was done ; and he, probably in the first instance, satisfied his conscience by purposing to employ the larger portion of the revenues he proposed to confiscate, for urgent State purposes, such as national defence ; for more practical religious objects, such as founding new bishoprics ; for education, such as the establishment of colleges and schools. These things Wolsey dreamed of in his day of power. But the pitiful allotment for those objects that the King eventually made of the vast property which fell into his hands from the plundered houses, compels us to see in the whole business only a miserable example of greed. Even the poor excuses for the great robbery made in the days of the earlier confiscations, when he charged the dispossessed monks with nameless crimes and shameless profligacy, were all silently dropped as time went on, and the confiscation of all the greater houses and their vast revenues was carried out by the imperious Sovereign with scarcely an effort to throw the flimsiest veil of pretended justice over his act.

But the accusations made in the first instance against the lesser monasteries, and upon which the Act of Parliament legalizing the suppression of the smaller religious houses was based, have never been forgotten : they have even been grossly exaggerated as time went on, and have served to blacken permanently the characters of all the 'religious' who suffered such grievous wrongs at the hands of Henry VIII. The wickedness

wickedness of the monk and nun of the Middle Ages became one of the articles of common belief among the English-speaking peoples.

It was time that this error should be corrected, and that, even while we recognize some of the good which in the long run has resulted from the destructive deed, we should do tardy justice to the dispossessed monastic orders. It was only fair—now that the real story is better known—that we should teach our children to look on the large majority of these hapless men and women as victims deserving our pity and respect, rather than as guilty culprits who met with a righteous doom.

The edifice of all the subsequent defamation of the character of the 'religious' of the English monasteries is really built upon the evidence of three sets of documents. The first is the so-called 'Black Book': this has completely disappeared. The second, which we still possess in MS., consists of Reports—Comperta as they are called—made by the official Commissioners of Cromwell on one hundred and twenty houses, mostly situate in the province of York, and on twenty-four houses nearly all in the diocese of Norwich. The third consists of certain letters written by the Commissioners (or Visitors) to Cromwell.

The 'Black Book' is supposed to have been the document which contained the Reports of Cromwell's Visitors or Commissioners on the state of the monasteries, from which a digest was apparently read to Parliament (1536). After hearing this paper read, the debate followed which resulted in the Act for the suppression of the smaller religious houses, *i.e.* of those houses whose income did not exceed 200*l.* per annum (roughly in our present money, 2,000*l.* per annum).

Now the first mention of the 'Black Book' occurs in a paper written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. 'This was shewed in Parliament, and the villainies made known and allowed.' The paper in which these words occur is supposed to have been written for the information of Elizabeth. If this 'Black Book' ever existed and was presented to Parliament, it must have disappeared not long after it had been used. According to the common opinion, the Anglo-Romanists destroyed it in the reign of Mary, but this is absolutely unproven. Burnet, without any evidence to support him, suggests this explanation; and Froude adopts the suggestion of Burnet in the following clear-cut statement: 'Bonner was directed by Queen Mary to destroy all discoverable copies of it, and his work was fatally well executed.' But our brilliant if somewhat fanciful historian omits to give us any

any proof that his assertion respecting its destruction is founded on fact. Canon Dixon, commenting upon the story of the disappearance of this mysterious writing, says—on the high authority of Mr. Brewer—‘There is no trace of wanton or designed destruction among the records.’

The Comperta and the letters of the Visitors or Commissioners therefore supply the only evidence of the alleged enormities of the dwellers in the monasteries. The Comperta, no doubt, are very damaging to the character of the monastic houses; but they are, to say the least, singular statements upon which to base so terrible an accusation. Canon Dixon thus describes them:—

‘They follow a very rigid and a very summary way of describing their (the monks’) guilt; in them all the method is the same. The name of the house is given first, and under it follows a list of the religious persons whom it contained, ranged under several almost invariable classifications: some as thieves, some appear as suspected of treason, some are enrolled as guilty of unnatural crimes; others as incontinent, incestuous, or adulterers. . . . There was no distinction made between one house and another. . . . Of the innocent there was no classification, nor was it possible to discover the proportion which they bore to the guilty, since the total number of inhabitants was never given.’

The letters of the Visitors are totally different from these rigid ‘cut and dried Comperta.’ ‘They,’ as Canon Dixon tells us, ‘are vivacious or solemn, according to the temper of the writer; they abound in anecdotes, yet they seldom mention any monk by name, much less give lists of them.’ The question presses, whence come the lists of names which the Comperta exhibit? There is a wide belief that the monasteries made numerous confessions, and that it was in consequence of these confessions that they were destroyed. Now if such confessions could ever have been produced, they would have settled the question of depravity at once; but they never have been produced. King Henry VIII. refers to them in his ‘Answer to the Rebels’ Articles of Doncaster’; but he ‘refrained’ from publishing them, and no trace of them exists. One notable confession alone we possess, that of the monastery of St. Andrew, Northampton, which contains an acknowledgment of voluptuous living. ‘This’ (again to quote Canon Dixon), ‘which was made under amusingly suspicious circumstances, has been printed more than once by historians with the insinuation that there were more of the kind, but that one specimen would be enough.’ Unfortunately for the argument, no more of such documents are forthcoming.

Of the character of the Parliament which gave Henry the lesser monasteries, Bishop Stubbs writes: 'Henry had clearly got a Parliament on which he could depend.' Hallam, speaking of the obsequiousness and venality of Lords and Commons in this reign, says: 'Both Houses of Parliament yielded to every mandate of Henry's imperious will; they bent with every breath of his capricious humour; they were responsible for the sanguinary statutes, for the tyranny which they sanctioned by law, and for that which they permitted without law.'

It is from Bishop Latimer, apparently an eye-witness of the scene, that historians have taken their well-known description of the 'thrill of horror' with which the Parliament heard the King's description of the iniquities of abbots, monks, and nuns; but the words of bitter irony with which the good Bishop qualified his description of the 'thrill of horror' are not so well known. 'When their enormities,' wrote Latimer, 'were first read in the Parliament House, they were so great and abominable that there was nothing but "down with them"; but within a while after the same abbots were made bishops, for the saving of their pensions.'

Nor does it seem by any way certain that even that Parliament 'upon which Henry could depend—that Parliament which yielded to every mandate of Henry's imperious will, and bent with every breath of his capricious humour,' in spite of the 'thrill of horror' with which it listened to Henry's description of monkish enormities—was really convinced of the truth of the King's description; for Sir Henry Spelman, who, as Mr. Gasquet tells us, no doubt gave the traditional account of the matter, says:—

'It is true the Parliament gave them (the lesser houses) to him, but so unwillingly (as I have heard), that when the Bill had stuck long in the Lower House and could get no passage, he commanded the Commons to attend him in the forenoon in his gallery, where he let them wait till late in the afternoon; and then coming out of his chamber, walking a turn or two among them and looking angrily on them, first on one side and then on the other, at last, "I hear," saith he, "that my Bill will not pass, but I will have it pass, or I will have some of your heads," and without any other rhetoric or persuasion returned to his chamber. Enough was said, the Bill passed, and all was given him as he desired.'

The Bill in due course became law, and three hundred and seventy-six of the *smaller* religious houses, their churches and their property, became the King's; thirty-one of these Henry refounded, only to be confiscated again in the course of the

next

next four or five years. Thus this high-handed deed of wholesale spoliation was carried into effect, covered, it is true, by the highest legal sanction. Roughly speaking, some nine or ten thousand persons were turned adrift, with few exceptions almost destitute, and had to begin the world anew, as the result of the suppression of the smaller religious houses.

In the preamble to the famous Act of Parliament of 1536, suppressing the three hundred and seventy-six smaller monasteries, we come upon the following remarkable words, which deserve careful consideration :—

‘The King’s most royal Majesty, being supreme head on earth under God of the Church of England, daily studying and devising the increase, advancement, and exaltation of true doctrine and virtue in the said Church, to the only glory and honour of God, and the total extirping and destruction of vice and sin, having knowledge that the premises be true, as well by the accompts of his late visitations as by sundry credible informations; considering also that divers great and solemn monasteries of this realm, wherein (thanks be to God!) religion is right well kept and observed, be destitute of such full number of religious persons as they ought and may keep, hath thought good,’ &c.

Thus, in the one formal document which legalises a comparatively small portion of the great confiscation which was based upon some sort of evidence, we find an admission, couched in grave and measured language, ‘*that there were great and solemn monasteries in the realm, wherein religion was right well kept.*’ For these, Parliament thanked God. The only semblance of fault-finding in the case of these ‘great and solemn monasteries’ appears to be that they were not quite full!—in other words, these houses did not contain their normal number of religious persons (the decrease in the number of ‘religious’ after the Black Death of the fourteenth century has been already noticed); and yet within five years *all these great and solemn houses, without exception, were swept into the spoiler’s net; the dwellers in them driven out; their lands appropriated by the King; their most cherished possessions confiscated; very many of their stately minsters, abbeys, churches desecrated, ruined, destroyed, positively for the sake of the lead which covered their roofs; their holy vessels converted to strange uses; their sacred vestments prostituted to unworthy purposes; their priceless libraries scattered, tossed heedlessly aside. Never was so reckless a ruin accomplished; never so vast a robbery consummated with the flimsy veil of a subsequent Parliamentary sanction.*

For, although no Act, as in the case of the *smaller* houses, legalised



legalised this far more important confiscation, a retrospective edict by the King's direction was prepared and introduced by Lord Audley in 1539, which threw over the destruction of the greater monasteries, 'where religion was right well kept,' the shield of the law. 'Freely, voluntarily, under no manner of constraint, exaction, or compulsion,' so runs the utterly mendacious Act of Parliament, which serves to whitewash the tremendous deed of spoliation, 'have many abbeys, priories, friaries, hospitals, and other religious houses resigned themselves, their lands, their property, their rights, into the hands of the King, since the twenty-seventh year of his reign [A.D. 1536, date of the Small Houses' Suppression Act]. Let the King and his heirs possess these houses for ever.'

Nor was this shameless Act merely retrospective in its provision; it arranged for similar future deeds of confiscation thus: 'Other religious houses may happen in future to be suppressed, dissolved, renounced, relinquished, forfeited, given up, or otherwise to come into the King's hands: let him enjoy them.' Two more years were needed to complete the work when this Act was passed. Before 1541 was run out, all was over, and the last of the English monasteries had passed into the hands of King Henry VIII.

What now had been the past history of these great orders? Dean Kitchin—no passionate admirer of monasticism—dwells upon their influence on the world around them, in the pattern which a religious house (he was writing of a Benedictine community) afforded for the organization of home and public life generally.

'Administrative completeness, such as reigned within the convent walls, was not to be found elsewhere; in no other place do we find so exact a subdivision of labour, so placid a sequence of routine. Even the King's court, in comparison, was but slightly organized: the feudal lord, who was in some ways the nearest parallel, lived careless and profuse, and his castle was a scene of rough, ill-ordered plenty, secured by no very scrupulous means. The civic communities had as yet but little of the common life, and administered few estates. On the other hand, the strong organization of the religious houses, the subdivision of responsibility, the custom of demanding and carefully auditing the yearly accounts of the officers, combined to make monasteries patterns after which a better order slowly came into being. They had no need to take part in the fighting which absorbed and destroyed the well-being of the lay world; within their walls peace reigned; from their stately churches ever rose the sound of prayer and praise; their gates were open to the pilgrim and traveller; hospitality and brotherly kindness softened in many ways the harsh incidence of feudal custom.'

A monastery

A monastery—to take chance instances—such as the Priory of St. Peter at Bath, or the Abbey of St. Mary at Tewkesbury, was highly esteemed by the people of the district where the religious house was situated, some of whom were benefactors or descendants of benefactors of the ‘house,’ nor was the influence of such a monastery confined to a few families: the power of its example and its teaching was felt and acknowledged far beyond the boundaries of its immediate neighbourhood.

In the earlier Middle Ages it was the monks who taught Europe to practise agriculture, not to despise it; and to the end of their existence in England, they were ever among the best farmers and the most indulgent landlords. In commerce it is not too much to say that the monastic societies were in a way forerunners of modern trade. Dean Kitchin, in his monograph on the ‘Charter of Edward III. for the St. Giles Fair,’ speaks of the many strangers from various parts of England, and even from distant foreign lands, coming to this renowned fair, and purchasing silver or jewels or spices from the famed St. Swithun’s stalls belonging to the great Winchester monastery, whose monks had more than one established shop in the fair, where they dealt in wines and stuffs, as well as in spices and groceries, and in this way contributed not a little to the creation of the vast commerce of our country. In the early years of the fourteenth century we know that there were no fewer than 180 religious houses in England which supplied the Florentine and Flemish markets with wool.

In Art, during the Middle Ages, the Benedictines and the other orders were prominent, not only as the chief patrons of architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and embroidery, but as contributing from their ranks probably the majority of the number of English artists. The stately and magnificent abbeys and churches, and the beautiful buildings which clustered round them, were mostly built for the monks; they were probably largely designed by gifted members of their order; they were certainly commenced and completed under their immediate direction. Works such as the Chapel of King’s, Cambridge, the Great Tower of Gloucester, the Bell Tower of Evesham, the Lady Chapel of Gloucester, carried out in the last century of their existence, show that to the end neither the hand nor brain of the monk artist had lost its cunning.

We possess a curious and interesting memoir, ‘The Rites of Durham.’ The ‘Rites’ have been accurately described as ‘a document containing a connected account of life in a great monastic community at the very moment of its dissolution; as  
being

being certainly the work of a man who had personal information and who had seen what he describes.' In this little plain record of about one hundred pages, again and again we come upon allusions to the innumerable art treasures contained in the stately church: every window in the vast building was evidently filled with brilliant jewelled glass, such as no following age has succeeded in imitating; every wall was bright with frescoes; its many altars were rich with sumptuous embroideries; its storied shrines were adorned with cunning work in gold and silver, in brass and iron; its treasury was filled with costly plate, its guest-chamber with rich and beautiful furniture; its sacred vestments were marvels of skill and taste. What we know of Durham in its palmy days is true of many another great monastic abbey church of the Middle Ages. In England for some 400 or 500 years the monk was the great artist, as well as the great patron of art.

The obligations of our country for several hundred years to the monastic orders in the matter of education and literature, in the production and multiplication of books, if not of so conspicuous a nature as in the case of art, still are by no means to be forgotten by the historian of the work of the monks. In some of the great houses where the cloisters are more or less preserved, a long row of 'carrells' or little study chambers can still be seen. In Gloucester these are specially remarkable: in the South Cloister-walk some twenty of them are absolutely perfect; they remain as they were on the day of the dissolution of the monastery, save that the desks and seats have vanished; the very closets where the books in more immediate use were kept, can still be seen. In these little closets or 'carrells,' during several hours of the day, the monks sat and read or wrote. A library was also a part of every considerable house; this was under the care of one of the chief obedientiaries of the monastery. In some houses a special scriptorium or writing-room was set apart for the use of the monks who were employed in copying the MSS. Many an artistic monk, Dean Kitchin tells us, constantly spent the best part of a lifetime bending over a single important MS., copying it, and minutely illuminating the precious and beautiful volume. Not a few of these books so copied were lent to the clergy and others outside the monastery who cared for these things.

A monastic library did not merely contain books bearing upon theology and sacred Scripture: medical and philosophical works, classics, histories, &c., were carefully treasured up by the monks. Some of these books were richly bound, and splendid with illuminations in gold and various colours.

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The 'Durham Rites' speak of a great store of ancient MSS. possessed by the house to help the monks in their study. The 'Rites' go on to say how the store included

'the old auncient written Doctors of the Church, as other profane authors, with divers other holie men's wourks, so that every one dyd studye what Doctor pleased them best, havinge the Librairie at all times to go and studye in, besydes their carrells.'

From the same 'Rites' we learn that in the dormitory each monk had a little chamber to himself with a window, or a bit of a window, and in the window a desk for books, so that he could study, if he pleased, in the hours spent in the dormitory. Special directions were given that the monks and novices were not to be disturbed in their 'carrells' while they were studying.

In their care for education, in days when all training for the young, save in arms and field sports, was comparatively little thought of, the record of the monastic orders is an honourable one. Besides maintaining a 'song school,' the more important houses regularly trained their novices in other learning; and again, to use the words of the 'Durham Rites,'

'yf the Maister dyd see that any of them weare apte to lernynge and dyd applie his booke, and had a pregnant wyt withall, then the Maister dyd lett the Prior have intelligence. Then streightaway after, he was sent to Oxford to school.'

Other people too sent their sons to the monks for education, which was sometimes given freely and sometimes paid for.

Mention has been made of Oxford. The 'Durham College,' besides the pupils sent up from the abbey, admitted regular students. A purely monastic college, as early as A.D. 1283, was founded in Oxford for thirteen monks of St. Peter's Abbey, Gloucester. This, before the end of the thirteenth century, developed into a great Benedictine house of learning, and a long list of abbeys united together to maintain this Benedictine college at Oxford, which flourished until the Reformation.

Nor were the nunneries behindhand in the work of education in the rough and comparatively unlettered Middle Ages. Mr. Gasquet, quoting from contemporary records, writes as follows:—'Here' (he is speaking of a Wiltshire convent) 'the young maids were brought up and learned needlework, the art of confectionery, surgery,' &c.

Passing from the question of the enormous and beneficent influence exercised by the monastic orders in a country like England during the Middle Ages, it will be well to draw a picture of the life lived in a great monastery such as Gloucester

or Winchester or Durham. First of all, any idea of a solitary life lived for the most part in separate cells, like the Carthusian ideal now carried out at the Grande Chartreuse and in the other houses of their order, must be put aside. In a Benedictine (the principal and by far the most influential of the orders) monastery, the life was intensely social. The brothers worshipped together in the church, they took counsel together in the chapter-house, they studied together in the cloister, they ate together in the refectory, they slept in one great dormitory. The vast size of these refectories and dormitories may be clearly traced at Gloucester and other places.

Under the Lord Abbot, as at Gloucester or Evesham, or the Lord Prior, as at Winchester or Durham, were gathered a group of officers or obedientiaries by whom the monks, their many dependants and tenants, were ruled; the whole constituting a well-ordered community which, to use Dean Kitchen's words,

'on the one side kept up a perpetual protest against the rude vices of the age, and on the other side showed to the King, nobles, prelates, and burghers *the pattern of an organization* for the conduct of life and business which could hardly have been found elsewhere in mediæval times.'

By the abbot's side stood the *first, second, and third priors*, the lieutenants of the abbot, and ready at once to step into his place should the chief be at any time incapacitated from exercising a general supervision over the whole community. After these dignified officers came a group specially attached to the great church or abbey. The *sacrist* had charge generally of the innumerable services; everything that bore upon their order and dignity was referred to him. This great official often had the care of the library, and acted as chancellor of the society, and wrote the letters which had to be sent out. After him came the *precentor*, who arranged the elaborate music and singing, which formed so large a part of the many services. He presided over the singers, arranged the processions, and exercised, under the abbot and the prior, the chief authority in church. In some houses the offices of sacrist and precentor were combined.

The *circa* was an official especially charged with the discipline of the services. His little stone desk, near the entrance of the choir, is still to be seen near the north gate of the choir of Gloucester. There, in the night hours or in the deep dawn of the early morning, he would stand, and carefully watch who was absent from the company, and would report the truant to the full chapter on the following day; and when all were assembled

assembled in the gorgeous choir, the same officer went his rounds, with his little lamp gleaming in the dimly lighted church, to see if any weary brother had fallen asleep, and to rouse him up again to take his share in the perpetual nightly round of prayer and praise.

The *custos operum* or master of the works ranks the last of these great obedientiaries. His was no light duty, the watching over the constant repairs needed in these vast hives called monasteries, which clustered round the abbey. In Jocelyn de Brakelonda's delicious gossipy 'Chronicle of Bury St. Edmunds,' the ruined state into which many of the abbey buildings had fallen during the careless reign of Abbot Hugo, in the reign of King John, was severely commented on. The monk was a restless artist,—an indefatigable architect, and loved to be ever decorating his home with new, beautiful, sometimes fantastic work. Our cathedrals and abbeys, in the exquisite confusion of style of architecture which they present, tell us how successive generations of monks planned, designed, and carried out new works. They never wearied in their efforts to make their beautiful churches more beautiful; over all this the *custos operum* was supreme. We, who after long centuries are content to admire, and faintly to copy what our fathers have done in abbeys and cathedral buildings, owe a large debt to many an unknown, unrecorded *custos operum*.

The next group of monastic officials is a more homely one. The first in order was the *receiver* or treasurer. He had the duty of receiving and accounting for the rents of the abbey farms. His office in later days, when from various causes the religious houses grew poorer, must often have been an onerous, if not a painful one, and on him fell the perpetual strain to make ends meet, while sadly insufficient resources were at his command.

The obedientiary with the quaint title of *hordarian* shared, with the refectorarian and cellarer, the labour—no small one—of providing for the bodily needs of the numerous company who dwelt in a great house. Certain estates belonging to the monastery were set aside for this purpose. These were administered by the hordarian, who derived his somewhat barbarous title from his duties. He was set over the 'hoard,' or the supplies of food required for the refectory. The diet of the monks varied in different houses. Dean Kitchin, after careful examination of diet rolls, does not consider that the 'religious' on the whole fared amiss. There is, however, no doubt but in many, perhaps in the majority of houses, there was a wearying sameness in the food provided, which was often rough and  
coarse.



coarse. It must be borne in mind that most of the brethren were not drawn from the poor labouring folk, but rather from the upper middle class. An examination of the diet rolls shows that condiments such as mustard were freely used, especially on the many fast days. It would appear that the tasteless and somewhat indigestible fish diet became often repugnant.

Among the other notable obedientiaries, the *infirmarian* occupies a prominent position. Tender care for the sick and ailing especially distinguished the Benedictines. Their infirmaries were usually spacious, and not unfrequently were richly ornamented. The ruins of the graceful arches, still graceful after even a clumsy attempt at restoration, of the infirmary of the Benedictine house of Gloucester, testify to the former existence of stately buildings erected for the sick monk. This hospital, which adjoined the cloister, the sick shared with the aged brothers whose waning strength was insufficient to enable them to take part in the austere life and many services of the house. In this building, 'in slow tranquil decay, or in the little sunny garden attached to it, they spent their last days, without cares and without fears, till they were carried out to burial in the cemetery hard by, to lie among the brethren gone before.' The infirmarian usually possessed a knowledge of medicine and surgery. This knowledge was not uncommon among the Benedictines. Every monastic library contained books on these subjects, and not a few among the more famous mediæval physicians belonged to this order.

The *master of the novices* was chosen for his skill in and love for teaching. The *guest-master* had the charge of visitors, an important department in many of the greater houses. Hospitality to travellers was a distinguishing feature, and the remains of the great guest-halls we still possess tell us how carefully and even lavishly this was provided for. At Durham several of the large prebendal houses have been arranged out of the apartments and other offices belonging to the guests' hall.

'Entertainment,' says the 'Rites of Durham,' 'was given to all staits, both noble, gentle, and what degree soever that came thether as strangers, ther interteynment not being inferior to any place in England, both for the goodness of their diets, the sweete and daintie furniture of ther lodgings, and generally all things necessarie for travaillers.'

Another well-known obedientiary in a great monastery, the *camerarius* (chamberlain), must not be forgotten. He had the charge of all the furniture of the dormitory and refectory, and of the various chambers and halls of the monastery; and when

the vast size and complex arrangements of a large Benedictine house are borne in mind, it will be seen that the duties of this officer were no light ones, and required constant skill and forethought to preserve the necessary decency and cleanliness and customary dignity, without exceeding the sum of money set apart for this purpose—an amount which gradually decreased in well-nigh all the religious houses as time went on.

There were a number of subordinate officials, such as cooks, doorkeepers, gardeners, and the like, who need not be specially described. Indeed the policy of the great monastic orders was rather to multiply offices, with a view of providing the brethren with occupations which would give them an interest in the well-being of their order, and in the prosperity and discipline of their own particular house.

The foregoing sketch of course refers to the *organization* of one of the more important Benedictine communities, such as Gloucester or Durham; but, with necessary modifications, it applies to the general government of even the smaller communities.

But the centre of a monastery was the church or abbey. Mr. Hunt, in his 'Account of the Priory of St. Peter and St. Paul at Bath,' gives the following *résumé* of the daily service of a Benedictine house:—

'In all seasons alike the monks rose from their beds at midnight, and went into a cold church—think how terribly cold it must have been in the depth of winter!—and there went through a service, or rather two services, Matins and Lauds, which were mostly sung, and lasted about an hour and a half. They then crept back to bed again. At 7 A.M. they again assembled in their church for Prime, and at its close there was a short meeting in the Chapter-house for the ordinary business of the house, and specially its discipline. After that, one of the monks in priest's orders would, in his turn, celebrate Our Lady's Mass, while others would be reading or talking in the cloister. At 9 A.M. came Tierce, which was followed by High Mass and Sext. Dinner-time was, in the fourteenth century, probably 11 or 11.30, and during the meal some lesson would be read aloud. After dinner came Nones; and while most of the monks were engaged in that service, the Conversi, or lay-brethren, and the monks who had in their turn served the others at dinner, sat down to their meal. Then came a short time set apart, if desired, for sleep, which was followed by active employment of different kinds, by study or recreation. Vespers were sung at 3 P.M. Supper was at 6, and was followed by a reading from some book of edification. At 7.30 came Compline, and then at 8 the brethren went to the dormitory to sleep until they were roused for Matins. It was in the intervals of these stated duties that the officers of a Benedictine house transacted its manifold business, and the other brethren studied in the "carrells" or wrote and illuminated in the Scriptorium.'

Up to the period of the dissolution of the monasteries, A.D. 1536-1541, with little change, this had been the unvarying use of the large majority of the religious houses in England. Prayer and praise to Almighty God in their church or abbey had been the principal object of their lives—dating from the reforms of Lanfranc—for well-nigh 500 years.

In the 'Durham Rites' we read how before the high altar were 'three marvellous faire silver basons hung in chaines of silver': these contained great wax candles, 'which did burne continually both day and night, in token that the house was always watchinge to God.' Many and various are the estimates which men make as to the efficacy of prayer in changing or modifying God's purposes towards men; few will, however, be found to deny the moral beauty of this conception, which was the common heritage of all the monastic orders. The ideal of every monastery was the ideal typified by the Durham ever-burning lights: '*The house was always watchinge to God.*' The well-known collects and prayers enshrined in the solemn Liturgy of the Church of England, are, in large measure, the prayers and collects prayed and sung for so many centuries, by day and by night, in the 1000 abbeys and chapels of the monks: they were thus for ever interceding 'for all sorts and conditions of men.'

But, besides the perpetual prayer for others, a peculiar spiritual fellowship existed between the 'religious' of the same order, and was indeed often extended to those of other orders. Mr. Hunt ('An Account of the Priory of St. Peter and St. Paul at Bath') gives us a remarkable illustration of this fellowship in the bond for prayer made between the Priory of Bath and six other Benedictine convents, as far back as A.D. 1077, in which the parties agreed to pray for one another and their brethren, and to be loyal to the King and Queen with one heart and one soul. 'It will be observed,' adds Mr. Hunt, 'that two of the abbots were of the conquering race, and their union with their English brethren is pleasant to contemplate.'

When a monk died, a messenger was despatched to all the religious communities from which prayers were due, and indeed to many others, with a mortuary roll, having at the head an announcement of the death and a short account of the deceased. Each community acknowledged receiving the roll by writing upon it a promise of prayer for the soul of the departed, and, as a rule, a request for similar prayers for their deceased brethren and benefactors was added. The benefits of these prayers seem to have been granted to a large number of benefactors and others. Nor was this privilege by any means confined to the great and wealthy: a very small, even a nominal payment, such

as a pound of wax, seems to have qualified a man or woman to be received, if otherwise fitting, into the number of 'fratres' or 'sorores' of the convent. Those so admitted knew that the divine sacrifice was daily offered for them in the church of the monastery, and that prayer was continually made for them while they lived, and that after death the welfare of their souls would be the subject of special intercession. The historian of the Bath Monastery goes on to say, 'that whatever our religious opinions may be, we can hardly fail to see something beautiful in this tie between the outside world and the convent; the daily common life, often rough and hard, thus enriched and softened by spiritual sympathy and love.'

To Lanfranc, the friend of William the Conqueror, the first Norman Archbishop, the great monastic reformer of the eleventh century, 'the kindler of light and force among the Norman clergy,' is owing in great measure the plan of life which with certain interruptions, occasioned as different houses fell away for a season from their ideal, was led in that vast network of religious communities which covered England from 1070 to 1541. It was a noble as well as an enduring conception. The principles of monasticism in the England of the last half of the eleventh century, as taught by Lanfranc and his great pupil and successor Anselm, are well summed up by Dean Church:—

'The hard, stern *seculum* (age) was unmanageable and uncontrollable. Those who believed in Christ's teaching might be honest in leaving the wild tumult without, and, by adopting the monastic profession, secure ports of refuge and shelter, where men might find the religion which the conditions of active society seem to exclude. A man who wanted to be active in the world had little choice but to be a soldier; a man who wanted to serve God with all his heart had little choice but to be a monk. The governing thought of monastic life was that it was a warfare "*militia*," and the monastery a camp or barrack. There was continual drill and exercise, fixed times, appointed tasks, hard fare, stern punishment; watchfulness was to be incessant, obedience prompt and absolute. Monasteries were to be places where the search after peace and light and purity, and the conquest of evil, were made the objects of human life.'

The life of a monk was a hard and austere one at best; it was sweetened and beautified with few of those luxuries men are ever accustomed to associate with even moderate comfort and happiness. The diet as we have seen was, if plentiful, generally coarse and unvarying, and the fasts frequent and rigorous; and in a damp and chilly climate like that of England, the monk must have often suffered acutely from cold. There were  
few

few fires kept up in any monastery. For the monks, save in the common room or in the refectory 'at snow time,' there was no fire. The 'common room or house' is described in the 'Rites of Durham' as 'having a fyre kept in yt all winter, for the mounckes to cume warme them at, being allowed no fyre but that only.' We are expressly told in the same 'Rites,' 'they were allowed no fyre in the dormitory.' We meet with constant notices respecting warm clothing, furs, &c., so chill was the atmosphere of the great church, the refectory, and the dormitory. Any one who has had experience of the cold damp 'carrells' of the famous Monastery of Gloucester, where the cloister was no doubt glazed as it is now, cannot help wondering how study could have been ever carried on under such circumstances. Yet in most cloisters, as at Westminster, there was positively no glazing; the monks, as they sat or walked, were exposed to the winds and damp.

The recreations of the monk were few and monotonous; the chief of them was perhaps the pacing up and down the little walks of the narrow limits of the cloister garth and garden, or cemetery, during certain hours of the day, where even such gossip talk as Jocelyn de Brakelonda tells us of in his quaint 'Memoirs of the House of S. Edmund at Bury,' in the days of King John, was sternly checked by that obedientiary the *circa* as he moved about among the brethren at recreation. There was a bowling-green for the novices, which the professed monks seemed to have used at times. These novices and the other schoolboy pupils in the house have left the traces of their games: on the stone benches of the Gloucester cloisters, where we know these boys were taught, and where they spent a portion of their lives, are playboards not obscurely marked in the stones. These game-boards for 'Fox and Geese,' 'Nine Men's Morris,' 'In and Out,' and other games, are found in other conventual buildings at Westminster, Norwich, Salisbury, Durham, &c. Other vestiges of unlawful recreations of the more youthful dwellers in a monastery, such as cutting and carving the stones with letters and other devices, are occasionally found; for instance, half-way up the winding stair of the great Tower at Gloucester, there is a rough little figure in the perfect dress of a burgher of the time of the Wars of the Roses, evidently the secret work of a youthful amateur carver in stone.

In some monasteries the monk was allowed to possess and to amuse himself with strange pet animals, such as apes, peacocks, falcons, and even tame bears; and St. Swithun's Consuetudinary tells us that the cellarer had the special care of these 'animalia a diversis fratribus per multa tempora acquisita.'

Much

Much has been said and written concerning the evil example set by the monastic orders in matters of health and cleanliness, and there is no doubt but that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, if not later, an ostentatious neglect in these matters characterized the dwellers in monasteries. The scene which followed the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket has been often quoted, when beneath the stately trappings of the murdered prelate were discovered the garments of a Benedictine, and beneath these, an inner covering of rough hair-cloth, which *swarmed with vermin*; 'boiling over with them,' as one account describes the sight, 'like water in a simmering caldron.' The passage in Archbishop Lanfranc's Decrees (eleventh century), which orders the chamberlain of the house to change the hay in the monks' pallets once a year, and once a year to clean out the dormitory, throws a strong light upon the state of a monastery in the days of the Norman kings. What must have been the general condition of a great chamber in which thirty, forty, or even many more monks, slept for a year on the same hay? Another Act given by Lanfranc prescribes one bath a year just before Christmas Day. This strange neglect of the body, however, appears to have been based upon two considerations: the one, that disregard of the perishable body was an acceptable service; the other, that dirt, however unwholesome in itself, was regarded as a great preservative against cold.

But, as the Middle Ages advanced, a very different rule of life was gradually adopted in the matter of cleanliness. In the fourteenth century the 'Consuetudines in Refectorio' of the important house of St. Swithun at Winchester especially charges the prior with the care of strewing the refectory with new rush mats seven times in the year, three in winter and four in summer. These rush mats, Dean Kitchin tells us, formed a considerable item in the monastic life. They were often woven by the monks themselves, who slept under them or on them, prayed on them, sat on them, and lay on them when dying. They were harder than the straw litter and more wholesome. The same Consuetudinary tells us how one of the chamberlain's duties was to renew the canvas cloths on the refectory table from time to time, and to provide napkins to wipe the cups of silver and of wood; provision is also made for cleaning out the hall by the porter.

In the 'Durham Rites,'—that accurate picture of a great religious house just before the Dissolution,—we read of a 'fair Almerie (close to the refectory door), joyned in the wall; all the forepart of the Almerie was carved work, for to give ayre to the towels, and there was a door in the forepart of the Almerie, and every



every mounche had a key for the said Almerie, wherein did hinge clean towels for the mouches to drye their hands on when they washed and went to dinner.'

The almerie hard by the refectory door, with the iron hinge of the door and the beautifully carved open work above to let in the air to dry the towels, is still to be seen in the Gloucester cloister opposite the lavatory, only slightly injured by time and the horses of a troop of Cromwell's soldiers which were stabled there!

The 'Durham Rites' describe the 'fair laver or conduit for the mouchs to wash their hands and faces at, covered with lead, and all of marble, having many little conditts or spouts of brasse, with xxiii. cockes of brasse.' This washing, probably in the fourteenth century, became part of the monastic discipline, for the 'Rites' tell us how a bell hung near 'the conditt door to give warning at a leaven of the clock for the mouchs to cumme, wash, and dyne, having their closetts or almeries kept always with swete and clene towels.' The place where this 'call bell' hung is still to be seen in the Gloucester cloister. The same 'Rites' too provide for an obediendiary of the house seeing to the scrupulous cleanliness of the 'geste chamber,' where all the 'table clothes, table napkings, and all the naprie within the chamber, as sheetes and pillowes,' were to be 'kept sweate and cleane.'

A study on the monastic life, which in its day so powerfully influenced our country on the whole for good, and which, we are intensely convinced, trained up many earnest and devout souls, would be incomplete and one-sided if no notice were taken of the more obvious faults which accompanied the system, and of some of the evil consequences to the outer world.

The idea which has already been dwelt upon as the ground idea of men like Lanfranc and Anselm—'that earnest men could best fulfil God's purpose by leaving the unmanageable and uncontrollable world to follow its own way, and by securing for themselves ports of refuge and shelter out of its wild tumult,'—was arrived at by ignoring the solemn prayer of the Founder of Christianity: 'I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.' The natural result of this selfish—as it now seems to thoughtful men—purpose was to beget a spirit of stern exclusiveness among the 'religious.' This at once showed itself in the architecture of those splendid and matchless homes of prayer, which the spirit of devotion and enthusiasm for godliness, undoubtedly existing among the monastic bodies, guided them to erect and adorn. In every great church and  
abbey

abbey the choir was looked upon as the most sacred part of the church: this was beautified and cared for with an especial care, and was rigidly reserved for the monk; from this sacred choir every one who was not a brother was excluded. In not a few of the monastic churches, such as in the lordly Abbey of Evesham, the nave as well as the choir was closed to the outer world, and another and less important church was erected close by for worshippers who belonged not to the charmed circle of professed monks. When the day of destruction arrived, the mass of the people cared little or nothing about the ruin of a building from which they had been always excluded. The notion sank deeply into the heart of the monk that the object of his dedication to the religious life was to secure his own salvation, with little reference to the spiritual needs of the world outside.

‘Self-centred, having few interests outside those cloister walls where they proposed to pass their lives, under the shadow of which they hoped to die, they regarded themselves as a chosen band, they believed themselves to be moving heavenwards as a company and all together; the whole notion underlying their existence was that of each helping the others within the narrow limits of the community.

‘On the other hand, their religion had hardly any outward tendency; they had no vocation to save the outer world. The monks hardly realized that those outside were their brethren, hungry and naked, full of needs and sufferings; the provision for their stately church, their community, their administration, made them hard and unfeeling towards others; and this was fostered and aggravated by their own firm belief that they were, in a sense, especially God’s elect, the heirs of safety here and of salvation hereafter.’

This was the deliberate opinion of Dean Kitchin, one of the most thoughtful of our modern scholars in monastic lore, and this opinion is shared by other students of our time; and though perhaps in the above-quoted words it is somewhat exaggerated and unduly pressed, their estimate contains much truth, and the downfall of monasticism in England is no doubt very largely due to the undoubted existence of this stern spirit of exclusiveness. The monk, notwithstanding his splendid record of service done to religion, to art, to letters, and indeed to well-nigh everything that made life beautiful and desirable in a nation, had failed in the long run to find the key to the people’s hearts; and when he fell, at the bidding of a tyrannical and unscrupulous king, the victim of a false and unjust cry, his fate was almost unpitied and well-nigh unnoticed.

Monastic Christianity finds its most complete expression in that small manual of devotion put out in the fifteenth century,  
known

known as 'The Imitation of Christ.' Its boundless popularity reminds us, said Dean Milman, that it supplies some imperious want in the Christianity of mankind ; but, like monasticism, of which it is the perfect exponent,

'it is absolutely and entirely selfish in its aims as in its acts ; its sole, single, exclusive object is the purification, the elevation of the individual soul, of the man absolutely isolated from his kind, with no fears, no hopes, no sympathies of our common nature ; he has absolutely withdrawn himself, not only from the cares, the sins, the trials, but from the duties, the moral and religious fate of the world.'

The Dean of St. Paul's summary of the spirit of the famous 'Manual' in connection with the aims of monasticism is remarkable ; and although some who love the book may be pained by Milman's words, they are worth pondering over.

It was the knowledge of this fatal error which suggested to Dominic and Francis and their companions, in the early years of the thirteenth century, the idea of founding the Mendicant Orders. The acknowledged aim of the Dominican and Franciscan friar was to spread abroad those glad tidings which the Benedictine chose mainly to confine within the walls of his own religious house. 'Their primary object, different from the Benedictine ideal, was not the salvation of the individual monk, but the salvation of others through him.' The rapid growth of the popularity of the Friars is a sufficient indication that in some respects at least *they* had found the key to the hearts of the people ; nor is it too much to say that the coming of the Friars put off the downfall of monasticism in England for two centuries.

Another grave accusation levelled at the Benedictines charges them with neglecting the churches on their broad lands and allowing them to be but imperfectly and inadequately served by inferior members of their own community, or by illiterate and poorly paid priests appointed by them. This subject has as yet never been thoroughly investigated, but the language used by some of our modern writers in their review of this charge is inexcusable, and unwarranted by the facts of the case, so far as they are known. Mr. Hunt, in his lucid and interesting account of the Priory of Bath, speaks of these churches on the monastic and other lands, thus :—

'The system of appropriation of revenues which properly belonged to certain churches grew to its full extent by degrees, and was a general abuse. It was much ameliorated by the ordination of vicarages, by which in each case a fixed portion of the revenues of his church was secured to the parish priest, the remainder being allotted to the monastery.'

That

That men of an inferior calibre belonging to the house or elsewhere were generally appointed to these benefices, seems a baseless assertion. It will be remembered, for instance, in the well-known 'Memoirs of Jocelyn de Brakelonda,' how desirous the monk Sampson, one of the ablest of the brethren of the great monastery of St. Edmund at Bury, was to obtain the living of Woolpit, which belonged to his house. The charge—if properly substantiated, a grave one—of appointing inferior and ill-qualified persons to cures of souls, most likely grew out of the state of things which followed the ravages of the Black Death.

Some steps had been taken by Parliament to mitigate the abuses which undoubtedly existed in the matter of parish churches belonging to monasteries in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. But they proved ineffectual. In 1529 Convocation ordered that the abuses of monastic appropriations should be investigated and amended. The great confiscation, however, rudely interrupted this and many another project of well-considered reform of undoubted abuses, and the lands and goods of the monastic orders were seized by men 'from whose minds,' to use Canon Dixon's words,

'nothing was further than to restore the appropriations; and the incumbents of monastic and other benefices, instead of being better off, found themselves (after the great confiscation) sunk in a penury which grew greater with every successive generation.'

To many a thinker, perhaps to the majority, in the sixteenth century, the work of the monasteries seemed finished. Be this how it may, through the long dark period of the Middle Ages, these monastic foundations had rendered incalculable service to Christianity and to civilization. If, as many think, it were well—their work being done—that in the sixteenth century they should disappear and give place to others, it is only common justice to lift off the veil of undeserved obloquy with which the authors of their downfall, for their own mean purposes, have disfigured their memory.

The accusations against the moral character of the monk were made in order that men might welcome the dissolution of the monasteries. But the charges were for the most part baseless. The evidence of the Visitors of Henry VIII. breaks down when carefully examined. The Visitors themselves were men of far from unblemished character. Their testimony, such as it was, only applied to a very small proportion of the houses accused. The so-called 'Confessions' they produced were infinitesimally few in number, and bore unmistakable signs  
of

of being simply cut-and-dried documents. The usual stock stories of the iniquity of monks and nuns were clearly pieces of slanderous gossip, and even King Henry's summary in the preamble to the Act of 1536 bore testimony in the strongest terms to the pure state of many 'great and solemn' monasteries, all of which, *without exception*, shared in the common ruin.

Nothing to justify the traditional opinion appears in the results of the visitation of the houses. Mr. Gasquet estimates the number of 'religious' of both sexes who were expelled from the houses as roughly 8,000 persons, besides probably more than ten times that number of people who were their dependants, or otherwise obtained their livelihood in the service of the religious houses. In the Comperita and Letters scarcely 250 monks and nuns are named as guilty of incontinence; of these 250, one-third, he tells us, can be identified as having received pensions, which surely even Burnet would consider as disproving the charges in their regard. This would leave less than 170 out of 8,000, tainted by being *accused* of grave offences against morality by the royal Visitors; but being *accused* by such interested parties as the Visitors undoubtedly were, is a very different thing to 'being convicted of guilt.' No witnesses ever seem to have been produced, nor in any case do the monks appear to have been allowed to answer to the charges brought against them.

As regards the nuns, Mr. Gasquet tells us that only some twenty-seven in all were charged with vice, and of these twenty-seven, seventeen are known to have been afterwards pensioned; and that further, in the whole visitation, extending over thirteen counties, the Visitors only report that some fifty monks and two nuns were desirous to abandon the religious life.

Dean Kitchin, in his exhaustive Introduction to the 'Obedientiary Rolls of Winchester,' considers that while 'in that great house the reputation for learning which it acquired in earlier days unfortunately faded away as time went on, the moral character of the body seems to have been consistently high'; and again later, he repeats 'that even slander had respected that venerable house, and the records carefully searched out reveal nothing that can be turned to its serious discredit': and in his final summary, this writer, whom no one will accuse of an undue partiality for the monastic system, speaks of

'interested and truthless persons who, in the Reformation time and in later days, have thought to honour God by blackening wholesale the monastic character. "*Deo per mendacium gratificari*" is still far too often the guiding line of many a polemic who tries to win his battle by flinging dirt in the faces of his opponents.'

A glance

A glance at a few of the strict disciplinary rules of the famous Priory of Durham, which we find in the 'Rites' already quoted, will form a fitting close to this little study on the monasteries of England at the era of their final dissolution.

No woman was ever permitted to come within the body of the church; but more than this, in sect. xviii. we read:—

'Yf any woman chaunced to come within the abei gaites or within any presynckt of the house, yf she had bene sene but her length within any place of the saide house, she was taken and sett fast and punished, to gyve example to all others for doning the like.'

In sect. xliii., treating of the dorter (dormitory), we read how every monk had in that

'faire large house called the dorter, a litle chamber of wainscott to himself; every litle chamber was partitioned of, and the novices had also litle chambers, each separate; and in the dorter (dormitory) every night was there a privy serche by the Supprior, who did caule at every mounches chamber (by their names) to se good order kept, that none should be wanting (as also that there were no disorders amongst them); also the said Supprior's chamber was the first in the dorter for seing of good order kept.'

The doors of the house were rigorously locked, and the keys placed in the charge of a responsible officer. Sect. xliii. contains the following:—

'All the dures both of the seller, the fratre, the dorter, and the cloisters were locked at evin, at vi. of the clocke, and the keys delivered to the Supprior untyl vii. of the clocke the next morninge.'

A rigid watch was kept at night by one of the chief obedientiaries.

'The Supprior's chamber was over the dorter dour, to the intent to heare that none should stir or go forth.

'And his office was to goe every nighte as a privy watch before mydnyght and after mydnyght to every mounches chamber and to caule at his chamber dour upon him by his name, to se that none of them should be lacking or stolen furth.'

If a monk were found guilty of any grave moral offence, the punishment was exceedingly severe. 'Underneath the Master of the Fermyre's (infirmary) chamber was a strong prison called the Lynghouse, which was ordained for all such as were greate offenders.' The guilty monk was to be immured in this dungeon 'for the space of one hole year in cheynes.' No one was to have access to this dungeon save the master of the infirmary, 'who did let downe there meate thorough a trap door on a corde, being a great distance from them.' It would be interesting to know if offenders often emerged alive from this living death.

Some



Some think that the dissolution of the monasteries inflicted a terrible blow on the social state of England; others are of opinion that the work of the 'orders' was done when the sixteenth century dawned. Neither view prevents us from lamenting the irreparable mischief which the rough and covetous hands of the spoilers worked, when they pulled down the mighty edifice of monasticism. Still less does either oppose our doing a tardy justice to the memory of an army of 'toilers for God,' on the whole guiltless of the grave charges brought against them—charges, as we have seen, largely manufactured for the purpose of providing an excuse for their spoliation.

People of all ranks acquiesced in spiritless fashion in the great act of confiscation. Popular indignation showed itself, here and there, in armed risings or angry murmurs. But these manifestations of feeling were very far from being the voice of England as a nation, and they soon died down again; the monk had disappeared, and only a few cared very much. Even those who still resent with most bitterness the irreparable losses brought about by the spoliation, who feel most intensely the wrong done to the memory of a crowd of earnest God-fearing men, cannot help acknowledging that England as a nation, if it did not applaud, at least calmly accepted the act of its imperious master and his servant Cromwell. Thus the monk passed: but no change, however far-reaching in its consequences, like that brought about by the printing press,—no national upheaval, like that which closed the period known as the Middle Ages,—can ever obliterate or even dull the memory of the splendour of the work done by the monastic orders.

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ART. V.—1. *The Book of the Rose*. By the Rev. A. Foster-Melliard, M.A. London, 1894.

2. *The Rose-Garden*. By William Paul. Ninth Edition. London, 1888.

WHEN the learned Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, remarks that 'Nature cannot be below Art, since Art merely copies Nature,' it is plain that he had never compared an exhibition Rose with any one of the lovely but wholly different hedge-flowers to which it owes its origin. The history of Rose-culture has not been one of copying Nature at all, but of transforming her, and often by somewhat violent methods. Rose-culture, indeed, may claim to be quite among the oldest and the most highly developed of the many struggles of men with Nature; it is not an attempt to copy her by art, but skilfully to evolve a nobler product than would be possible from unassisted Nature.

This art, then, reaches back into a distant past, since—as we shall show directly—an elaborate system of Rose-culture must have existed in the civilized world for at least two thousand years. But this exceedingly interesting part of Rose-history has received far less consideration than it deserves. Most writers on Roses are content with a few stock quotations—always unverified—from Sappho or other poets, and none of them seem to have thought it worth while to enquire what these poets meant by 'the Rose,' whose beauties they praised. Thus Sappho, Anacreon, and, according to our Version, the Song of Songs also, found the Rose a natural simile for the comparison of beauty; but it is obvious that the lovely and quickly-fading dog-rose, or eglantine, of the hedges is at least as suitable for this purpose as the finest of Hybrid Perpetuals. Was the Rose of the Greek poets a wild or a cultivated flower? On this essential point writers on Roses, though they have now built up quite a considerable and very charming body of literature, are discreetly silent. Mr. Foster-Melliard, the author of the latest and much the most practical book on Exhibition Roses—he is somewhat scornful of all others—says (unjustly, we hope) that 'few readers of a Rose-book will care for much research into the history of the Rose,' and thereupon passes the ball back with much dexterity to his voluminous predecessor, Mr. William Paul. Mr. Paul, himself the foster-father of many a famous Rose, has amassed in his gigantic volume all the allusions to the flower in ancient or modern literature on which he could lay hands; but it seems never to have occurred to this practical Rose-grower that a poet's Rose is a very vague flower.

The

The Dean of Rochester again, in that fascinating book which has tempted so many waverers inside the gates of the Rose Paradise, characteristically proves that the Rose, alone among flowers, satisfies the great Vincentian maxim, by being acknowledged *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*, and thereupon presses no further what he too modestly calls 'the broken-winged Pegasus that once cantered in Oxford riding-schools.'

We propose therefore, in the following pages, to treat of the Rose from a point of view which, in the earlier stages, has been confused by its numerous and able prophets; not as a naturally beautiful flower, but as the chief ornament of cultivated gardens from the earliest known times. The history of systematic Rose-growing is an immensely long one, far older than is generally supposed. It is a history also which, naturally enough, presents to us several enormous gaps that cannot now be adequately filled. But it is amply sufficient to prove that the vast crowd which gathers at the Crystal Palace on the first Saturday in July, for the National Rose Society's great Exhibition, is doing homage to an art which—to go back to our text from Marcus Aurelius—has not been copying but steadily improving upon Nature, and that for some thousands of years.

Some indication of the origin of the Rose, both in time and in country, is probably given in its name. This, undoubtedly, comes to us through the Latin from the Greek *ródon*, a word which is now agreed to be, in the wider sense, Oriental, not Greek. But to which of the two great families of language it belongs, is less certain. Heyn maintains it to be Iranian, that is, of the Aryan family—of the older tongue of Persia and Bactria; and Persia might unquestionably put forward strong claims to be the true native country of the Rose. But Professor Skeat, who has the majority of modern authorities on his side, declares it to be a pure Semitic word—the Arabic *ward*, a flowering shrub, thus denoting the flower of flowers *par excellence*. It is worth noticing that the Persian word *gul* similarly meant at first only a perfumed flower, but has come to be used of the Rose alone. *Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum*, is the emphatic way in which the inscription over the lovely Chapter-house at York claims it as being the very flower of Architecture.

Both theories, however, of the name agree with all other indications that we can trace, in placing the original home of the Rose, much as that of our earliest forefathers, in the central or western-central district of Asia; but, instead of spreading only in a westerly direction, the Rose took, apparently, a more catholic

catholic view of the earth, and expanded impartially east and west, without showing any reluctance about longitude, while disliking the more violent changes of temperature implied by an extension of latitude. It has been found by travellers as far south as Abyssinia in one hemisphere and Mexico in the other; but it never seems, voluntarily, to have come very near to the Equator. Northward, however, nothing seems to stop it, since it has conquered Iceland, Greenland, and Kamtchatka.

'In Iceland, so [in]fertile in vegetation that in some parts the natives are compelled to feed their horses, sheep, and oxen on dried fish, we find the *Rosa rubiginosa*, with its pale, solitary, cup-shaped flowers; and in Lapland, blooming almost under the snows of that severe climate, the natives seeking mosses and lichens for their reindeer, find the *Roses maialis* and *rubella*, the former of which, brilliant in colour and of a sweet perfume, enlivens the dreariness of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden.'\*

Humboldt gives similar testimony about the Western Hemisphere:—

'We did not find,' he says, 'one indigenous Rose-tree in all South America, notwithstanding the analogy existing between the climates of the high mountains of the torrid zone and our own temperate zone. It is wanting in all the southern hemisphere, within and beyond the tropics. It was only on the Mexican mountains that we were happy enough to discover, in the nineteenth degree of latitude, American eglantines.'†

The modern cultivated Rose, on the contrary, has leapt the Equator, and, like ancient Rome, has taken all the world for its province. Orders for the newest and best varieties now come regularly to the great Rose-merchants of Colchester or Lyons, even from New Zealand and Australia.

The Rose then, in its westward course of empire, reached Greece at a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. If it came first as a garden-flower—which is quite possible—it must have been, like the alphabet and many other precious discoveries, conveyed through the Phenicians. It would be tempting here to call up a vision of Messrs. Barca & Co., florists, of Tyre, with seed-grounds somewhere under Lebanon, exporting Roses to Athens and Corinth; but, unhappily, at this point the materials for history are defective. Most Rose-books indeed, and about one writer annually in the 'Rosarian's Year Book,' steadily copying from the most laborious of them all, inform us that Sappho wrote a poem about Jove electing the Rose as the Queen of Flowers. Now this is such a curious myth

\* 'A Book about Roses,' ch. iii.

† 'Personal Narrative of Travels,' iii. p. 487.

that it deserves a slight pause for examination. The extant fragments of Sappho tell us nothing about Roses, cultivated or wild. She probably, however, like later poets, found the Rose an effective comparison for maiden beauties, since Philostratus, who lived about 200 A.D., and possessed no doubt a larger body of Sapphic poems than we do, tells us that she was 'a lover of the Rose, and compared the most beautiful maidens to it.' And hence it was a graceful turn of Meleager in his 'Garland of Poetry'—quite worthy, say, of Mr. Andrew Lang or Mr. Austin Dobson—to remark that of Sappho's verses he had selected *βαῖα μὲν ἀλλὰ ῥόδα*—'few, but all of them Roses.' But where is the poem on the elected Queen of Flowers? In any case, if Sappho had written such a poem, the Rose must have been a King, not a Queen. To the scholar, a 'Queen of Flowers' is like a feminine Angel, a being ignored by the Church, who appears first on modern Christmas-cards.

This supposed poem of Sappho comes from a book, by Francis Fawkes, entitled 'Translations from Anacreon, Sappho, &c.,' and published in 1760. In a note to this poem (fr. 5) Fawkes says, 'We are indebted to Achilles Tatius for this poem, which is generally ascribed to Sappho.' Achilles Tatius, it may be necessary to explain, lived about 500 A.D., and is said to have become a Christian bishop. He wrote—let us hope, among the sins of his youth—a romance of very unepiscopal character, called 'The History of Leucippe and Cleitophon.' In the course of this story he makes Leucippe, the heroine, sing a song in praise of the Rose, which in his time, as we shall see, was a highly-developed flower. But, curiously enough, he says he will only give the argument of her song in prose, and a very remarkable and interesting piece of prose-poetry it is. Leucippe says:—

'If Zeus were to set a King over the flowers, the Rose would be that King. It is the glory of the earth, the pride of all plants, the very apple of the eye amongst flowers. It is the blush that overspreads the meadows; it flashes out beauty like the lightning. It is the very breath of love; the friend that introduces Aphrodite to the heart. For waving tresses it has its sweet-scented leaves; it wantons in the luxuriance of its soft petals as they ripple into smiles under the breath of the zephyr.'

Truly a notable passage to discover in a sentimental novelist fourteen hundred years ago! But the strangest thing is that not a word is said of Sappho. Her name in this connexion seems to have been an invention of 'the ingenious' Mr. Fawkes, though he has led blindfold along with him almost all our modern writers upon the Rose!

It would be exceedingly interesting—nor would it be at all antecedently improbable—to find a mention of the cultivated or even of the wild Rose in the Hebrew Scriptures; but, unfortunately, in the two well-known passages, ‘I am the Rose of Sharon’ and ‘The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose,’ the word *chabatstseleth*, which is thus rendered in our Authorized Version, is of very doubtful meaning. The latter passage is rendered in the Vulgate, *lilium*, the lily, and the former, somewhat inconsistently, *flos campi*, the flower of the field. The etymology seems rather to point to a bulbous plant, and the general opinion of commentators is that the flower intended was some form of the Narcissus or Daffodil, which still blooms abundantly in the plain of Sharon. At any rate, the allusion is to a wild flower.

The earliest certain trace in Greek literature of the Rose as a cultivated flower is to be found in Herodotus, in his account of the rise of the House of Macedonia. The sons of Temenus, he says (Bk. viii. 138), fled into another part of Macedonia, and took up their abode ‘near the Gardens of Midas. In these Gardens there are roses which grow of themselves’—that is, we suppose, without much attention to pruning or budding—‘so sweet that no others can vie with them in this; and their blossoms have as many as sixty petals apiece.’ Every Rose-grower will at once recognize in this, the most venerable of all Rose records, the original *Rosa centifolia*, still, more than two thousand years afterwards, one of the sweetest in many an old English garden—the old Provence or Cabbage Rose. And it is a curious illustration of Herodotus’s accuracy in unsuspected details, that Pliny describes the same Rose as found principally in much the same district, in the neighbourhood of Philippi, the people of which, he says, get it from the neighbouring Mount Pangæus, and greatly improve it by transplantation. In the long history of Roses, the Provence or Hundred-leaved Rose seems chiefly to have formed the backbone of continuity.

But, alas! the Greeks, for all their exquisite taste in most other things, seem to have cared little for gardening. It is not quite true, indeed, as the Dean of Rochester asserts, that of Greek gardens we know nothing; but we certainly know very little, apparently because there was little to know. The sacred enclosure of a temple—*βρύων δάφνης, ελαίας, ἀμπέλου*—was probably thought the ideal garden. A Greek under the hot sun of the south, and living on the dusty limestone of Athens or Corinth, desired above all things in his pleasure-garden shady trees to walk or lie under; and there is nothing that the Rose abhors so much—no, not raging tempests or biting frosts (within reason)



reason)—as the dank shade and the greedy roots of trees. If he wanted flowers at all, it was probably only for a garland to tie round his head over his wine, as the budding Senior Wrangler ties the wet towel round his head over his green tea. The few flowers that he cared about having at all found their place, therefore, mostly in the unshaded kitchen-garden; and a very odd passage in Plutarch \* throws considerable light on the state of Greek horticulture by telling us of the juxtaposition by good gardeners of their rose and violet beds with the rows of leeks and onions; which suggests, as Bekker says, that both were equally wanted for cutting, not for garden decoration. In later Greek literature, as in Anacreon, the allusions to Roses are endless, but, except where they are merely comparisons, they are almost always named simply as accompaniments of wine or dancing. A well-known verse of the Book of Wisdom (ii. 8) is purely Greek in character, and the sentiment, 'Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered,' might be a quotation from Anacreon. The allusions in the Book of Ecclesiasticus, however, do give distinct evidence of elaborate cultivation; one passage speaking of 'the rose-plantations of Jericho,' and another of the 'roses planted by the brooks of waters.'† Such a situation would doubtless be necessary in Palestine, small artificial trenches of water being used for dividing the blocks of rose-beds; whereas in England, tempting as it is for the saving of labour, the farther your Roses can be kept from the water the better.

We pass then, with some relief, from the Greeks to the Romans, for here, at least, this marks an advance in refinement and in art. Under the Roman Empire we read of Roses so highly cultivated that we could make quite a practical handbook by combining the amusingly modern-sounding instructions scattered here and there, especially in Pliny. We now find Roses budded on the briar, severely pruned in early spring, discriminated by the habits of their varieties, foreshadowing Mr. Foster-Melliar's great twelfth chapter on 'Manners and Customs,'—probably the highest perfection to which the personal study of Roses has reached,—and even, to some extent, grown under glass. This curious start in the great art of Rose-growing seems to coincide almost exactly with the foundation of the Roman Empire. The grim old Senate had cared nothing for flowers, or for aught else that was soft and beautiful in life. It is difficult to imagine a Camillus or Scipio with a rose-

\* 'De capienda ex inimicis utilitate,' c. 10

† Eccles. xxiv. 14; xxxix. 13.

wreath on his head—*nisi ebrius*—but still more difficult to fancy him caring what blooms the wreath was made of.

The luxury of the Roman Empire created the first great development of the cultivated Rose. Lower motives may lead to refined results, as Carlyle used to insist. The first use even of the wreath, which seems to have been to a Greek the final cause of Roses, is said to have been only a glorification of the tight string tied round the head to avoid the next day's headache! Thus, for example, the great Varro, though he was as omniscient as our own Bacon, and wrote most elaborately on cultivation, as well as everything else—*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—still seems to think of Roses as propagated only by cuttings; that is, on their own roots; a method in which no great advance in the perfection of blooms is possible. Columella, on the other hand, though he lived only a century later, says very truly, that Roses should be budded on bushes (*fruticibus*)—by which we suppose he means wild briars—with laterals left about a foot long. And he adds, in words which modern Rose-growers will be pleased to find inculcated so long ago, that the ground must thoroughly be hoed over, and careful thinning out of the shoots must be finished—here, of course, we must allow something for latitude—not later than the 1st of March. Pliny also gives us the good advice to have our plants quite a foot apart, and to hoe round them well. It is certainly unfortunate that Columella did not tell us a little more about his 'bushes'; whether they included anything like our 'standards,' for example, and what species might be used for budding or grafting upon. But though the dog-rose of the hedges (*cynorrhodon*; *R. canina*) has proved by far the best of all foster-parents to the Rose, it is a mistake to suppose that she has limited this privilege to her own immediate relations, such as our own many varieties of the briar, or that curious little Italian rose from Como, which is literally such a thorny subject among Rose-growers, the stock called by the name of its introducer, Signor Manetti. In Persia, which, as we have shown, might claim to be, perhaps, the native land of the Rose, it is grafted upon the black poplar (*populus nigra*), and the experiment has been tried in the Isle of Wight. The Rose will live as a parasite upon many alien stocks. It is a popular belief in many parts of the country that our darkest Roses, such as Prince Camille de Rohan, first got their colour by being grafted on the black currant; and Mr. Paul quotes from a book of the seventeenth century to show that the Evergreen Roses (*R. sempervirens*) were supposed to derive their special characteristic from having been originally allied with  
the

the holly. The subject of stocks, and their modifying influence on the bud or graft, have been by no means, as yet, finally explored.

Some other instructions of ancient manuals will be of interest to modern Rose-growers. Thus Pliny tells us to plant Roses 'deeper than vines, but not so deep as corn,' which is rather too like a Delphic oracle, and scarcely definite enough for a beginner. He also justly insists on the advantages of rigorous 'cutting-back' (*recisio*), but, very oddly, attributes just as good effects to burning (*ustio*). Theophrastus also, in his 'History of Plants,' says that it was usual to set fire to the rose-trees, and adds that this was considered necessary to produce good blooming. No wonder Mr. Paul is horrified, and asks whether these writers can possibly be in earnest. Certainly few Rose-growers now would have the courage to try it on their beds. But, after all, the fire would probably leave all the plant below ground absolutely uninjured, and in that case the process would not greatly differ from the severe pruning considered necessary for modern exhibition Roses. Thus Mr. Foster-Melliar says, 'Every year the whole of the plants in my beds, Hybrid Perpetuals and Teas alike, for the standards are elsewhere, are swept clear away nearly to the level of the ground.' The process of pruning by fire then may perhaps not have been so reckless or barbarous as it seems at first sight.

Another very interesting practice, if we can take Pliny's authority for it, was to secure early blooms out of doors by filling a trench round the rose-bed with hot water just when the buds began to break, thus making a sort of open-air forcing-pit. Has any enthusiastic amateur tried this method to get blooms early enough for the Crystal Palace in a late season? The difficulty would seem to be that the hot water would have to be applied frequently in order to produce any effect at all, and that, in that case, the blooms would necessarily be injured by over-watering the soil. It is perhaps conceivable, indeed—though he does not say so—that he means that the hot water was poured into sunk iron troughs. Hot-water tubes for warming houses and heating baths were among the most universal luxuries of the Roman Empire, and were far better managed by the Roman plumber of the first century than by his English successor of the nineteenth. Naturally these were used for the greenhouses, which began to be fashionable in the first century A.D., and are often mentioned, especially by Martial.\* It used to be thought that the *specularia*, or panes, were made only of talc, but glass panes have been found at Pompeii, and there is no reason why

\* viii. 14, 68; xiii. 127.

glass should not have been used. Aided by this new invention, and stimulated to continual improvement in methods of cultivation by the increasing trade, the Rose-growers who supplied Rome with the most beautiful and least harmful of all her luxuries, were able to send Roses thither nearly all the year round. Intermediate flowers between those grown under glass and in the open borders would be supplied by climbing Roses from the *peristylum* or fountain-court, such as may often be seen in Italy now, where doubtless some predecessor of Gloire de Dijon or Climbing Niphetos made the court a Paradise of beauty and perfume to its Rosarian owner. Seneca, indeed, as beseemed his Stoic ideals, was somewhat alarmed at the alteration of nature by greenhouses and such other unholy devices of art. 'Do they not live contrary to nature,' he indignantly inquires, 'who desire a Rose in winter, and by diligent application of hot-water [pipes?] and skilful changes of position'—surely this at least could only apply to pot-plants—'make a spring flower into a winter one?'

Another very interesting question that arises is on the distinction of species and varieties, and how far cultivation had succeeded in producing anything like the wonderful variation of colour, perfume, growth, habit, and length of blossoming that distinguish the modern Rose amongst all flowers. Here we are, unfortunately, left very much in the dark, since no Latin author writes as a Rose-grower in any degree whatever, except Pliny, and he only as one little item in his vast list of qualifications. Hence we cannot expect to find any other division than that of species, varied, at most, by local situation. Even the distinction of colour seems to have been extremely vague. This may be due to the generally accepted fact that the colour-sense amongst the ancients was very imperfectly developed. The curious use by Horace of *purpureus* as the adjective for a swan and by Albinovanus for snow is the stock instance for the Romans, while the vagueness of Greek colour-adjectives has been treated of in a famous passage of 'Modern Painters.' Still, even so, it is curious that there should be such very slight traces of white Roses in ancient times, and none whatever of any other colours than red or white. 'Rosy' to

\* 'Locorum apta mutatione brumalium florem vernum exprimunt.' (Sen. Ep. cxxii. 8.) The reading *brumalium* has no point here, and can scarcely stand. It requires also the meaning of 'force prematurely' to be given to *exprimunt*. Roses were naturally a 'spring' flower in Italy, blossoming in the open ground in April, as Martial says (xiii. 127):

'Quondam veris erat, nunc tua facta rosa est.'

We would read therefore *brumalem*: 'make what is properly a spring flower give its blooms in winter.'

both Greeks and Romans conveyed much the same connotation as it oddly does still, when scarcely one Rose out of ten is 'rose-coloured.' In countries such as Bulgaria, where the Rose is grown only for the manufacture of perfumes, red Roses have an enormous preponderance, not for their colour, but because of their richer qualities. The fields of red Roses there are in many places picturesquely divided by hedges of white ones, which give an inferior kind of extract.

Nowadays, particular varieties cut across general lines of demarcation as lightly as Remus leaped the hypothetical walls of Romulus. 'Gloire de Dijon,' for example, is classed as a pure Tea, but exhibits most of the supposed qualities of Hybrid Perpetuals; 'Her Majesty' is called a Hybrid Perpetual, but from some unknown strain has inherited manners and customs which she keeps to herself. We do not hear of a Roman florist advertising a celebrated Rose for lasting qualities as 'Imperator Augustus,' of an early-blooming but deceptive 'Nero,' of a beautiful but delicate 'Octavia,' or of a thorny, rampant-growing 'Agrippina.' To the modern Rose-exhibitor there are but three kinds: Hybrid Perpetuals, which include Hybrid Teas (though the National Rose Society has lately attempted—with dubious results—to differentiate the latter); Teas, which include Noisettes; and a vast remainder of all other kinds, which are swept together under the general name of Garden Roses. On the other hand, inside these great continental divisions, every single variety or species is known as accurately by its manners and customs as mothers know their children or shepherds their sheep. To Roman Rose-growers, if Pliny accurately represents their views, the varieties were known almost wholly by their place of origin, and, apparently, different places preserved their different species. The two most celebrated kinds, he says, were the Campanian and Prænestine,—the former of which was the earliest to bloom, while the latter continued longest into the autumn. The brightest of all in colour was the Milesian, which had only twelve petals; no doubt it was a crimson Damask. The sweetest-scented of Roses came from Cyrene, in Africa, where the best oil of Roses was then made. There was another sort called by the Romans the 'Greek' Rose, but by the Greeks *lychnis*, which was no larger than a violet and had no scent—perhaps a sort of Banksia or Polyantha. Another was called the 'Greekling,' which closed up so tightly that it was useless, except in the bud, and would not open, unless forced by the hand, so that some rules similar to that of the National Rose Society about 'altering the character of the Rose,' must have been in force if it were ever exhibited. The celebrated

celebrated 'Hundred-leaved' or 'Cabbage' Rose was, as might be expected, conspicuous in lists, being grown both in Greece and Italy. This has an undoubted claim to the premier place among all cultivated Roses of the perpetual type. A curious proof of its magnificent 'substance' among the other single or semi-double flowers seems to be given in the advice of Cæpio, Quæstor of Bithynia in the reign of Tiberius, who wrote a book about flowers, in which he advised that the 'Cabbage'—a name which Dean Hole bitterly deprecates; the 'Provence' is in every way better—should only be used in garlands 'as the cardinal points of the crown.' Lord Penzance's Hybrid Sweetbriars would have made ideal Roses for festal garlands.

The Rose was also used very largely in medicine, unguents, and perfumes, though the methods of preparation, and the uses to which it was applied, are difficult to disentangle and compare with modern ones. So far as the Rose holds a place in modern medicine at all, it is mainly through the conserve of the heps or berries, which do not seem to be definitely mentioned in the ancient literature of the subject. This conserve is of no very special medicinal value, but of considerable use for the table when carefully prepared, owing to its peculiarity and delicacy of flavour. Some kinds are much more valuable for this purpose than the common Dog Rose, particularly the *Rosa rugosa*, introduced from Eastern Asia, because of the great size of its magnificent heps, which make it a splendid decorative plant for the garden in autumn. The cultivation of the Rose for medicinal purposes is not expressly mentioned, but is highly probable from the large use that was made of the *rosaceum*, or rose-ointment, which seems to have been the most universal of all medicaments, either alone, as a salve, or in combination with other drugs. It is not clear whether there was any difference between *rosaceum*, rose-ointment, and *rhodinum*, rose-oil; but if so, it can only have been in the comparative solidity of the former. The full art of distilling flowers was introduced into Europe by the Arabs, and has not been traced back even in Persia earlier than the ninth century A.D.; while the extraction of the volatile oil, or attar of roses, was not made until the sixteenth century by Geronimo Rossi, of Ravenna. It is curious that its discovery in Persia was forty or fifty years later still, and was apparently made independently of the Italian's invention. The Roman method is described more than once by Pliny. It consisted, not of extracting any of the properties of the Rose, but of steeping the blooms in oil or wine—chiefly the former—until they were completely absorbed. The thick syrup was then passed through a hair-sieve or coarse sacking, and  
boiled,



boiled, like the *defrutum* of grapes in the *Georgics*, and afterwards clarified. How much of actual rose essence can have remained after this drastic treatment would seem to be doubtful. But rose-water—that is, water scented with rose-petals by some simpler process of distillation—was largely used in the cookery, medicine, and perfumery of the Roman Empire; evidently quite enough by itself to have given an enormous stimulus to its cultivation for the purposes of trade.

But the chief use of the Rose at that time—indeed the only use that has generally taken hold of the imagination of the modern historian—would seem to have been for purposes of luxurious display at great banquets, beside which—if we accept literally the traditional interpretations of a few passages—the utmost efforts of New York and Chicago millionaires fade into insignificance. In the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1888, one of the most noted of the pictures was Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'Rose Feast of Elagabalus,' which was regarded by artists as a splendid *tour de force* in overcoming the extraordinary difficulty of the broken lights in a vast mass of falling rose-petals. The account, which is by no means improbable, is that, among many other Petronian diversions of a less harmless character, the Emperor tried the effect of almost literally smothering his guests in a shower of roses from nets concealed under the ceiling. The association of this with 'luxury' is somewhat difficult to the modern mind, though the confusion of profuseness with enjoyment is not, and doubtless never will be, entirely extinct. We should naturally regard it as simply an extravagant practical joke, if it were not for the fact that it is only a curious exaggeration of other obvious attempts at luxury long before. At a famous banquet of Cleopatra to Antonius, for example, it is said by Athenæus\* that the rose-petals lay a foot and a half deep on the floor,—a curious idea, indeed, of enjoying Roses,—and that this extravagance cost a talent, say 250*l.* Yet even with this as a rough standard of the expense of Roses to go by, we still have perpetually repeated, as if it were merely parallel, the incredible story in the present text of Suetonius, that at a banquet given to Nero (not by Nero, as Dean Hole and Mr. Paul say) *the Roses alone* cost 'considerably more than four millions of sesterces,' or upwards of 32,000*l.*! Nero could have buried the whole of Rome in roses for that sum, provided that the supply held out. But, apart from the ridiculous impossibility of the story, the whole passage is exposed to the gravest suspicion of corruption,

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\* iv. 29.

and may have a totally different meaning.\* We may note, however, an amusing interchange of parts between the eloquent Dean and the famous nurseryman in their comments on this supposed extravagance. Mr. Paul delivers himself of a portentous sermon beginning, 'Alas, that these gems of earth should have been so perverted from their just use!' Dean Hole, on the contrary, makes the practical comment, 'A nice little order for his nurseryman!'

Much saner as well as more interesting evidence of the greatly increased and improved cultivation of Roses is given by the frequent mention of them as flowering in winter, which, as we have seen, caused the Stoic Seneca some misgivings. The most striking of these is a pretty epigram of Martial,† describing the astonishment of an Egyptian master-mariner bringing Roses in winter as if they were sure to find favour at Rome, but thinking little of his native Rose-beds when he saw the masses and wreaths of glorious blooms from Pæstum displayed in every florist's shop over the whole city, even to the unfashionable suburbs. 'The Rose was once,' says Martial, in another epigram, 'the flower of Spring; now she is wholly Caesar's flower.'

All these, and many other indications, point unmistakably to a very large, a very skilful, and a thoroughly organized trade in Roses carried on under the Empire between Rome and certain country centres. These centres would doubtless be more particularly the places that, as we have seen, gave names to varieties,—Præneste (*Palestrina*), Tibur (*Tivoli*), and several places in Campania. But the most famous of them all was Pæstum, a place to be named in Rose-annals as deserving equal honour with Lyons or Colchester. Any place obtains an immortality by being merely named in Virgil, and the peculiarity of this mention—the 'twice-blowing Rose-gardens' of Pæstum—has attracted considerable notice and speculation. The true explanation seems to be that long and skilful culture had developed the Lucanian Roses beyond those of the growers of other places—they were the Hybrid Perpetuals of antiquity. Lucania was the Essex or Hertfordshire of Rome, and

\* Suet. Ner. c. 27: 'Indicebat et familiaribus cenas' (that is, invited himself to dinner), 'quorum uni mitellita quadragiens sestertio constitit, alteri pluris aliquanto rosaria.' The word *mitellita* is quite unknown, and the feeble guess that it meant some floral decoration is entirely based on the conjunction here with *rosaria*. Then, again, *rosaria* could scarcely be used of cut Roses or plants in pots: it means the place where Roses grow: and if the word be genuine here, it would seem more probable that there is some lacuna, and that possibly the confiscation of some gardens, or the enforced purchase of them at an extravagant price, is alluded to. The passage, at any rate, is useless as evidence.

† vi. 80; xiii. 27.

Pæstum was its Colchester or Cheshunt. Hither the Paulus or Cantius of the day—their names have unfortunately not been preserved, like the Sosii, the great publishers of the Roman Albemarle Street—was drawn by the same reason that attracts the modern Rose-grower to certain centres: the favourable climate, and a buttery loam, such as feeds fat the Roses of Colchester. The three Doric temples of Poseidonia, the earlier city of Pæstum, as they now stand in their majestic loneliness, the rich yellow of their travertine columns sharply outlined against the violet hills, are among the least forgettable sights in Europe. But many visitors to Pæstum have had the Virgilian echo still in their ears, 'flashing out in golden phrase,' even amongst the ruins, and have tried to find some remnant of those Roses that were once more famous than the temples. 'What a place was this for a Rose-garden,' writes the late John Addington Symonds, 'deep loam reclaimed from swamps, and irrigated by perpetual streams.' 'Roses to Pæstum' was the conventional equivalent of our 'coals to Newcastle.' But if their descendants survive on the spot at all, they have relapsed into their primitive wildness, in fit sympathy with the fortunes of the place itself. Swinburne, it is true, in 1785, says he found Roses 'flowering with delicious fragrance both in summer and autumn,' but probably this is only his reminiscence of Virgil, and he did not visit the place at both seasons to verify the fact. Later travellers have only found, at most, some small single Roses, apparently of something like the Damask kind, which still clamber about the historic stones. The true descendants of the famous twice-flowering Pæstum Roses are only to be found in the Provinces, to which they were brought and left as a precious legacy by their Roman occupants.

Pæstum then must be looked on as only one centre, though the most distinguished, of a great trade in Roses, which certainly existed during the Empire. But the puzzle is to see how the florists could get any reasonable proportion of the cut blooms safe to Rome. There is a railway now from Battipaglia, the station beyond Salerno, which runs (or, to be quite correct, proceeds) by way of Pesto, but even with a railway it is a journey of twelve hours to Rome. Of course a large portion would naturally go rather to Naples, or to Baiæ during the bathing season, than to Rome. Pæstum also was not the only source of supply to Rome, and one of the most notable, Præneste or Palestrina, was only twenty miles from Rome. This was the Bedale or Newtownards of the Roman market, its Roses being the latest in flowering, and doubtless it reaped a harvest in early seasons, even as the Crystal Palace Trophy goes northwards in a hot summer.

summer. But still we find that the Pæstum blooms were the most celebrated of all at Rome; and when every possible provision for the packing and transit of cut flowers has been allowed for, it seems certain—as many other indications would also suggest—that the Rose had reached a far more advanced state of cultivation than is generally supposed. Roses, to be worth sending that distance for sale, must have had the ample substance and firm petalling that only come with long and careful selection and assiduous cultivation. The single Damasks or Sweetbriars which one sometimes sees represented as wreathing the brow of the Roman in his hours of ease, would scarcely have travelled from a market garden in the suburbs; we must assume that the Roses in the baskets of the flower-girls on the steps were, in substance, of practically much the same character as the 'Paul Neyron' or the 'La France' to be seen in their place to-day. And for this, at least, all modern Rose-growers will gladly give some credit to the much-abused luxury of the Roman Empire.

The break-up of the Empire involved, however, in the cataclysm the art of Rose-growing, among many other things supposed to be more important, and the gardens of Pæstum became as deserted as its temples. The link of connexion between the ancient and the modern history of the Rose is probably to be found, as we have indicated, in the famous *Rosa centifolia*, the 'Provence' or 'Cabbage' Rose, which was certainly introduced into Gaul by the Romans, and found a home from which it may very naturally have taken its more elegant name. It has, however, been maintained that the name 'Provence' is a misnomer, and that it should be 'Provins,' this Rose having been first brought to England from Provins by Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster. This is, we believe, purely a myth, though the coincidence of name is somewhat curious. Provins, once the residence of the Comtes de Champagne, a dignity possessed by this Earl of Lancaster in right of his wife, was celebrated for its Roses, and even to the present day a conserve of Roses—of the petals, not the hips—is made there, as it is in Roumania and Turkey. But the Rose of Provins is a crimson, single flower, which is said, with some probability, to have been first brought from Palestine by the Crusaders; in short, it is a true Damask, and Pliny would have classed it as the 'Milesia,' not the 'Centifolia.' The 'Provence' Rose, on the contrary, is of a pure 'rose-colour,' and the special characteristic that has made it so important in Rose-history is that depth and solidity of its petalling which caused the  
Romans

Romans of old, and the French now, to call it the 'hundred-leaved.' A historian, therefore, who knew anything about Roses would probably at once reject the proposed theory.

After the Rose-feasts of the Emperors history has very little to record on the subject of Roses in gardens. The celebrated thirteenth-century poem, the 'Roman de la Rose' of Guillaume de Lorris, gives us little or no help, since a poet of any age or country may well represent himself as falling in love with a beautiful rose-bud, wild or cultivated though it be. The Wars of the Roses, named from the cognizances of the Houses of York and Lancaster, give something a little more tangible, showing that, at any rate, both white and red Roses were to be found in English pleasaunces. One wonders whether the famous York and Lancaster Rose was also then to be found there, under some other name. If so, it was admirably suited, as Mr. Foster-Melliard remarks, for any Vicar of Bray of the period, showing as it does both red and white as well as parti-coloured blooms on the same plant. This fine and hardy Damask Rose of 'sportive' tendencies has unhappily become rare in gardens now; partly, probably, from the common confusion of it by ladies with the much inferior 'Gallica' Roses, 'Rosa mundi' and 'Village Maid,' which are striped lilac and white. An Irish Member of Parliament once asked whether the Government would take steps to prevent the confusion of whiskey with an inferior liquid of the same name imported from Scotland. We wish that Rose-growers would prevent the confusion of the noble old 'York and Lancaster' with inferior Roses imported from France.

But after all possible gleanings have been made by the most industrious collector, it must be admitted that the history of Roses from the fourth century, or so, to the sixteenth, is very nearly a blank. They existed, of course, in gardens, in France and Italy and England, but they were not cultivated with any special attention or enthusiasm. The gap between their ancient and the modern culture curiously coincides with the convenient and popularly accepted division between 'ancient' and 'modern' history. The first fixed date which the National Rose Society trusts itself to give in its Catalogue for the introduction of a Rose to England is 1596; and this, again, is for our old friend, the Provence Rose, which other authorities state to have come to us, by way of the Netherlands, as early as 1567. In either case the modern history of Rose-growing synchronizes—perhaps a little tardily—with the revival of all other culture in the days of Elizabeth.

ART. VI.—*Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, 1890-93.*

IN all journeys there generally comes, sooner or later, a crisis—a point at which a wrong turning taken, or a lost opportunity of escape to firm ground missed, ends in inevitable disaster. To this point the course of history, varying in length from forty to eighty years, has brought those provident associations of British working men known under the comprehensive title of Friendly Societies. We refer, of course, to members of the classes or types in the system which had seeds of vitality in them and were intended to last; not to the weaker and more faulty members which have already disappeared from the registration lists, leaving their respective numbers blank. These have already fallen out of the ranks—the journey was too great for them. There are many survivors, also, that show evident marks of having wandered in the past from the narrow way of financial salvation. Such errors and mistakes have been in the main due to ignorance rather than wilfulness, and were committed in days when the right path was but ill-defined, actuarial light but dimly seen, and the protective science of vital statistics scarcely discovered.

Unless we are much mistaken, the time has come when any Friendly Society that contains evidences of vitality must without further delay adopt sound financial reforms, if it should ever look to reach firm ground and fulfil the promises held out to its members; whilst the comparatively few societies which have thoroughly adopted a 'forward policy' must not slacken the rate of progress, or fall into a 'rest and be thankful' attitude. It will be our endeavour to show [that there are good grounds for belief that the financial reform party in these institutions for the promotion of mutual thrift realize the position, and that the light of education in the first principles of efficient management has of late years been steadily increasing, and is now sufficiently strong to reveal to a growing body of members the dangers that threaten them, if warnings are neglected and measures for safety further delayed.

But before entering upon an examination of the financial position of mutual thrift associations, registered or non-registered, it will be necessary to enumerate, as briefly as possible, the principal types of such associations, to lay before the reader the growth or decline of recent years, and to record any features of importance and special interest.

For the purposes, then, of practical if somewhat rough classification, it may be said that the Friendly Societies' system embraces,



embraces, according to law, two main divisions,—namely, (1) societies which insure their members a sickness benefit as well as a small sum at death, and (2) those which offer no more than a sum at death. It is not our purpose on this occasion to deal with the latter of these two main divisions. We shall confine ourselves to the eight different types of associations which give sick pay as well as a funeral allowance: namely, the affiliated, the centralized, particular trade, ordinary or local, deposit, dividing, female, and juvenile. Naturally, there are some societies (not many) which, partaking of features belonging to two distinct types, serve as a connecting link between the one and the other; while it will be readily understood that under the female class are comprehended the affiliated as well as the ordinary type.

As is well known, to the affiliated or federated type belong societies with branches and branch funds. The latter part of this definition is important, because, as classified in Government blue books, certain societies are included in the affiliated class which have only what have been aptly termed 'shadow' branches—local offices that merely receive the contributions of members, in order to pass them on to one central fund. It would, therefore, seem better to rank such with the centralized class, seeing that in financial methods as well as in management they essentially differ from those thrift organizations which are familiar to the public as Oddfellows, Foresters, Shepherds, Druids, Rechabites, Free Gardeners, and the like. A further restriction is also necessary. The official blue books enumerate as many as 136 separate societies of the affiliated type, including in such enumeration some thirty and odd unities of Oddfellows alone. For all practical purposes, however, it will be sufficient to take the 36 and leave the 100. The greater number of these aspirants to high position and dignity in the Friendly Society world consist of either suspended branches of large unities, which, refusing to come into line with a general 'forward' policy, have cut themselves off from the parent body to which they were attached. The great majority of them are financially in low water; but a few are wealthy lodges, or courts, which, fearing they might be called upon to assist decaying branches with a portion of their surplus funds, decided to sever the fraternal bond.

Of the thirty and odd that can be said to be affiliated societies in truth as well as in name, the largest is the Ancient Order of Foresters, and the richest and second largest is the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows. The place taken and the room occupied by these great kindred societies are at once seen, when

when we find that their united adult numerical strength consists of 1,447,000 members out of a grand total of 2,383,000, or more than half the total membership of the whole class; while in worth of funds the two giants share between them no less than a sum of 13,865,000*l.* out of a grand total of 16,757,000*l.* Taken separately, the Foresters contribute a membership (of all classes) of 895,000 and an accumulated capital of 5,445,000*l.*, and the Oddfellows (inclusive of juveniles) 812,772 and a capital of 8,420,000*l.*

The continual steady growth of the affiliated class is at once apparent, if we compare the statistics of eight years ago (the first year for which the writer possesses complete returns) with the latest figures available. The increase during this period amounts to an addition of half a million of members and close upon five millions of funds,—an increase which is the more gratifying, as showing that, while numerical growth has been considerable (but not more than this in view of the concurrent growth of population), the financial outlook has been greatly improved, each insurer having, on the average, increased his share in the accumulated capital by 20*s.*, or from 6*l.* to 7*l.* per head.

Besides the Manchester Unity and the Foresters, three other societies have attained to a membership of three figures, ranging from 105,000 to 174,000—the United Order of Oddfellows, the Rechabites (a temperance Order), and the Loyal Order of Shepherds (federated Ashton and Wisbech Unities). Nor are the branches of the larger Orders confined to the limits of the mother country; they are to be found wherever English-speaking workmen congregate, whether amidst the snows of Canada, the depths of Central Africa, the islands of Australasia, or 'India's coral strand.' Indeed, the mother tongues (English or Welsh) are not sufficient for the propaganda of these great working-class institutions, the work of branches being carried on in the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Yiddish, and Finnish languages. And quite recently, we are given to understand, a deputation of German working men—Berliners—petitioned to be allowed to open a lodge of Oddfellows. But after making full allowances for colonial and foreign membership (the returns here are very imperfect), it may be confidently stated that the 'home' membership exceeds two millions, as contained in some 20,000 local branches, known as lodges, courts, (in the Order of Rechabites) tents, or (in the Order of Romans) senates, and possessing between them a capital of 15,000,000*l.* sterling.

It is noteworthy that Ireland furnishes but a very small quota,  
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and that in the main composed of Foresters. It is said that the green sashes—the ‘wearing o’ the green’—of this society have something to do with the comparative popularity of the Order. That these societies are ‘secret,’ opening and closing lodge or court meetings with peculiar ritual, of a masonic character, and using pass words and signs, is against them in a country of which more than three-fourths of the population are Roman Catholic. Two additional reasons have also been assigned, to account for the dearth of mutual thrift institutions in Ireland: one is the lack of sympathy or interest on the part of the wealthy and influential classes; and the other and probably more weighty reason is that the troubled state of the country is adverse to combination, and that the practice of individualistic hoarding of small savings is adopted as the securer method. It is certainly a little surprising that the operations of the [Roman] Catholic Benefit Society, modelled on the affiliated type, are confined to England, and that the society possesses the strongest membership in its Lincolnshire and Yorkshire branches. The institution is an old one, re-organized and placed on a sound financial footing largely through the influence of the late Cardinal Manning.

A fair proportion should be allowed for Scotland, where the most popular societies are the Shepherds and Free Gardeners; but the bulk of membership in the Orders is claimed by England and Wales. It is scarcely necessary to add that in the little Principality national feeling runs strongly, that the rules of branches are in the Welsh language; while Wales lays sole claim to be the birthplace of at least one remarkable body, that of the Philanthropic Order of True Ivorites (St. David’s Unity). This society is itself a noteworthy instance of the devotion of the people to their own language and historical traditions. The proceedings are not allowed to be carried on except in the Welsh tongue, and the name of the society should by rights have been written ‘Urdd Dyngarol y Gwin I Foriaio Undeb dervi Sant.’ The Order does not limit its operations to providing sound financial benefits, but binds its members—mostly miners—to ‘set on foot measures to foster in them the spirit of nationality, and to support the literature of their country, and the elevation of the Welsh as a people.’ It contains 20,000 members, possessing funds of over 101,000*l*.

A special sub-class of the affiliated type should not be passed by without a word of notice. We allude to the Temperance Orders, in which the recruiting ground for membership is restricted to total abstainers. The two great societies are the Rechabites and the Sons of Temperance, possessing between

them a numerical strength of 150,000 and a capital of 800,000*l*. The origin of this sub-class was doubtless the motive of self-protection, a desire to spare Friendly Society members who had taken the pledge the risk of temptations from attendance at public-house places of meeting to pay subscriptions.

It is perhaps necessary to state, in order to avoid misunderstandings, that while the bulk of members of the Orders are drawn from the ranks of skilled labour, supplemented by a small percentage of middle-class and professional lives, the agricultural labourer is by no means cut off from the advantages of making his thrift provision in some one of these societies, and so forced to content himself with the too often unfinancial village club. The fact is that agricultural labourers have, within the last twenty years, largely availed themselves of the spread of branches in rural districts. This is confirmed by several of the Assistant Labour Commissioners in their Reports on the agricultural labourer:—

‘It is satisfactory,’ writes Mr. Wilson Fox, ‘to be able to state that substantial benefit societies are very largely supported by agricultural labourers both in Suffolk, Norfolk, Cumberland, and Lancashire.’

‘The younger men . . . are insuring in the larger registered societies, the most widely patronised being the Prudential,\* Foresters, Free Gardeners, and Oddfellows.’ (Report of Mr. Roger Richards.)

‘In the south-west counties, old-established Friendly Societies, such as the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, appear to have drawn agricultural labourers in fairly large numbers.’ (Report of Mr. Rutherford for Scotland.)

And it is not a little remarkable that two such typical agricultural counties as Norfolk and Dorset should be relatively the best supporters of the Friendly Society system in England.

In consideration of the interest which is taken in the Railway group of Particular Trade Societies, which we shall presently glance at, special mention must be made of the sole affiliated Order of that group, the Locomotive Steam Enginemen and Firemen’s Friendly Society,—a first-class institution, which gathers its 11,000 members from one end of Great Britain to the other, possessing branches at all the large centres of population through which the several lines of railway communication run.

We pass in our rapid survey to the next great type of

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\* Mr. Richards is obviously under an error in classing the *Prudential* as in any way a friendly or benefit society.

working-class thrift; namely, the Centralized Society. Here the well-known Hearts of Oak, established by a few London workers in 1842, stands out supreme in numbers and in wealth. When the late Mr. Thomas Marshall was appointed Secretary in 1865, the number of members was 10,171, and the realized assets 35,414*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.* By his devotion to the laborious duties of his office he raised the Society to its well-deserved position as a leading working-class organization. Mr. Marshall died in 1891. The number of members has now risen to 200,000, and the reserve fund to 1,500,000*l.* The comparatively large sickness benefit (18*s.* weekly), and an average quarterly contribution of 10*s.*, restrict the Society, as a rule, to the ranks of skilled labour, tradesmen, and professional men. It is therefore not a little remarkable, as a further evidence of the improved economic status of agricultural labourers, that several of the Assistant Labour Commissioners, to whose Reports reference has already been made, mention the fact that, in the best paid districts of rural England, the Hearts of Oak is considerably patronised by them. We confess to a feeling of surprise that such is the case; but it is scarcely possible that the Commissioners should have been mistaken on the point. Among the other members of this group—not a large one—the National Patriots (London) and the Rational Sick and Burial Association (Manchester) may be singled out as well-known societies, the latter being one of the few permanent traces left of the work of Robert Owen, of New Lanark. The broad outlines of distinction between the affiliated and the centralized types of mutual insurance under the Friendly Societies' system are vividly drawn by Mr. Hardy:—

‘Two great schemes for the administration of provident organizations that depend upon the operation of the law of average are being worked out before our eyes. One, representing the principle of Federation, is being developed by the affiliated Orders; the other, involving the larger idea of a Republic, one and indivisible, is being evolved by such societies of which the Hearts of Oak is the grand type. The former, no doubt, affords considerable play to local feeling, and supplies a vent for local energies; the latter appeals to the broader instincts, rests upon a diffused and national support, and relies upon drawing from its wide electoral areas that talent that finds in large questions and profound interests its proper scope.’ (Page 28.)

Attached to this class is the sub-group of County and Semi-county Societies, in which the geographical area of membership is generally confined to a single county, or portion of county, such as Hundred or Union. Good old institutions are these—

a sort of half-way house between the national general type on the one side, and the affiliated with local branches on the other. Their day, however, is nearly over, even with the best of them; and save some exceptions, such as the Hampshire and Wiltshire Societies, among county, and the Stoke and Melford Union Association (1828) and the Aldham and United Parishes Insurance Society (1826), they do not add to their numerical strength. Indeed, with the exception of one or two County Societies, the sub-group has shown a much reduced membership to that of twenty years ago. It is only fair, however, to state that the larger of these societies are doing their best to meet modern requirements, by entering into an alliance with each other for the mutual transfer of members who have migrated from the areas covered by their respective societies.

There is no occasion to linger over the two great sub-groups of Particular Trade Societies, since both of them—the Railway Mutual Insurance Societies and the Miners' Permanent Relief Funds—have been recently brought before the public notice. But among organizations confined to this or that trade or profession, it is interesting to note two recent developments in the Medical Sick, Annuity, and Life Insurance Friendly Society (1884), and the Clergy Friendly Society (1882), the latter being a Church of England institution, following the early example of ministers of the Wesleyan and Unitarian bodies. The membership of the Medical Society, under the presidency of Mr. Ernest Hart, had risen, in 1891, to over 1,000, and the worth of funds to 40,500*l*. The growth of the Clerical Society, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has not been so rapid, the number of members being 200, and the reserve fund standing at 2,700*l*. Indeed, excellent as are the rules and sound as are the financial principles of this institution, it may be questioned whether it is desirable for the clergy to form a Friendly Society of their own, when we consider the good effect on management and finances which the appearance of the parson and his coadjutors would have, if they were enrolled as benefit members of some lodge or court or tent of Oddfellows, Foresters, or Rechabites. (To secure sufficient benefits, they could, of course, enter two societies.) And so strongly has this been felt, that several well-known clergymen have joined such associations of the working classes; a majority of the bishops have become honorary if not benefit members; the Bishop of London, for example, being a benefit member of the Order of Rechabites.

Local or Ordinary Societies must not keep us. Whether on a sound or unsound basis, whether meeting at the public-house or elsewhere,



elsewhere, they belong to the past; they do not fulfil the requirements of a day when the labourer has in a great measure ceased to spend the best part of his life in one locality. A working man now requires a mutual thrift institution which will go with him wherever he goes; hence his increasing tendency to join either a society of the affiliated or of the centralized type. This class includes the old village club, usually meeting at the public-house; a type which is dying out, leaving too often its older members with only parish pay to fall back upon.

Deposit Societies have been established under a special authorization from the Treasury to register under the Friendly Societies Acts. We do not question the usefulness of these associations, but they seem scarcely to come within the broad sweep of the Friendly Societies Act, combining, as they do, a member's individual deposit, or 'rest,' and a limited claim upon a common fund. Indeed, the founder of this ingenious method for saving, the late Hon. and Rev. Samuel Best, admits, in the preface to the code of rules of the original Society of Abbott's Arm (1831), that 'the mind in the outset must be divested of the idea of a common fund or club: the society is rather a savings bank than a club.' The old Surrey County Society was worked entirely on the deposit principle; in 1872 it was converted into the National Deposit Friendly Society, and has met with a qualified success.

Dividing Societies, or 'sharing out' clubs, only provide for current liabilities as they arise. At the end of each year, or short term of years, they dissolve and start afresh, minus any member whose increasing years have been found to bring with them correspondingly increasing claims upon the sick fund. Deaths are provided for by means of levies. This primitive type of mutual thrift, turning a blind eye on the future and its needs, builds up no store against the proverbial rainy day, and leaves its adherents to shift for themselves in the time of necessity. At the best, dividing (or miscalled tontine) clubs provide a rough means of enabling their members to share out, at regular intervals, accumulated subscriptions, and so furnish them with a sum sufficient to pay off old debts or purchase a few comforts, always supposing that the biggest portion is not spent in feasting and drinking. In such a way, this class fulfils a distinct want, especially among the ranks of unskilled urban and rural labour; and will continue to do so, until superseded by something better—by, for instance, People's Banks.

Coming to Female Societies, we have the beginnings of an interesting revival of a hundred years ago,—of the time when, as Sir F. Eden reminds us in his learned 'State of the Poor,'

Friendly

Friendly Societies for women were common all over the country in places of any size. The vast majority of these died out early in the present century. We have, however, a few interesting survivals—by no means always of the fittest—of the first quarter of the century. There still exists, for example, in the immediate neighbourhood of Nottingham, a local women's club which meets in the sanded parlour of the village inn, where the members, after paying in their subscriptions, take their pints and smoke their 'churchwardens.' More ambitious is the Reformed Order of Oddwomen, a lodge of which still exists, or did so till within the last few years, in the town of Wolverhampton. The objects of the society, apart from finances, are quaintly stated to be as follows:—

'The cultivation of friendship, the pleasures of good company, and the improvement of morals . . . for the attainment of which a number of individuals of the first respectability have formed themselves into a fraternity.'

Rule 2 has also an old-world savour about it:—

'Every Oddwoman cheerfully subscribes her art to enliven the meetings, as well as her money to defray the expenses of the lodge, and entertains as with a song, amuses as with a tale, or instructs with advice her sisters assembled.'

There is, besides, a moiety of women insured in a few societies of which the bulk of membership is male, but, as a rule, the percentage does not rise to more than from between 5 and 10 per cent. It is probable that from 30,000 to 40,000 would cover the total female members of Friendly Societies for the United Kingdom, and this estimate is inclusive of a small proportion of female Rechabites as well as Total Abstinent Daughters of Phoenix. The first open affiliated Order for women only was founded in 1885 by the Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson, then a Suffolk clergyman. It now has twenty-six courts or branches, and a membership of 1200. There are, besides, a Women's Church of England Temperance Benefit Society, and an Oxford Working Women's Society, the latter being largely based on a trade rather than a Friendly Society model, giving only sickness benefits of strictly limited duration.

This brings us to a brief outline of what can only be regarded as a new departure on the part of the male affiliated societies (with the partial exception of the Rechabites); namely, the opening their doors to female membership through the establishment of women's lodges and courts. At the eleventh hour the rights of women to a share of the advantages and principles of the Orders are being allowed. Doubtless, the pioneer work, example, and

and financial success of the United Sisters (Suffolk Unity) opened up the way and was provocative of emulation. It is no longer necessary to plead the thrift rights of women. The only question that remains is one of best method—whether it is advisable that the great male affiliated societies should admit female branches, or whether it is better that women should bind themselves together to form independent societies of their own, under their own management. The Foresters have already opened several female courts, and the Oddfellows of the Manchester Unity, with kindred societies, are prepared to follow in their steps. The case for separate societies for women is thus briefly put in the Report (1893) of the United Sisters, in which the Executive Committee state

‘that, although they acknowledge with great satisfaction the increased opportunities for thrift that are at length offered to women by the great male affiliated societies, they still feel confident that an independent Society, under the control of the women who are its members, is to be preferred. They do not underrate the strength due to large numbers and realized assets in the form of capital; but it must not be forgotten that these advantages are, in many cases, balanced by corresponding disadvantages; and that if women seek to strengthen their position by allying themselves with the great male orders, they must be prepared to bear also a share of the evil results of financial errors in the past. Further, there can be little doubt that the presence of a large percentage of women in a male Society, insured under the same actuarial tables based on male experience only [as in the Foresters], would quickly upset the calculations on which such tables had been drawn up. Consequently, if women join a male society, it should be through separate female branches, and under properly calculated (female) tables of contributions and benefits.’

There will be no question as to the need of benefit societies for females, when we turn over the pages of the last Census Report (Volume III.), giving the occupations of women. Besides that of domestic service, the number of occupations given in 1831 was 5; it is now 150 and over. In the domestic and industrial classes alone we have for England and Wales 3,600,000, while in several separate callings the women workers form a majority. Nor in the multitude should we overlook our two women thatchers.

We reach the end of our survey with a glance at the ‘nurseries’ of mutual thrift, first established, one here and another there, fifty years ago. It is only, however, within recent years that the importance of this branch has received the recognition and encouragement it deserved at the hands of the Friendly Societies’ leaders. Here the Foresters stand first, and

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are closely followed by the Temperance Orders and several Unities of Oddfellows, especially by the Manchester Unity and the United Order. Within ten years the juvenile membership of the Foresters has doubled, and it now stands at over 112,000 as contained in some 1500 juvenile courts of Great Britain; the annual rate of admission exceeds 20,000, and that of transference to adult courts 5,600. It is not difficult to predict with some certainty that, other things being equal, that society which pays the best attention to its 'nurseries,' as feeders to the adult body, is most likely to improve the quality of its members, and therefore of its position. This branch of mutual thrift is mostly confined to the affiliated orders, and some societies of the centralized type. That local societies have not risen to the occasion is another sign that they are behind the times, and are, almost without exception, making way for larger bodies.

Summing up 'all sorts and conditions' of societies, we get the following comparative table\* :—

	No. of Members.	Worth of Funds.
Affiliated Orders (with Branches) . . . . .	2,383,000	16,737,000
Other Societies . . . . .	1,820,000	5,958,000
	4,203,000	22,695,000

But save in the case of a small proportion of branches of the affiliated societies, these figures refer only to bodies which have registered, and there are still unregistered societies to be accounted for. It is difficult to estimate the latter with even approximate accuracy, seeing they are in reality private associations which do not take either the official authorities at Abingdon Street or the general public into their confidence. The Commissioners of 1874 thought the proportion of unregistered bodies was as large as that of registered. But this will scarcely, we imagine, be the case twenty years later. That period has severely tested the staying powers of societies, with the result that a large number of local unregistered clubs have been dissolved, owing to the 'box' being closed, and the younger members have been absorbed by larger and stronger bodies. Still, after due allowance has been made, we shall not be far wrong if we take it that 5,000,000 is not too high a figure to

\* Partly from summaries of returns issued from the Registry Office and partly from a compiled statement made by the writer from somewhat fuller information respecting affiliated societies.

cover the number (in England and Wales) of those persons who, as the Chief Registrar puts it in his evidence before the Labour Commissioners, are 'providing, by their own exertions, for sickness and a small sum for funeral expenses at death'; and that they possess, as capitalists, an accumulated wealth of not less than 25,000,000*l.* It would be deeply interesting to estimate the proportion which members of Friendly Societies bear to the total numbers of industrial workers—the army of labour—for England and Wales, but Mr. Giffen, the experienced head of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, can only help us with the shrewd guess that 'something like 7,000,000 might be taken as the industrial male population' (Evidence of Mr. Brabrook, p. 90). If this be the case, so thoroughly have the labour classes made use of mutual thrift organizations providing for the casualties of industrial life, that, in the language of the Chief Registrar, 'it would look as if there was really merely a kind of residuum left of those who are in uncertain work or otherwise, and are not able to insure in some shape or another' (Evidence, p. 91). This is most reassuring in the face of the statement made a few years ago by Canon Blackley, to the effect that 'in no country in the world are the people so improvident' (Collected Essays).

It is time to make a closer inspection of the growing body of mutual thrift; to indicate its strength and its weaknesses. In this necessary task our labours are lightened by the valedictory official Report of the ex-Chief Registrar, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, C.B., for 1890, as supplemented by three subsequent Reports of his successor, Mr. Brabrook, and brought up to date in the evidence given by these Friendly Society officials before the Labour Commission. Mr. Ludlow takes a retrospect of the work of the Registry Office to the date of his appointment, a period covering the fifteen years during which the Friendly Societies Acts (1875–76) had been in operation. It is scarcely an exaggeration to affirm that, with one or two exceptions, the first great division of our Friendly Society system owes its present improved and improving financial position to the valuation clause of the Act of 1875, which was the outcome of the recommendations of the Royal Commission, always referred to by members of Friendly Societies as 'Sir Stafford's,' in recognition of the invaluable services rendered by its chairman, the late Lord Idlesleigh.

One feature is lacking in this able retrospect,—the large part played by Mr. Ludlow himself: first, as Secretary to the Commission, whose recommendations were extensively embodied

embodied in the Act, and as draughtsman of the Act itself; and secondly, for fifteen years as the head of the Government office whose duty it was to guard the privileges and enforce the obligations of all societies registered under the Act. Owing to the vexations sometimes attending registration, and the friction engendered by clashing interests, it may be questioned whether the rank and file of members have thoroughly appreciated the labours of the ex-Chief Registrar; though undoubtedly they have been quick to discover the true value of his outspoken defence of the right to manage their own affairs, untrammelled by undue State interference; the energy with which he was ever wont to break a spear with the many advocates of schemes of compulsory State Insurance, whether covering sick benefits or confined to a pension for old age; and his keen sense of the difficulties which beset the path of the 'forward' party. The last, with his Honour Judge Hughes, of the little band of 'Christian Socialists,' the ex-Chief Registrar carried with him into his well-earned retirement the good wishes of millions of his toiling fellow-countrymen, whose great associations of mutual providence and co-operation he had done so much to strengthen and consolidate. Further, it is a pleasing task, in the face of unqualified statements which are always finding their way into public print, of wholesale accusations of insolvency and mismanagement, to put on record, on Mr. Ludlow's unimpeachable authority:

'That within the pale of registration the effect of the Act of 1875 . . . has been good as respects all classes of registered societies, cannot be doubted. The Chief Registrar has before this had occasion to observe, from the testimony of the officers who examine them, in how much better form returns come in. The same observation applies to rules, amendments of rules, and other documents sent for registry. . . . Correct principles are slowly making their way as respects contributions and benefits.' (Report, 1890, p. 22.)

It will, however, be more convenient before proceeding further to enquire into finances, to avail ourselves of a comprehensive Parliamentary Return recently moved for by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. This is a document which, while embodied in the Chief Registrar's Report for 1891, has received but little public notice, though it contains, in briefest possible form, materials for arriving at a correct judgment of the Friendly Societies' position. Its preparation occupied the staff of the Registry Office for six months. To leave it embedded in a blue book which, we fear, is as a 'sealed book' to the many, is an ungrateful reward for the thoughtfulness of the mover and the time and pains of the servants of the

Crown



Crown who compiled it. It must, however, in fairness be admitted that it is necessary to be able to read between the lines, or rather figures, before attempting to analyse its contents or estimate the precise bearing of its conclusions.

The return divides societies into three heads, with only two of which we have to deal at present; namely, with the affiliated orders and with independent societies (including all classes, except that of the orders). The comparative statement gives the totals of societies, members, and funds; the results of the latest valuations to hand, and the percentage of defaulters to their legal obligations to make annual and quinquennial returns. The number of societies on the register for England and Wales which give a sickness benefit as well as a small sum at death, is 26,826; the number of members in these societies, 3,861,519; and the accumulated capital, 21,410,000*l*.

Let us first take note of the defaulters in the matter of annual returns or financial balance sheets. This obligation is not of the prime importance of the quinquennial valuation returns, still it is a requisite of honest management and a necessity to sound finance. Consequently, it is somewhat alarming to find that about 10,000, say 45 per cent., have neglected this obligation as registered bodies. Some comfort, however, may at once be obtained on reading the following foot-note of the Chief Registrar: 'These figures assume that every society or branch registered shall make an annual return; and include many which have ceased to exist, but have not sent notice of dissolution to the Registrar.' It may with truth be said that this is a mild way of putting the case. The register itself is between 50 and 60 years old, and, as there exists no machinery for supplying the Registry Office from time to time with a list of 'unrecorded dissolutions,' the register is a strange combination of the living and the dead. It is at once evident, that to affirm that 45 per cent. of registered Friendly Societies do not make annual returns is an unfair statement. The question that must first be answered is, What is the actual proportion of those societies still on the register that have ceased to do business and have closed their doors? Mr. Ludlow estimates 20 per cent. Considering, however, the antiquity of the unrevised register and the number of old local societies which must have been on it at the beginning, we are inclined, after enquiry at certain centres, to put the estimate far higher, and to expect that quite three-fourths of the older societies (mainly 'independent') should be included in the number of 'unrecorded dissolutions.' As regards the Orders, the Chief Registrar affirms that they are 'earnestly  
setting

setting themselves to remedy any latent defects in their organization.'

A more serious defect is revealed under the application of the valuation test which has been twice applied and the results made public (1880-1, 1885-6), while the statistics contained in Mr. Chamberlain's valuable return considerably forestall the figures of the third valuation now being issued.

	Total No. of Valua- tions.	No. showing		Surplus.	Deficiency.
		Surplus.	Deficiency.		
Societies with Branches .	11,242	2,281	8,961	£ 874,679	£ 6,716,838
Independent Societies .	3,717	827	2,890	658,252	3,901,435
	14,959	3,108	11,851	1,532,931	10,618,273

That no more than half of the total number of societies on the official register have made valuation returns of assets and liabilities is largely accounted for, not only by considerations which affected the annual returns, but also because a number of societies are, by the nature of their constitution, relieved from the obligation. Indeed, their financial methods either do not imperatively demand, as in the case of juvenile societies, or render possible, as in the case of the Stroud Conservative Working Men's Benefit Association (with kindred societies) and the Deposit system, an application of the valuation test. Valuation is also beside the question with reference to valuing and sharing-out clubs.

We may take it therefore that, with the exception of a strictly limited number with which the Registry Office has the powers and capacity to deal, those societies upon which valuation is incumbent have complied with legal requirements. In other words, the Valuation clause of the Act of 1875 has proved to be of paramount importance in enabling societies to take the bearings of their financial position, and to adopt measures which will carry them further from a dangerously near lee shore and imminent shipwreck.

Nearly 15,000 societies (inclusive of branches) show under valuation a total deficiency of assets compared with liabilities of no less than 10,500,000*l.*, as against a surplus of only 1,500,000*l.* It will be our duty, instead of indulging in strong but profitless language and an indiscriminate application of the epithets of 'insolvent' and 'rotten,' to endeavour to clearly understand what

what this means. It does not mean, for example, that when 11,851 societies (of which nearly 9,000 are branches) show a *net* deficiency of 9,000,000*l.*, that this vast sum is missing or that the *funds* are deficient to that amount. It is not always remembered that, undoubtedly serious as is the position revealed, the deficit is not a 'commercial' one; that is to say, it is not a bad debt owing under contracts by societies to their respective members, the payment of which is already overdue. The true nature of valuation has often been explained, but in view of the grave issues involved a restatement of its broad characteristics would seem to be essential. The gross deficiency of over ten millions is only an estimate—no doubt a fairly accurate estimate, if the *status quo* continues—but not an accomplished fact. The valuer may be said to close the doors of a society during inspection of finances and to shut out all considerations arising from possible future members. He deals only with existing members, data, and finances, as furnished him by the secretary of the society in a prescribed form. But he includes in his calculations not only realized but prospective assets; *i.e.* not only capital or funds in hand, but the present value of the future subscriptions of existing members down to the very last payment made by the last surviving member, which is set against the present value of the future liabilities which existing members will bring. Besides, then, the realized assets or funds, we have to take into consideration sickness and funeral contracts which will extend over a period of fifty years and more. Two examples will illustrate the process of valuation. Let us first take the case of the Foresters, a society which contributes to the general total a gross deficiency of 2,356,000*l.* in assets as compared with liabilities, the total assets being 15,396,000*l.*, while the liabilities stand at 17,752,000*l.* But of the total assets of the Order we find that no less a sum than 9,373,000*l.* set down as prospective assets in the form of contributions *to be received*. Again, turning to the valuation of another large society, the Ashton Unity of Shepherds, there is a deficiency discovered of 573,000*l.* in the total assets of 1,780,000*l.*, but of this latter sum only 276,000*l.* consists of realized assets or capital, the remaining 1,493,000*l.* (less 10,000*l.*) being made up by the present value of future subscriptions. It should be noted that the 'present value' includes a presumable continuance of earning powers of capital, at the rate of at least a clear 3 per cent., while sometimes 3½ per cent. is expected.

The two Orders of Oddfellows (Manchester Unity) and of Foresters, though unquestionably the financial leaders in their class,

class, share between them, largely owing to their great numerical strength, quite half of the total deficiencies set down to the whole class; yet though in the former society the deficit amounts to 764,000*l.*, reduced five years later (1890-91) to 631,000*l.*, the Order as a whole possessed, at the date of the valuation included in the Return, a capital of 5,167,000*l.*, while the present value of all future contributions to be paid by the members and received by the society is estimated at no less a sum than 9,884,000*l.* In other words, in the Manchester Unity, the pioneer of sound finance, the proportion of assets to liabilities was 95·1 per cent., improved in the recently issued valuation to the extent of 1·3 per cent. of the liabilities. Relatively, according to size, the most unfinancial bodies, among the Orders, are the smaller societies, as would be expected, these having a less enlightened and efficient management, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, possessing a body of members not so well educated in matters of finance, not so qualified to appreciate the true value of the modern science of vital statistics and the principles of periodical stock-taking or valuation. Indeed, a well-known Friendly Society valuer tells a tale, that on a certain society being reminded by the Registry Office that its valuation return was already overdue, the committee forthwith, after consultation with the members, determined to call in the aid of an eminent firm of *auctioneers* and *valuers* in the town; and the firm, not willing to lose business, but knowing that they could not themselves undertake it, sent the papers to the valuer who tells the tale, pocketing the middleman's profits. The smaller bodies of the affiliated type may be said to be solvent to the amount of from 15*s.* 6*d.* in the pound down to so low a financial condition as 10*s.* 3*d.* in the pound, showing, in one notable instance, a deficiency of 15*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* per member, or of 180,000*l.* in a society of less than 12,000 members. So far we have confined our attention to the affiliated class, in which it must be borne in mind that the larger portion of the surplus, contributed by lodges and courts that are actuarially solvent, is not available as an offset against the deficiency, contributed by branches which are not actuarially solvent. The surplus is distributed among two thousand and odd branches, and is the property of these branches.

As regards the finances of the 'independent' class, showing a gross deficiency of close on four millions, by far the greater share must be set down to members of the centralized group, Miners' Relief and Railway Societies. The Hearts of Oak forms a bright exception, possessing an ample surplus, which, however,

however, should be regarded as a necessary reserve in the face of growing liabilities. Five other societies of this group contribute between them no less than 575,000*l.* to the total estimated actuarial deficiency, while eighteen Miners' Permanent Relief Funds contribute another 175,000*l.* (according to latest returns, 1890-91, furnished to the writer by the courtesy of the Statistical Department of the Registry Office), and railway societies a further half a million.

Before indicating the remedies and their application, a word or two will be necessary with respect to causes. The subject covers such wide ground, that the only way in which we can hope to reduce it to our limits is to summarize the main causes which are generally operative. In so doing we shall utilize the valuable matter to be found in the official reports from which we have frequently had occasion to quote, and the observations of distinguished Friendly Society actuaries and valuers, as Mr. Ralph Hardy, Mr. R. Watson (Manchester Unity), Mr. Neison, and others, as well as additional information which has recently been brought under our own notice. Several minor causes, though of importance, must be left unnoticed. Without, therefore, attempting an exhaustive treatment of the subject, we should be inclined to attach prime importance to the following causes of the present unsatisfactory condition, speaking generally, of Friendly Society finance:—

- (1) Inadequacy of existing contributions or subscriptions of members to meet the benefits promised;
- (2) Insufficiency of earning powers of capital;
- (3) Lack of efficient protection and safeguarding of sick funds;
- (4) Habit of societies to go beyond the terms of sickness contracts, and in practice to give unsubscribed for old-age pensions, 'under colour' of continuous or permanent sick pay, to aged members.

(1) Not only are many members charged an inadequate uniform contribution whether they enter a society at 18 or 35, but many of the graduated tables of contribution in use are themselves drawn up on an inadequate scale. The standard minimum average tables that can be used with safety may be said to be the famous tables of the late Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, based on the sickness and mortality experience of the Manchester Unity, or the 'Foresters' Leicester' tables, calculated by Mr. Neison on the experience of the Ancient Order of Foresters, or, for Temperance Societies, the 'Neison' tables, based on the experience of the Rechabites. A uniform scale must

must at once be set aside, as unscientific and unjust; under such, if a sufficiently high contribution was fixed, a member joining at an early age would throughout life be overcharged, while a member joining later in life, say between 30 and 40, would be undercharged. But, as a matter of fact, the usual uniform scale is fixed at an annual payment only sufficient to provide for the liabilities the young members bring to a society, leaving little or nothing over to go towards making up the deficiencies of the older members. The first essential in Friendly Society finance is that every member should bring his due and proper share to the common fund. The one exception to the inadequacy and injustice, in operation, of a uniform scale at all ages of entry, would appear to be that of the Hearts of Oak. This exception, however, is more apparent than real, seeing that the age limit of candidates for membership is greatly restricted, no member being admitted who is not under 30 years of age; and even in this instance the Society owes its present prosperity and sound position to an increased contribution which Mr. Hardy recommended some years ago, and the late Secretary, Mr. Marshall, succeeded in persuading the general body of management to accept. Besides, Mr. Hardy has himself admitted that 'he had no objection to a man of 18 paying the assessed risk of a man of 30' ('Enquiry,' p. 69). The vast majority of societies have seen the evil of a uniform rate, and have endeavoured, but with only partial success, to give it up in favour of a scale graduated, according to the liabilities brought to a society at each age of entry.

Unfortunately, such improved scientific tables have only been made compulsory as regards new members; they are prospective, not retrospective. This partial treatment of a recognized ill has made matters rather worse than better. It will at once be seen that, if new members only contribute their proper share to the common liabilities, and the old members continue an insufficient contribution, it is like the putting of new cloth to an old garment. As the age of the old members increases and brings increased liabilities on the society, the time will come when they will have exhausted their own shares in the common fund, and will begin to draw sick pay from the shares of the younger members, which shares, instead of accumulating and fructifying at compound interest in order that a store may be laid by for *their* increased years, will be eaten into and become wholly insufficient. That these *younger* members have been charged adequate contributions will not save the society, unless they are placed in a separate fund which cannot be got at by the older members. Further, there



there are graduated and graduated scales. 'I have not the least hesitation,' writes Mr. James Barnes, a well-known Forester and compiler of the 'Statement of the Valuations' of the Order, 'in assuming that out of over 600,000 members, not more than 100,000 are paying graduated contributions in accordance with the scales of the General Laws.' And if this is the case with one of the two financial leaders, we may be sure that other societies are in no better condition. The Manchester Unity, benefiting by the labours of their late actuary, Mr. Ratcliffe, and of his successor, Mr. Reuben Watson, would appear to be almost the only Order in which adequate graduated tables, for average liabilities, obtain throughout its length and breadth, for all members and in all branches. But even here, as if to show that perfection is still an ideal to make for, that there is no resting-place in reforms, hazardous occupations are not, as a rule, provided for. Tables have been drawn to protect the Society against the extra claims brought by miners, but they are not obligatory on lodges.

'It has been found,' writes Mr. Watson, 'that in mining localities, and in the neighbourhood of quarries, and where the great ironwork industries are most extensive, deficiencies were most serious; and even, although it must be admitted . . . that the ordinary tables have been adopted, . . . it is found that the contributions of these tables are utterly inadequate for the greater liabilities of such occupations.' (Page 120.)

These considerations are of the greater importance because of the rural exodus of recent years, the agricultural labourers having in large numbers migrated to mining districts. The Census of 1891 shows that 118,000 men and boys now working in or about mines were working elsewhere in 1881. Any one of these men (to omit the boys), if he was insured previous to his migration, has increased 'the liabilities which on his account the Friendly Society has undertaken.' The greater risks must be provided for, or the only alternative adopted; namely, to decline to receive them. And this has been done by the Hearts of Oak, the management of which society has recently passed a new rule, or rather restored an old one, excluding for the future all miners, though this decision will not affect the 5,000 who have joined during the past five years (the period in which mining was not an excluded trade).

(2) Insufficiency of earning powers of capital is another very general cause of deficiencies. When it is borne in mind that Friendly Society actuarial tables are based on an expected realization of a current 3 per cent. compound interest, some of them on an expectation of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., it is manifest that when

the invested funds of a society or branch fall below such rates, the tables will not carry the benefits insured under them. This danger has long been recognized in the Manchester Unity, the Foresters, and some other societies of the affiliated class, as well as in the larger number of general societies, and means have been adopted to secure a sufficiently high and at the same time safe rate of interest. But in too many cases this is not the case with branch funds. And useful as they are in so many ways, it is unquestionably true that Savings Banks, with their  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., are so many pitfalls into which the management of lodges and courts fall. The investment is so easy to make, and so safe (in Post Office Savings Banks) when made, that there is a growing disinclination to take the money out, when it has become sufficiently large to be earning a higher rate of interest. A simple instance will show the true value of interest, a factor in good management too often overlooked. If 100*l.* be invested for fifty years at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. compound rate of interest, at the close of the period it would have grown to 343*l.*; but if invested at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., the 100*l.* would have become 558*l.* During the past nineteen years the Manchester Unity has received in interest on capital 3,849,000*l.*

(3) Lack of protection of funds means the felt presence of the insidious disease of 'malingering.' Here local societies, and branches of the Orders—only another form of local society—possess the inestimable advantage of being able to supervise and safeguard sickness claims on the spot. With centralized or general societies it is different. This is seen in the above-average sick claims of the Hearts of Oak, but more especially in those of the Rational Sick and Burial Association, in which society the valuer found that the aggregate duration of the sickness of members under valuation had exceeded the 'expectation' of the Foresters' tables by 92,000 weeks, or 31 per cent., and of the Ratcliffe tables by 114,000 weeks, or 41 per cent. No doubt bad trade and a growing difficulty of obtaining regular wages have had something to do with what would seem to be nothing less than 'malingering.'

(4) That Friendly Societies are in the habit of going outside their sickness contracts may be news to some of our readers. It has been so frequently asserted that Friendly Societies do not sufficiently provide for the old age of their members, that it sounds strange to say that one of the great causes of their present unsatisfactory financial position is owing to their having provided for what are really old-age disabilities, which are outside their original purpose and object, except in the case of a few semi-county societies.

Friendly

Friendly Societies were intended to supply the losses of wages incurred by their members during sickness *in the working period of life*; whenever under existing sickness contracts they go beyond this, they distinctly go outside the terms of such contracts, and, in the form of 'continuous' or 'reduced' sick pay, confer pensions on their older members towards which those members have never contributed.

'Natural decay' has been decided (under the rules of a society whose proceedings were before the Court), in a recent judgment of the Divisional Court of Queen's Bench, not to be included in the term 'sickness.' As we have explained elsewhere :—

'It is easy to understand how this has happened. When the period of loss of wages arising from the disability of old age and worn-out working powers arrives, the Society's doctor in many cases feels compelled to stretch a point and, rules notwithstanding, judges cases brought to his notice by the heart rather than the head, lest the old folk become altogether destitute and fall on the poor-rate. The cause of humanity triumphs, but the outraged science of vital statistics avenges itself upon the Society as a whole, and deficiency upon deficiency is quickly piled up.'\*

The remedies themselves are not difficult to lay down; the difficulty begins when the bulk of members are asked to apply and enforce them :—

'Nothing is more elastic than the contract made by a Friendly Society with its members, no error more easy of remedy, if found out in time, than one existing in the original terms of such a contract.' (Introduction to W. Tidd Pratt's 'Laws of Friendly Societies,' by W. E. Brabrook.)

An obstacle in the way of readjustment of contracts has also been removed by a recent judgment of the Queen's Bench Division. Most unfortunately for many years past Mr. Ludlow had accepted and acted upon the opinion of the late Lord Selborne (then Sir Roundell Palmer), who held

'that altered rules will be binding upon the members admitted before the new rules were made, except as to any relief or other benefit from the funds of the society of which any member may then be in actual receipt, or entitled to actual receipt under existing rules.'

\* We quote a few samples from the Fifth Quinquennial Valuation Report of the Actuary of the Manchester Unity concerning certain districts of the Order :—

- (a) Fearful increase of deficiency, partly from reduced interest, but mainly from indiscriminate pensioning.
- (b) Allowing sick benefits to take the pension form brings serious deficiency.
- (c) The Lodges seem to try to convince themselves that decrepitude in any form may have permanent allowances as sick pay. Such impressions must prove fatal to any Friendly Society.'

This meant that when a member was in receipt of sick pay at a given rate, the rate could not be altered so long as he was in receipt of the same, though it is the fundamental principle in all Friendly Societies that members when they join are bound by subsequently amended rules. The contracts are mutual, and may be amended if found to militate against the general well-being of the members, as a whole, and to endanger the stability of the society. If it were not so, as we have shown, a comparatively few of the older members, who all their Friendly Society lives had been paying too little for the benefits assured to them, who had been for years eating up the portions of other and younger members, might so continue to draw upon the funds until they brought the society, or branch, to dissolution, and had not only thrown themselves out of benefit, but brought down the same fate upon all other members.

The first and foremost remedy, therefore, is the immediate readjustment of all faulty contracts, made, many of them, in ignorance of actuarial principles (and extending over a period of from 30 to 50 years and more), and the obligation of all members to pay adequate contributions for benefits insured. We have already alluded to the improved opinion on this vital question which has been manifesting itself on boards of management and among the more intelligent and more enlightened members; but, as is natural, either a general increase of contributions or a diminution of benefits,\* or (in some cases) the application for a time of both these alternatives, does not easily commend itself to the bulk of members, and undoubtedly falls hardly upon members from, say, agricultural districts, who feel unable out of their present earnings to set aside even an additional 1*d.* or 2*d.* per month to the old contributions they have paid with so much difficulty. And unfortunately there is an opinion coming up among a certain section of the Friendly Society officers and members of boards of management that, after all, valuation is a scientific theory, a sign-post the warning directions on which may be safely neglected. What is the need (so argue these men) of going on building up reserves—tens, hundreds of thousands, millions—for those that come after us? It is quite time that we ourselves had increased benefits out

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\* How effectively a diminution of benefits will sometimes make for solvency, we might instance the recent example of the London United District of the Foresters. At a meeting of delegates held in January last, after years of steady educational work on the part of the reformers, who were ably seconded by the valuer, Mr. Blossom (Sheffield), it was resolved to discontinue an extra 2*l.* funeral benefit which had been added twenty-five years ago, with the result that in a moment 93,000*l.* was struck off from the heavy actuarial deficiency of the District Funeral Fund

of our own money; we are still putting money by. It all comes from a disregard of future liabilities which should be met by the contributions of the individual members who create these liabilities. And the younger generation of working men are becoming alive to the fact that, if they join a society in which the present members do not contribute their full quota to the funds, their own contributions will have to be used to supply the deficiencies; in other words, that the younger will be paying for the older, and that if, as is extremely likely, 'new blood' does not continue to flow in, they will be deprived of the benefits they have insured for. The society will be in the position of a man who, having to pay 100*l.* at the end of, say, ten years, himself only provides for that payment by saving 5*l.* per annum. In this rough illustration we have omitted the question of interest, but in principle it correctly sets forth the position. It is not the healthy young man who will be robbed, but the aging and aged man, since he will have become the latter before he finds it out; and then it will be too late for him to make another insurance.

It is evident that, if all members are to be insured under adequate tables, each society should be careful to record and tabulate its own sickness and mortality experience. The best standard average tables may by no means cover, without readjustment, the actual liabilities of a special society. For example, it has been abundantly proved that the 'Ratcliffe Tables' do not suit agricultural districts. In this connection, it is much to be wished that the new Government tables, based on the extensive and varied returns of sickness and mortality on which Mr. Sutton, the Actuary attached to the Registry Office, has been for many years engaged, may shortly be issued.

But the best possible tables will be vitiated unless the management is efficient and greater care is taken to safeguard the sick fund.

The best safeguard, the remedy without which all other remedies will be of little avail, is that senile decay, old-age disability, shall be no longer treated as a sick claim, but shall be separately provided for. Both the Foresters and the Manchester Unity have seen this, and the executive of the former society approached the Manchester Unity directorate with a view to all sickness contracts of future entrants ending at 65 years of age, after which any further insurance must be regarded as superannuation or old-age pension. The slight increase in contributions should not by itself be sufficient to deter members from joining.

'Supposing

'Supposing a person joined the society at the age of 20, it would cost him 18s. 11½d. a year to pay for sick benefits throughout the whole of his life. But supposing the member desired to have sick benefits till he was 65, and after that 5s. a week for the rest of his life: in that case he would require to pay 21s. 10½d. a year, or 2s. 11d. more than it would cost him for sick benefits only. Was there any one who could say that a pension of 5s. a week was thus outside the reach of a young man of 20?' (Address on Old Age Pensions by Mr. Ballan Stead, Secretary of the Foresters.)

Even at 25 years of age the payment would be only 25s. 7d. per annum. Another great advantage to the member would be that he could receive his pension regularly, and there would be an end of any unpleasantness as to whether he was suffering from specific sickness or only natural decay, besides allowing him the freedom to work, if able and inclined to do so. And if he insured under a scale in which the extras added to his premiums on account of old age could be returned if he died before attaining the pension age, his last scruple would be removed. Further, as all contributions would cease after 65 years of age, he would be relieved of having to find the money for such at a time when his full earning powers were over or would soon be so.

It is not likely, however, that this imperative financial reform will be unanimously agreed upon by the societies themselves, so that one and all should introduce it at a given date. The better way, we are of opinion, would be to introduce a new clause into the Friendly Societies Act of 1875, to the effect that sickness contracts shall not run beyond 60 or 65 years of age, and that the remainder of life must be otherwise provided for.

It is only fair and just to acknowledge the services of a little band of financial reformers, who for some years past have been instant in season and out, pressing reforms upon the body of members. And among this band, all too small for the work, the recent loss of Mr. C. J. Radley, a Past High Court Ranger of the Foresters, has been severely felt. The late Mr. Radley left no stone unturned if only he might improve the financial position of his society; and with him we would name, as advocating 'advance' with unwearied zeal, though often preached to ears that will not hear, Mr. Reuben Watson, the veteran Actuary of the Manchester Unity, Mr. Ballan Stead, the permanent Secretary of the Foresters, Mr. Cleveland, Secretary of the National Oddfellows, Mr. Richardson Campbell, Scribe of the Rechabites, Mr. Boyd, Secretary of the Rationalists, and others. One great result of this good work has been that the principal societies have taken in hand decaying branches, and made it obligatory



obligatory upon them, with assistance from specially raised central funds, to improve their financial position up to a given minimum rate of solvency.

With a zealous band of financial reformers at work, with unmistakable signs that secretaries of societies and of branches have a much firmer grasp of the existing situation and its imminent dangers than was the case ten or even five years ago, with a growing feeling among the more enlightened members that things are not altogether as they should be, might not the Government department at Abingdon Street do a little more than has been done in the past to assist the 'forward' movement? We must not be understood to mean increased interference on the part of the State with the management by Friendly Societies of their own affairs. Neither Mr. Ludlow nor the present Chief Registrar ask for additional legal powers over societies. The real question is, whether the Registry Office is at all adequately furnished by the Treasury with the means of efficiently carrying out the duties and the powers which the office already possesses. It has, with the aid of the assistant offices for Scotland and Ireland, to receive, return for correction, tabulate, publish an abstract of and report upon, all returns, whether annual or quinquennial, to register all rules and amendments of rules, to listen to complaints of members or depositors, and to exhort, admonish, and enforce legal obligations with reference to fourteen classes of societies or institutions; including not only Friendly Societies, but also Co-operative, Trade, and Building Societies, besides Trustee and Post Office Savings Banks. The grand totals show a superintendence over 17,717,000 members or depositors, or rather over the capital of 240,296,000*l.* which these millions of the population have invested in the various thrift and protective institutions. And the vast bulk of the work has to be undertaken by the Chief Registrar his Assistant for England, the Actuary, the Chief Clerk, and a staff of some dozen clerks and writers, at the cost to the national exchequer of a few thousands annually. Well may Mr. Brabrook report that the 'means at the disposal of the Office for enforcing the law are not large'; and to put these means into operation the consent and support of the Treasury are as often as not required. Indeed, the allegiance of the Office appears to be divided between the Treasury and the Home Secretary, while the jurisdiction of the Chief Registrar in Savings Banks' disputes is unchecked in any way. In these circumstances, there is something to be said in support of the expression of opinion as given in the concluding paragraph of his valedictory Report:—

'This

'This divided and in many respects uncertain allegiance will surely have to be put an end to sooner or later, and the Registry Office either annexed as a whole to some other great department, or placed under some special Minister, or finally itself develope into an additional great department of State.'

But we confess to having fears lest any further departure in the direction of Government interference or superintendence might be misunderstood, and be calculated to discourage rather than to encourage the free play of individualism and the steady flow of voluntary effort to which the Reports issued from Abingdon Street bear such eloquent testimony. Meanwhile, as originally recommended by the Commissioners of Friendly Societies, the appointment of assistant registrars for each county would tend to relieve the existing extreme centralization and pressure of business. To utilize County Councils in this matter would only be returning, in an improved form, to the system of local registration which existed throughout the country prior to the Act of 1829.

Much still remains unsaid, many topics of interest have not been so much as touched upon, but our space has already run out, and we bring our rough but, we venture to hope, not unprofitable survey of the Friendly Society system to a close with an enforcement of the situation. It is one of danger as well as one of safety, one of warning as well as one of hope. The sign-post of Valuation, standing at the place where the path divides, points unmistakably to the upward road leading to the firm ground of financial stability, and to refuse or to delay to take that road must inevitably end, sooner or later—and in many cases sooner rather than later—in an overwhelming flood of dissolution.

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ART. VII.—1. *Geschichte des Burlesken*. Von F. Flügel. Leipzig, 1794.

2. *Book of Ballads*. By Bon Gaultier. Edinburgh, 1857.

3. *La Parodie*. Par Octave Delepierre. London, 1870.

4. *Condensed Novels*. By Bret Harte. London, 1873.

5. *Le Virgile Travesti*. Par Paul Scarron. Paris, 1876.

6. *Burlesques*. By W. M. Thackeray. London, 1879.

7. *The Heptalogia, or the Seven against Sense*. London, 1880.

8. *Humorous Poetry of the English Language*. By J. Parton. Boston, 1881.

9. *Verses and Fly Leaves*. By Charles Stuart Calverley. London, 1885.

10. *Das Buch deutschen Parodien*. Von B. Funck. Regensburg, 1885.

11. *Flügel's Geschichte des Grotesk-Komischen*. Von F. Ebeling. Leipzig, 1887.

12. *Carols of Cockayne*. By Henry S. Leigh. London, 1888.

13. *Collections of Parodies*. By Walter Hamilton. London, 1889.

14. *Rejected Addresses*. By Horace and James Smith. London, 1890.

IN that vast magazine of Science and Literature known as the 'Allgemeine Encyclopädie' of Ersch and Gruber, begun in Leipzig in the year 1818, and advanced in 1894 no further than the letter P, may be found some half-a-dozen large quarto pages on the subject of ancient parody. Therefore there is happily no occasion to compare in this paper the respective merits of Pott and Benfey, to determine whether the word parody be derived from *παρῶ*, to speak, or from *πείρω*, to know, to decide whether it was invented by Hipponax or Hegemon, to measure its distance of meaning from the *parode* of the Greek chorus, to declare how far it is present in the 'Batrachomyomachia' and in the Aristophanic versions of Euripides, nor to introduce the stock quotation about the impecuniosity of Plato to be found in that most evil-speaking book which is inscribed Σάλλος written in the hundred and twenty-fifth Olympiad by the bitter Timon.

But we may fairly inquire into the meaning of parody in our own language, a subject which has provoked no little discussion. The word occurs in the 'Troilus and Cressid' of Chaucer, where modern editions read 'jeopardy,' but Tyrwhitt supports the old reading by including it in his 'Words and Phrases not understood.' There it seems to signify episode or digression, which is clearly

clearly not its present meaning. It has been distinguished from burlesque, by an assertion that the former is an imitation of the matter, the latter of the manner of a particular book or set of books, and the one confines itself to the subject while the other attacks only the style. It is, we are told, distinct from travesty, which is an adaptation of mean language to a noble subject, while parody treats a base subject in pompous style. According to this view, Scarron's 'Virgile' is properly called a travesty, and the term parody fitly applied to the 'Splendid Shilling' or the 'City Shower.' Another definition of these words tells us that travesty preserves the substance of the work assailed, under a different form, while parody preserves the same form with a different substance. Comparing this with what has been said of parody and burlesque, we find parody nearly approaching travesty in matter, and in manner burlesque. We are therefore inclined to agree with M. Octave Delepierre, who, having declared that parody is 'la fille aînée de la satire, aussi ancienne que la poésie même,' goes on to say that 'le burlesque, la caricature, le grotesque et la parodie se rentrent parfois tellement l'un dans l'autre que souvent il est difficile d'apercevoir la différence.' He adds, however, and thereby introduces another distinction, that parody is separated from burlesque by the novelty of its subject-matter, and that it is for this reason not properly predicated of the 'Virgile' of Scarron. Victor Fournel guards himself from writing a general history of burlesque, which, he says, 'nous entraînerait dans des développements infinis,' but considers generally that the distinction between this and parody lies in the fact that in the former the actual characters are retained, and not in the latter. In this wide divergence of literary opinion we propose to follow chiefly the more general definition of parody by J. C. Scaliger, '*Rapsodia inversa mutatis vocibus ad ridiculum sensum trahens*,' and to signify by parody, a composition either in verse or prose, modelled more or less closely on an original work, or class of original works, but turning the serious sense of such original or originals into ridicule by its method of treatment.

The essential conditions of parody are commonly understood to be brevity and wit. It must also closely follow its original, and that original must be fairly familiar. That it must discover occult resemblances in things apparently unlike, that it must depend for its success upon contrast and surprise, that it must be able to leap lightly over that little chasm which separates the ridiculous from the sublime, that there must be in it what Dr. Johnson calls a *discordia concors*, is but to say that its author must be a wit. A witty distortion or displacement of ideas

ideas or words constitutes the common merit of parody in verse or prose.

The 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' 'Don Quixote,' Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews,' in which that pious footman is modelled on the insufferably tedious 'Pamela' of Richardson; Thackeray's 'Coddingsby,' by D. Shrewsbury, Esq., and his 'George de Barnwell,' by Sir E. L. B. L., Bart.; Bret Harte's 'Condensed Novels,' Burnand's 'Strapmore' and the 'New Sandford and Merton,'—all these are as undoubtedly parodies as the parodies of chivalry in the 'Ricciardetto' of Fortiguerra and the 'Secchia Rapita' of Tassoni; of ancient mythology in the 'Scherzo degli Dei' of Bracciolini; of heathen and Christian gods alike in the 'Guerre des Dieux' of Parny; of Virgil's *Æneid* in Holberg's 'Pierre Pors' and Langendyk's 'Eneas in zyn Zondags Pak'; of Milton in the 'Splendid Shilling' of Philips, which, said Steele, without perhaps the necessary knowledge to support his averment, is the 'finest burlesque in any language'; and of many other poets in the 'Rejected Addresses,' which, said Jeffrey, with more exact judgment, 'indicate talent to which I do not know where to look for a parallel.'

A parody may result from the change of a single letter. Cato, finding a certain Marcus Fulvius Nobilior unstable as water, introduced a parody on his name by substituting in the last word the letter M for the letter N. It is a poor conceit, and the parodies of Henry Stephanus are but little better.

Henry Stephanus composed *ad fallendum viæ tædium*, while on horseback, two books on parody,—*Ὀμήρου καὶ Ἡσιόδου ἀργών*, in which the learned reader will find an able discourse on the nature of parody; and the 'Parodiæ Morales,' in which parody, as Stephanus understood it, is applied to the best-known sentences of the Latin poets. In Ovid's 'De Ponto,' iv. 3, from the Epicurean line,

'Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,'

Stephanus extracts a Stoical meaning by the change of two letters only,

'Lucret in humanis divina potentia rebus.'

The element of the amusing is rarely present in the 'Sententiæ Morales.' 'In order,' says Stephanus in his preface, 'that the ears may be refreshed by a joke or two among my severer sentences, I have intermingled also some jocose parodies,' of which he quotes the following as an example from Ovid's 'De Ponto,' iii. 4:—

'Gratiae officio quod mora tardat abest,'

thus

thus parodied :

‘*Gratia cœnæ omni quam mora tardat abest.*’

Other samples of this sort of parody may be found in French and English. In the ‘*Cid*’ of Corneille, it is written :

‘*Pour grands que soient les rois, ils sont ce que nous sommes,  
Ils peuvent se tromper, comme les autres hommes.*’

The ‘*Chatelain Decoiffé*,’ commencing the second verse with

‘*Ils se trompent en vers,*’

introduces a truth for all time.

Pope’s charming lines,

‘*Here shall the spring its earliest sweets bestow,  
Here the first roses of the year shall blow,*’

by a change introduced by a certain Katharine Fanshawe on the opening of Regent’s Park, of ‘sweets’ into ‘coughs’ and ‘roses’ into ‘noses,’ afforded a parody by some indeed considered happy, but to others offensive, from its ineptitude and vulgarity, its obviousness and its ease.

In Spain presumption, if we may credit Mr. Ticknor, provoked caricature, and parody followed fast on the heels of pride. In ‘*Don Quixote*,’—that sublime parody, as it has been called by Prescott,—the whole race of knights errant was cut short, and a bastard romance routed by ‘*Cervantes*’ serious air.’ In the Spanish drama the *gracioso* is a necessary burlesque of the hero. Of the heroic style, the leading parodies in Spain are the ‘*Gatomachia*’ of Lope de Vega, and Villaviciosa’s ‘*Mosquea*.’ In the latter is described a battle between ants and flies, with all the attendant circumstances of heroes, armies, shipwrecks, councils, gods and goddesses, which interest us in Homer and Virgil. The poem is interesting, but, like most *cosas de España*, it is a trifle too long. It contains a dozen cantos, and each canto contains somewhere about fourscore stanzas. We regard it with additional interest when we learn that its author was a leading light in the fires of the Inquisition. Lope’s ‘*Cat-fight*,’ which parodies portions of Ariosto and the old ballads, is in seven cantos,—*silvas* the author calls them,—and represents the course of a deadly feud between two of these animals on account of the love of a female, who is introduced to the reader sitting on the tiles licking her tail.

Religious parodies are, as the reader may suppose, by no means common either in Spain or Portugal, of which latter country an unlucky Jew, José da Silva, of whom the ‘*Os Encantos de Medea*’ and the ‘*Esopaida*’ are said, by those who have



have read them, to approach very nearly to parodies, was burnt by the Holy Inquisition, for some offence found in his works, at Lisbon in 1726.

'Le Virgile Travesti' of Scarron is, like the 'Mosquea,' far too long. Probably he perceived this, for he left it in the midst of the eighth book. It is strange that any one should have thought it desirable to complete it. But many thus thought, and M. Victor Fournel has added to his edition 'la suite de Moreau de Brasei.' We fear few readers will read the whole of the work of Scarron, and we are certain they will never reach in due sequence of order the work of M. Brasei.

'Ce n'est pas ici jeu d'enfant,  
C'est le fardeau d'un éléphant,'

writes the original author, and after the first book the reading becomes almost as wearisome as the writing. Not only is Scarron continually repeating himself,—he might indeed urge, in excuse for this, the example of the 'pious Æneas,'—but he repeats himself most commonly in what we should now hold to be most vulgar. The hero *se claque la fesse*, never wearies of so doing, and weeps copiously on every conceivable occasion.

'Æneas pleurant comme un veau . . .  
Je crois vous avoir déjà dit  
Qu'il donnoit des pleurs à crédit,  
Et qu'il avoit le don de larmes.'

Howbeit, the absurdities, if they may be so called, of the original are ingeniously satirized. 'Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos,' says Salmoneus in hell, addressing himself to those who were no more in a condition to profit by his good advice, and, says Scarron—

'Cette sentence est bonne et belle ;  
Mais en enfer à quoi sert-elle ?'

That this burlesque is still read seems likely from the publication of the present edition more than two centuries after the appearance of the first. To appreciate it fully, the original must be well understood: the more one knows of the Latin the more will one admire the French; and from this fact alone we may conclude that Scarron's work will always have at least its *soi-disant* admirers. The 'Scarronides' or 'Virgil Travestie' of Charles Cotton is, in respect that it is shorter, superior to the French. He has attempted only the first and fourth books. It is said that it passed through six editions in the author's lifetime, and that every edition grew grosser than its predecessor. Its wit is of the nature which pollutes the pages of Rabelais and

and Aristophanes; and its first two lines are such as would prohibit its appearance in any modern publication.

Herr Funck's collection of German parodies is rather a collection of adaptations in the form of poetry, generally serious. But the national genius seems too solemn and severe for this lighter kind of caricature; and though in Flögel's 'Geschichte des Grotesk-Komischen,' lately edited by Herr Ebeling, we find quoted several German theatrical parodies, such as Mahlmann's 'Herodes vor Bethlehem' of Kotzebue's 'Hussiten vor Naumburg,' and the version of Schiller's 'Jungfrau von Orleans' by Röller and Julius von Voss, it is clear that the author is much of the opinion of Sulzer, who perhaps speaks in the name of his nation, when he says—

'Man muss es weit im Leichtsinne gebracht haben, um an solchen Parodien gefallen zu finden, und ich kenne nicht leicht einen grössern Frevel, als den, der wirklich ernsthaftes sogar erhabene Dinge lächerlich macht.'

The last sentence leads us to the vexed question of so-called religious parodies, to which the already-mentioned 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum' may serve as a notable introduction. True, they are rather busied with the religious man than the religious matter, but the man and the matter are, we well know, very nearly akin. Written probably in a great measure—though published of course anonymously—by Ulrich von Hutten, it was at first supposed that the 'Epistolæ' supported the cause of the monks, and they were received by the Dominicans, the *obscuri viri*, with great applause. To one who criticised their style they answered, 'You should not consider the mere husk of expression, but the energy of the thought.' Afterwards, when their error was discovered, this energy lost its force for these critics of Erasmus and deciders of religious dogmas, who at that time determined the difference between a Christian and a heretic. The 'Epistolæ' are supposed to be written to Ortvin Gratius, and display *ad unguem* the ignorance and iniquity of the Dominican brotherhood.

The 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' though they produced such laughter in Erasmus as to cause him, says tradition, to burst a malignant boil, were considered by Leo X., in a bull of 1517, as the work of perverse writers who had lost all fear of God and man. But the book fought a good fight in the emancipation of human reason from the fetters of theology and scholasticism. It had much the same effect on the hierophant, as Captain Macheath in the 'Beggar's Opera' on the highwayman. Where seriousness succumbed laughter succeeded:

'Ridiculum

'*Ridiculum acri fortius ac melius plerumque secatur res.*' This is felt so acutely by many good people, that they speak of laughter as an effect of original sin, and seriously maintain that it was unknown to Adam before the Fall. They have ever in their mouths repetitions of Pope Leo X.'s bull. Parody may meddle with all subjects save and except our holy religion. They recognize nothing unseemly in calling a performing horse by the name of the Prophet revered by the million followers of Islam, but John Wilkes's 'Catechism' or Byron's Decalogue in 'Don Juan' is, like 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' a profanation. Religious parody is, they affirm, destructive of the finer feelings of our nature, it shocks sentiments deserving respect, it dissipates hallowed associations, it wounds the tender conscience, it offends ancient belief, it is an attempt to degrade and vulgarize rather than to elevate and refine, it is an abuse of the gifts alike of nature and of art, it is an irreverence and a desecration. In a word, it is religion's greatest foe. But is it possible for parody to injure true religion? It is rather that false religion which disguises vice as virtue, from which it removes the mask. It defends true religion by attacking that which counterfeits it, the religion not of deeds but of words. It discredits hypocrisy. Its iconoclasm destroys only spurious gods.

The object of parody is not only to amuse. It has also a moral result, if not a moral aim. It exposes mannerism and simulation. It is opposed to every kind of untruth, to pretences, to bombast, to hypocrisy. Extravagant folly, vulgar affectation, tumid meanness constitute its legitimate prey. In a word, its chief end is to disconcert human vanity. Hence the strong antipathy and bitter dislike to it manifested by so many excellent people. No small number, if they could be induced to speak the truth in this matter, would allow in private that they find 'Paradise Lost' a trifle wearisome, and that they could never read more than one canto of the 'Faery Queen.' But in public it is a different matter: there no words can express their admiration for these works. To burlesque them is the occupation of 'fools of obliquity; of vision and of darkened understanding.'

Religious parody, in fact, like other parodies, may be what D'Israeli holds it to be, a refined instructor for the public benefit. But, like other parodies, to achieve this useful end it must possess freedom of expression, good sense, originality, prolific fancy, and sparkling wit. Religion, says Renan, should represent in the completest manner the many-sided aspects of life, and for this reason burlesque is an essential element in all religions. It would be unwise, even if as in Hone's case it

were

were not proved impossible, to fetter any form of religious feeling. Parody, like lightning, by its very nature attacks that which is most exalted: 'Feriuntque summos fulgura montes.' Its ridicule, so long as it burlesques only the false and exaggerated sentiment, may be the touchstone of purity and the test of truth. It has been adopted as a weapon by our ablest divines; it played an important part in the Protestant Reformation; it has proved a powerful instrument in every religious movement. Yet, though it may be true that only Feeble Mind and Faint Heart regard such parodies with fear and hatred, the majority of mankind are neither strong-minded nor courageous in matters of religion, and it would be beside our present purpose to collect specimens of the wit of Luther and Ben Jonson, of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Dodsley and Hone.

To burlesque Dr. Watts is almost as bad as to burlesque religion. But men have been found capable of committing this atrocity. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, under the well-known pseudonym of Lewis Carroll, has had the audacity to parody certain well-known compositions adapted to infant minds, 'How doth the little busy bee,' sings the bard, fighting against idleness and mischief, in verse hallowed by the associations of childhood, and in 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' we read:—

'How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale.

'How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in  
With gently smiling jaws.'

'Tis the voice of the sluggard,' sings Dr. Watts, and, says Dodgson, in what seems to some good people very questionable taste—

'Tis the voice of the lobster.'

The range of parody is too wide to attempt any complete classification. It has invaded every department of letters. Not having spared religion, it has ventured to assail the nursery. In a poem, in which the original metre is altered and the matter somewhat extended, it has illustrated the fate of Jack and Jill thus:—

'Not upon Alpine snows or ice,  
But upon English ground:  
Excelsior! their high device,  
Yet low the fate they found.

They

They did not climb for love of fame,  
 But at stern duty's call;  
 They were united in their aim,  
 Divided on their fall.'

Two gratuitous assumptions in this poem, that it was their duty to fetch the pail of water, and that their fate befell them upon English ground, are condoned by its exquisite conclusion. A more exact parody of Mary Howitt's 'Will you walk into my Parlour?'—a poem with a moral tendency, and therefore as some suppose not to be parodied—is to be seen in Dodgson's

'Will you walk a little faster? said a whiting to a snail;  
 There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.'

In our own country political and theatrical parodies are perhaps the most common; of the latter, Buckingham's 'Rehearsal,' Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' and Sheridan's 'Critic' are the most famous. The 'Tom Thumb' of Fielding and the 'Chrononhotonthologos' of Carey have been succeeded by the more particular dramatic burlesques of our own time. In these France is often happy, as in the 'Marie, tu ronfles' of Victor Hugo's 'Marie Tudor,' and in the desecration of Wagner's 'Rienzi' by 'Rien! scie en trois actes.' 'Scie' in French argot nearly corresponds to our own 'bore.'

Of political parodies some of the best and the best known are contained in the 'Anti-Jacobin,' a publication too frequently polluted by political personality. Though such parodies are numerous, they are generally uninteresting. They soon become flat and stale after their occasion has passed away. Of those comparatively modern, the most important were written by the bookseller Hone. These, now rare and dear, went through some score of editions. Hone's kindly sentiments and wholesome doctrines appear in his well-known 'Table' and 'Every-day Book'; but his caustic satire, couched in a liturgical form, roused the indignation of all well-thinking people,—that is to say, of all those who were on the side of the ministerial party, to which Hone was politically opposed. He was charged with writing 'impious, profane, and scandalous libels' on that part of our Church service called the Catechism, and other parts thereof, with intent to bring these works into contempt. 'Hoping and believing that you are Christians,' said Lord Ellenborough on concluding his address to the jury, 'I doubt not that your verdict will be in accordance with your creed.' But the jury found Hone not guilty, and emphasised their finding by initiating a subscription for the accused, which amounted to several thousand

pounds. Ellenborough, says Campbell, bought six red herrings on his way home after the trial, but never again held up his head in public. For him these political squibs were the dissemination of an awful system of impiety, and there is not the slightest doubt that he thought it as much his duty to put Hone in gaol for his parodies as to condemn a poor wretch to death for stealing in a shop to the value of five shillings. To Sir Matthew Hale in the Bury St. Edmund's trial a disbelief in witchcraft was all one with a disbelief in Christianity, and Ellenborough saw an abrogation of the Commandments in a parody of the Catechism.

Parodies of the works of English and American authors have been laboriously collected and industriously annotated by Mr. Walter Hamilton, in six quarto volumes. Mr. Hamilton deals chiefly with modern parodies, but with these he deals wholesale. No single parody, good, bad, or indifferent, appears to have escaped the collector's Argus eyes. Hood, Gray, Burns, Campbell, Goldsmith, Kingsley, Scott, have, like comets, every-one his lengthy tail. But he tempers justice with mercy. To give every parody that has appeared on Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade' or Poe's 'Raven,' Hamlet's 'Soliloquy' or Longfellow's 'Excelsior,' would be 'a tedious and almost endless task.' No less than a hundred so-called parodies are, however, given on Ann Taylor's 'My Mother.' Those who are stout enough to search through these many volumes—to which there is no general index—may find, perhaps, other parodies equally numerous of equally important pieces of rhyme.

Mr. Hamilton's collection is, we have said, annotated. It is only fair to give a specimen of his notes taken at random from the third volume. *A-propos* of D'Israeli's "Parodies" in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' we learn that this article was written more than fifty years ago, that its author was a Jewish gentleman, of great literary attainments and of a most amiable character, and father of the late Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. Of Tennyson, it is said that it is well known that the poet-laureate 'is exceedingly vain of his writings, and does not hesitate to place them on a par with those of Milton.' Of Longfellow, we find that he was elected a member of the Russian Academy of Science, and of the Spanish Academy. Byron's 'Caledonia, very stern and wild,' gives rise to a remark on the industry, intelligence, and integrity of Scotchmen. 'Jokely' was written by an Amateur of Fashion.

In the delicate matter of religious parodies the author draws a somewhat subtle distinction. Only those parodies are admitted which, 'though imitating the form or language of portions

of



of our liturgy, have no tendency to ridicule religion in itself, nor to burlesque any of its dogmas.' *En revanche*, he gives us an American view of bicycling, taken from an obscure periodical in the United States, which commences thus: 'And in these days the young man of the city is possessed of a demon, and he taketh it upon him to learn to ride the bicycle. And he goeth unto them that teach the instrument, and he sayeth unto them, Lo, now teach me this thing at one-half a trade-shekel the hour'; and after that 'a publican's card,' supposed to parody the Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, a ribald production of which the stagnant dulness is only to be equalled by the vulgar profanity. Mr. Hamilton, in his Introduction, tells us that he does not approve of the custom of turning high class work into ridicule, but that many of the parodies he has collected are in themselves works of considerable literary merit. In this category 'The Publican's Card' cannot 'in itself' certainly be contained. A parody by Ruskin on Usury is but ill followed by specimens of infantine ignorance of the Bible in the Metropolitan Board Schools, which can boast little but the dubious wit of corrupt orthography, and are in fact no parodies at all.

But the main objection we have to find with Mr. Hamilton's elaborate and conscientious work is the absence of heaven's first law,—the want of order, the failure of systematic arrangement. This fault could easily have been avoided had he been content to follow the advice of Horace, '*nonumque prematur in annum*.' Much concern would have been spared the reader by a complete index. It is true that in each book the names of the authors of the subjects parodied are arranged alphabetically; but there is no complete index of the whole work, and some parodies, of Tennyson say, appear in the first volume, and others of the same poet in the last. The parodies of Gray's 'Elegy' conclude, we are told, on page 48 of vol. v., but again appear 'somewhat irregularly,' as the author allows, on page 317. The first name in the first index of the first volume is that of one of the ablest of our modern parodists, Charles Stuart Calverley, but none of his verse appears, so far as we can find, until we reach the third.

In striking contrast to Mr. Hamilton's work is that of Mr. Parton. Though parodies form only a part of his volume of 'Humorous Poetry,' which deals with narrative, fable, enigma, epitaph, and epigram, he has selected, evidently with great care, those, if not the best, at least the best known, and he has been able to include them in at most two hundred pages. A few biographies are added at the conclusion of the book, which

tend to explain remote and obscure allusions, but we are spared that impertinent superfluity of annotation which exasperates the reader rather than elucidates the sense.

'Das Burleske,' writes Herr Flögel, 'ist in England niemals so weit als in Italien und Frankreich getrieben worden, welches wahrscheinlich in dem ernsthaften Charakter dieser classischen Nation seinen Grund hat.'

This opinion, though complimentary, seems inaccurate. So large is the growth of English parody that our chief difficulty has been in selecting the finest samples. And yet with the exception of Isaac Hawkins Browne, the author of the famous poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' we have not sought them in any volumes earlier than those of the Lake poets.

Isaac Hawkins Browne, in 'A Pipe of Tobacco,' parodied Cibber, Philips, Thomson, Young, Pope, and Swift. The style of these authors is closely imitated, and every one of Browne's compositions has the merit of brevity. The parody of Thomson contains some good lines:—

'Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines  
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed,  
And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.  
\* \* \* I all the while,  
Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.  
But chief, when Bacchus, wont with thee to join  
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,  
Streams life and joy into the Muses' bowl.'

Many of the passages are taken word for word from the author of the 'Poem on Liberty.'

The parody on Young begins thus:—

'Critics, avaunt! Tobacco is my theme;  
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.'

And after succeed in due order Pollio and Sir Tawdry, Citronia and Prudella.

Pope is credited with—

'Blest leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense  
To templars modesty, to parsons sense,  
\* \* \*  
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,  
And let me taste thee unexercised by kings.'

And Swift with—

'Boy, bring an ounce of Freeman's best,  
And bid the vicar be my guest';

followed in the course of the poem by the proper number of asterisks.

Of the parodies of the Lake Poets, of Wordsworth and Southey and Coleridge, the name is legion. In the voluminous collection of Mr. Hamilton, hosts of these assemble and meet together. Some of the best are written by Horatio and James Smith, the one a stockbroker, the other a solicitor to the Ordnance, in the 'Rejected Addresses,' dignified by Jeffrey with the title of a classic, a book with which most people are too familiar to share the condition of that Leicestershire parson, real or apocryphal, who was unable to understand why the 'Addresses' were rejected, as being in his judgment very ably done. A near relation was this cleric of the simple-minded man who confessed there were in Gulliver some things he could not quite believe.

Numerous as the arrows in the martyred Saint Sebastian are the deadly darts of parody sticking in the side of Wordsworth. Some of the keenest, alas! were cast by the kindred hands of Byron and Shelley. Wordsworth's insignificant detail, his monotonous puerility, his remote allusions and still more remote interest, his sentiments too wide for general sympathy and his wisdom too profound for common understandings, have provoked the parodist as the sound of the trumpet provokes the war-horse in Job. But it was all one to the poet. He writes for the intelligent alone. 'Let the age,' he says, 'continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write with, I trust, the light of Heaven upon me.' For this light the authors of the 'Bon Gaultier Ballads' had little regard. They could not away with the 'consecrated Emily,' nor with that wretched beast which regularly attended divine service, and they wrote of the 'White Doe of Rylstone' thus—

'There lived amidst the untrodden ways,  
To Rydal lake that lead,  
A bard, whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to read.

'Behind a cloud his mystic sense  
Deep-hidden who can spy?  
Bright as the night, when not a star  
Is shining in the sky.

'Unread his works—his "Milkwhite Doe"  
With dust is dark and dim;  
It's still in Longmans' shop, and oh!  
The difference to him.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Especially in 'Alice Fell' and 'We are Seven' has the author of 'Poems referring to the Period of Childhood' offered irresistible attractions. Of the latter, not the least amusing burlesque

burlesque was written by Leigh. The poet meets a simple child, looking as pale as death and weeping bitterly.

‘Adopting a parental tone,  
I asked her why she cried :  
The damsel answered,—with a groan,—  
“I’ve got a pain inside.”’

‘How many apples have you had?’ inquires the poet. ‘Only seven,’ replies the simple child, besides four which were in a pie.

“If that’s the case,” I stammered out,  
“Of course you’ve had eleven.”  
The maiden answer’d with a pout,  
“I ain’t had more nor seven.”

“Now if you don’t reform,” said I,  
“You’ll never go to heaven.”  
But all in vain; each time I try,  
That little idiot makes reply,  
“I ain’t had more nor seven.”

But Leigh possessed more grace than Bon Gaultier. He seems to have been pierced by compunctions for his irreverence. He confesses in a postscript:—

‘To borrow Wordsworth’s name was wrong,  
Or slightly misapplied;  
And so I’d better call my song  
Lines after *ache-inside*.’

In the ‘Rejected Addresses,’ ‘The Baby’s Debut,’ by W. W., commences—

‘My brother Jack was nine in May,  
And I was eight on New-Year’s-day;  
So in Kate Wilson’s shop  
Papa (he’s my papa and Jack’s)  
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,  
And brother Jack a top.’

This poem was not wholly pleasing to the more exact critics. It was objected that Jack and Nancy are born at periods not sufficiently apart. The authors urged in excuse that they were bachelors. The parody, which consists of some dozen stanzas, is far more general than that of Leigh. Repentance vexed these men also. They make what they call the *amende honorable* for what they also call their *persiflage* by complimenting W. W. on his ‘touching sentiment, profound wisdom, and copious harmony.’

Of Southey, the best parody and the best known is that of his  
‘Widow’

'Widow' in Sapphics, composed by Canning with the title of 'The Friend of Humanity and the needy Knife-grinder,' in the 'Anti-Jacobin,' perhaps the most famous collection extant of political satire. The lines would be too familiar to be quoted, if they were not true for all time, and never more true than at the present day. They expose a vice which is common to politicians of all ages and of all places, the vice of a selfish party spirit putting on the mask of a sympathetic interest in the public weal. The Friend of Humanity, addressing the knife-grinder with every appearance of affectionate concern, asks who reduced him to his present trade.

'Was it the squire for killing of his game? or  
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?  
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your title  
All in a lawsuit?'

To which the grinder answers nothing appropriate to the purpose of the inquirer, but concludes with—

'I should be glad to drink your honour's health in  
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;  
But for my part, I never love to meddle  
With politics, Sir.'

Upon which the Friend of Humanity, disgusted with the absence of any political zeal in the knife-grinder, and casting off the cloak of sympathy assumed for his own private purpose, replies in a profane pet—

'I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—  
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance,  
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
Spiritless outcast!'

and, overturning his wheel, kicks the knife-grinder, and exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy. Of a totally different style, but of an equally interesting humour, is the version of 'The Old Man's Comforts' in Alice's 'Adventures in Wonderland.'

'You are old, Father William, the young man said,  
And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

'In my youth, Father William replied to his son,  
I feared it might injure the brain;  
But now I am perfectly sure I have none—  
Why, I do it again and again!'

The

The 'Bon Gaultier Book of Ballads,' which on the death of Southey, the poet-laureate, borrowed probably its scheme of a poetical competition from the 'Rejected Addresses,' is best known by its satire of the Spanish ballads of Lockhart. Don Fernando Gomersalez (from the Spanish of Astley's) is brought from a Moorish prison to joust against the heroes of Islam. He asks for his armour, his helmet,

'And my old steed, Bavioca, swiftest courser in the ring,  
And I rather should imagine that I'll do the business, King!

Then they carried down the armour from the garret where it lay,  
Oh! but it was red and rusty, and the plumes were shorn away:  
And they led out Bavioca from a foul and filthy van,  
For the conqueror had sold him to a Moorish dog's-meat man.'

Tennyson's 'May Queen' generated in Bon Gaultier the 'Biter Bit,' with its well-known conclusion—

'You may lay me in my bed, mother,—my head is throbbing sore;—  
And, mother, prithee let the sheets be duly aired before;  
And, if you'd do a kindness to your poor desponding child,  
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother, draw it mild!'

The same poet's 'Locksley Hall' produced the 'Lay of the Lovelorn,' with its equally well-known commencement—

'Comrades, you may pass the rosy. With permission of the chair,  
I shall leave you for a little, for I'd like to take the air.  
Whether 'twas the sauce at dinner, or that glass of ginger beer,  
Or these strong cheroots, I know not, but I feel a little queer.'

Of many good parodies of Tennyson, some of the least known may be found in the 'Shotover Papers'—for instance, of 'Flow down, cold rivulet':—

'Rise up, cold reverend! to a see:  
Confound the unbeliever!  
Yet ne'er 'neath thee my seat will be  
For ever and for ever.

And here shall sleep thine alderman,  
And here thy pauper shiver,  
And here by thee shall buzz the "she"  
For ever and for ever,' &c.

And of 'Break, break, break'—

'Break, break, break,  
My cups and my saucers, O scout!  
And I'm glad that my tongue can't utter  
The oaths that my soul points out.'



And of 'Tithonus'—

'The men come up, the men come up, go down.  
The nightly Proctor prowls along the streets.  
Dons come and plough the men, and let them through,  
Me only passing envious Moderators  
Will never pass. I linger thro' the terms  
Here in the quiet Tavern's classic shades,  
A bearded undergraduate, well-nigh bald,  
Roaming along the High, the Broad, the Corn,  
Amidst new men, strange faces,' &c.

Dodgson parodied 'The Two Voices' by 'The Three Voices.' Of these, the first voice is that of a gentleman who has lost his hat on a very windy day. A lady of much mental culture, a modern *bas bleu*, recovers it, though damaged, with her umbrella, and presents it to him.

'With grave indifference to his speech,  
Fixing her eyes upon the beach,  
She said, "Each gives to more than each."

'He could not answer Yea or Nay;  
He faltered, "Gifts may pass away,"  
Yet knew not what he meant to say.

"If that be so," she straight replied,  
"Each heart with each doth coincide.

What boots it? For the world is wide!"

'And he, not wishing to appear  
Less wise, said, "This Material Sphere  
Is but attributive Idea."

Leigh's version of the 'Lady Vere de Vere' in his 'Carols of Cockayne,' under 'Crooked Answers dedicated to the Laureate,' is clever, but has more of the answer than of the parody:—

'The Lady Clara V. de V.  
Presents her very best regards  
To that misguided Alfred T.  
(With one of her enamelled cards).  
Though uninclined to give offence,  
The Lady Clara begs to hint  
That Master Alfred's commonsense  
Deserts him utterly in print.'

In 'Puck on Pegasus' H. Cholmondeley-Pennell has some amusing parodies; for instance, on Longfellow's 'Excelsior':—

'The shades of night had fallen (*at last!*)  
When from the Eagle Tavern passed  
A youth, who bore in manual vice  
A pot of something monstrous nice—

XX—oh, lor!' &c.

On

On Moore's 'Twas ever thus':—

'I never roved by Cynthia's beam  
To gaze upon the starry sky,  
But some old stiff-backed beetle came  
And charged into my pensive eye,' &c.

The same verse called forth from Leigh:—

'I never reared a young gazelle  
(Because, you see, I never tried);  
But had it known and loved me well,  
No doubt the creature would have died.

'My sick and aged Uncle John  
Has known me long and loves me well,  
But still persists in living on,—  
I would he were a young gazelle!'

How far the death of a brave soldier is a suitable subject for parody is a question not here, happily, to be answered. The 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' of which the sacred character has engendered in man's perversity uncounted burlesques, is commonly attributed to the Rev. Charles Wolfe; but the French equivalent of our 'Notes and Queries,' called 'L'Intermédiaire,' quotes a French ode on the death of the Comte de Beaumanoir, killed in 1749 at the battle of Pondicherry, so very closely akin to the poem attributed to Wolfe, that it is evident one piece of verse is a translation of the other.

Less known than Barham's parody of this poem, beginning 'Not a sou had he got,' is that of Tom Hood, which in being shorter and closer is superior:—

'Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,  
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;  
Not a wit discharged his farewell joke,  
As the bachelor went to be married.  
We married him quickly to save his fright,  
Our heads from the sad sight turning,' &c.

The relation between marriage and death seems nearer than that between marriage and insolvency.

We have reserved what we consider the cleverest parodies to the last, the parodies composed by Calverley and Swinburne. Of Calverley's, perhaps the most clever is that of Browning in 'The Cock and the Bull':—

'You see this pebblestone. It's a thing I bought  
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—  
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,  
As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur

(You

(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)—  
 Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.  
 Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,  
 And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same,  
 By way o' chop, swop, barter, or exchange—  
 "Chop" was my snickering dandiprat's own term—  
 One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.  
 O-n-e, one, and f-o-u-r, four,  
 Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me, sir?—

At first the coin was mine, the chattel his.  
 But now (by virtue of the said exchange  
 And barter), *vice versa*, all the coin  
*Per juris operationem vests*  
 I' the boy and his assigns till ding o' doom  
 (*In sæcula sæculo-o-o-orum* ;  
 I think I hear the Abate mouth out that),  
 To have and hold the same to him and them . . .  
*Confer* some idiot on Conveyancing.  
 Whereas the pebble and every part thereof,  
 And all that appertaineth thereunto,  
*Quodcunque pertinet ad eam rem*  
 (I fancy, sir, my Latin's rather pat),  
 Or shall, will, may, might, can, could, would, or should,  
 (*Subaudi cætera*—clap we to the close—  
 For what's the good o' law in a case o' the kind?)  
 Is mine to all intents and purposes.  
 This settled, I resume the thread o' the tale.'

'The auld wife sat at her ivied door' is supposed to be a general parody of the ancient ballad, but seems more particularly derived from the apple-woman's song in Jean Ingelow's 'Mopsa the Fairy,' which runs thus:—

'The marten flew to the finch's nest,—  
 Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay,—  
 The arrow it sped to thy brown mate's breast,  
 Low in the broom is thy mate to-day.

'Liest thou low, love, low in the broom,—  
 Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay,—  
 Warm the white eggs till I learn his doom.  
 She beateth her wings, and away, away,' &c.

Calverley's parody, almost too well known to quote, is—

'The auld wife sat at her ivied door,—  
 (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)—  
 A thing she had frequently done before,  
 And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees.

'The

'The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair,—  
 (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)—  
 And I met with a ballad—I can't say where—  
 Which wholly consisted of lines like these.'

\* \* \* \* \*

In Part ii. the maiden follows her lover, the piper, over misty lees, and then—

'Her sheep followed her as their tails did them,—  
 (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)—  
 And this song is considered a perfect gem,  
 And as to its meaning—it's what you please.'

Jean Ingelow's 'Divided' seems to have been the original of 'Lovers and a Reflection':—

'An empty sky, a world of heather,  
 Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom,  
 We two among them wading together,  
 Shaking out honey, treading perfume,  
 'In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter  
 (And heaven it knoweth what that may mean—  
 Meaning, however, is no great matter),  
 Where woods are a-tremble with rifts atween.  
 'Thro' God's own heather we wound together,  
 I and my Willie (oh, love, my love!);  
 I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,  
 And flitterbats wavered alow, above.  
 'Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing  
 (Boats in that climate are so polite),  
 And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,  
 And, oh! the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!' &c.

of which the last verse—the counterpart—in 'Divided,' is—

'Stately prows are rising and bowing  
 (Shouts of mariners winnow the air),  
 And level sands for banks endowing  
 The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.'

Swinburne's parodies are to be found in the 'Heptalogia, or Seven against Sense.' They are not, however, nearly so well known as those of Calverley, and may therefore deserve a more extended notice. The first, 'John Jones,' is a version of Browning's 'James Lee's Wife.' It is the longest poem in the book, and has five divisions in place of the nine of 'James Lee's Wife.' To some it may seem that to burlesque Browning is a work of supreme supererogation. Possibly that may be so, but Swinburne has thought otherwise, and has reproduced with  
admirable

admirable spontaneity and exactitude the involutions of his original, his parentheses and his pedantry, his porcupine style and his granite substance. One might suppose Browning himself wrote—

‘Ah! how can fear sit and hear, as love hears it, grief’s heart’s cracked grate’s screech!’

and

‘There was nothing at all in the case (conceive)  
But love; being love, it was not (understand)  
Such a thing as the years let fall (believe),  
Like the rope’s coil dropt from a fisherman’s hand,  
When the boat’s hauled up—“by your leave”!’

The tendency to mock serious things, which led Shakespeare to laugh at Euphues and Swift to ridicule mankind, has inspired an unknown but able writer to parody Emerson’s ‘Brahma,’ of which we quote a couple of stanzas for the sake of the subsequent burlesque:—

‘If the red slayer thinks he slays,  
Or if the slain thinks he is slain,  
They know not well the subtle ways  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.  
\* \* \*

‘They reckon ill who leave me out;  
When me they fly, I am the wings;  
I am the doubter and the doubt,  
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.’

And here follows the parody:—

‘If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,  
Or if the batsman thinks he’s bowled,  
They know not, poor misguided souls!  
They, too, shall perish unconsolated.  
‘I am the batsman and the bat,  
I am the bowler and the ball,  
The umpire, the pavilion cat,  
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all.’

On the same subject Swinburne sings in ‘The Poet and the Woodlouse’:—

‘Said a poet to a woodlouse, Thou art certainly my brother;  
I discern in thee the markings of the fingers of the whole;  
And I recognize, in spite of all the terrene smut and smother,  
In the colours shaded off thee, the suggestions of a soul.  
\* \* \* \* \*

‘Pass,

'Pass, O poet retransfigured ! God the psychometric rhapsode  
 Fills with fiery rhythms the silence, stings the dark with stars  
 that blink ;  
 All eternities hang round him like an old man's clothes collapsed,  
 While he makes his mundane music—and *He will not stop, I think.*'

Of the same subject again we have a more ambitious parody in  
 'The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell,' taken from the 'Higher  
 Pantheism' (not in a nutshell) of Tennyson.

'The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains—  
 Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns ?

'Is not the Vision He, tho' He be not that which He seems ?  
 Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams ?' &c.

Swinburne has dared to parody this sacred subject thus :—

'One who is not, we see ; but one, whom we see not, is :  
 Surely this is not that, but that is assuredly this.

'What and wherefore and whence ? for under is over and under :  
 If thunder could be without lightning, lightning could be without  
 thunder.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 'Why and whither and how ? for barley and rye are not clover ;  
 Neither are straight lines curves : yet over is under and over.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 'Parallels all things are, yet many of these are askew.  
 You are certainly I, but certainly I am not you.

'Springs the rock from the plain, shoots the stream from the rock :  
 Cocks exist for the hen, but hens exist for the cock.

'God, whom we see not, is ; and God, who is not, we see.  
 Fiddle, we know, is diddle ; and diddle, we take it, is dee.'

To some minds, as Dr. Furnivall observed of those who spoke  
 of a touching poem adorned with his own annotations as 'The  
 Jubilee Conundrum,' nothing is sacred.

Of the 'Last Words of a Seventh-rate Poet,' the original will  
 be easily recognized.

'Were it better to live like a beetle . . . like the mote in the eye  
 of the bat,

Than to love and believe in a woman, who must one day grow  
 aged and fat ?

You must see it's preposterous, Bill, sir ; and yet how the thought  
 of it clings.

I have lived out my time—I have prigged lots of verse—I have  
 kissed (ah, that stings !)

Lips that swore I had cribbed every line that I wrote on them—  
 cribbed—honour bright !

Then I loathed her, but now I forgive her ; perhaps, after all, she  
 was right.'

The



The parodied poet goes to say that he is the real author of the 'Ode to a Skylark,' 'The Excursion,' 'Lamia,' 'Lalla Rookh,' 'Paradise Lost,' 'Othello,' 'The Bard,' 'The Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' 'Christabel,' 'Marmion,' 'The Song of the Shirt,' 'Childe Harold,' and many other celebrated poems, though the world's envy and malice has attributed them all to other authors.

Coventry Patmore's 'Angel of the House' would seem hardly worth a parody, but Swinburne has given us 'The Person of the House,' Idyl ccclxvi., with the accompaniments of (1) 'The Monthly Nurse'; (2) 'The Caudle'; (3) 'The Sentences.' 'The Monthly Nurse,' involving, of course, 'The Kid,' commences thus:—

'The sickly airs had died of damp;  
Through huddling leaves the holy chime  
Flagged; I, expecting Mrs. Gamp,  
Thought, "Will the woman come in time?"

'Upstairs I knew the matron bed  
Held her whose name confirms all joy  
To me; and tremblingly I said,  
"Ah! will it be a girl or boy?"

And 'The Kid' concludes—

'Then Mrs. Prig addressed me thus:  
"Sir, if you'll be advised by me,  
You'll leave the blessed babe to us;  
It's my belief he wants his tea."

For American authors we have left but little space. Of these Longfellow has been most frequently parodied, and Bret Harte is the ablest parodist. 'Hiawatha's Photographing' is the work of Dodgson. A whole family interrogates the artist how they should be 'taken.'

'Next to him the eldest daughter

Only asked if he would take her  
With her look of "passive beauty."  
Her idea of "passive beauty"  
Was a squinting of the left eye,  
Was a drooping of the right eye,  
Was a smile that went up sideways  
To the corner of the nostrils.

Hiawatha, when she asked him,  
Took no notice of the question,

Coughed, and said it didn't matter,  
Nor in this was he mistaken,  
As the picture failed completely.

Of the parodies in verse of Bret Harte, the most amusing are the 'North Beach,' after Spenser; 'A Geological Madrigal,' after Shenstone,

'I have found out a gift for my fair,  
I know where the fossils abound,' &c.;

and 'The Willows,' after Edgar Allan Poe,—

'Then I pacified Mary and kissed her,  
And tempted her into the room,  
And conquered her scruples and gloom;  
And we passed to the end of the vista,  
But were stopped by the warning of doom—  
By some words that were warning of doom.  
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,  
At the opposite end of the room?"  
She sobbed, as she answered, "All liquors  
Must be paid for ere leaving the room."'

Bret Harte, however, is chiefly excellent in those modern prose parodies which he calls 'Condensed Novels.' These are quite equal to the 'Johnson's Ghost' and the 'Hampshire Farmer's Address' of the 'Rejected Addresses.' Their title is well supported by their brevity. 'Lothaw' by Mr. Benjamins, and 'Guy Heavystone' by the author of 'Sword and Gun,' are easily recognizable. Dumas, Victor Hugo, Lever, Cooper, Charles Reade, Miss Braddon, Lytton Bulwer, Marryat, and Wilkie Collins are all ably satirized. In 'Lothaw, or the Adventures of a Young Gentleman in search of a Religion,' we learn in chapter viii. of the death of Mary Ann.

'The engagements of a long lecturing season, imperfect nourishment in railway refreshment rooms, told on her delicate frame. Lothaw hardly recognized those wasted Hellenic outlines. She was already a classic ruin. "Open-air speakings twice a week have," she said feebly, "brought me to this. But it is well! The tyrant man succumbs!" Lothaw could only press her hand. "Promise me one thing. Don't, whatever you do, become a Catholic." "Why?" "The Church does not recognize divorce."'

Thackeray's 'Novels by Eminent Hands,' parodies which by the way he calls burlesques,—'Phil Fogarty, by Henry Rollicker,' and 'Barbazure, by G. P. R. Jeames, Esq.'—are as well known as Burnand's 'Beadle, or the latest Chronicle of Small-Beer-jester,' 'One and Three, by Fictor Nogo,' and the 'Real Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.'

Many parodists of others have also been parodists of themselves. W. S. Gilbert, after writing the 'Wicked World,' composed, under the *nom de plume* of F. A. Tomline, a parody of

of this theatrical favourite which he called 'The Happy World.' 'Giles Jollup the grave, and brown Sally Green,' is M. G. Lewis's parody of his own 'Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogene,' first published in the third volume of 'Ambrosio or the Monk.' The knight is turned into an apothecary, and the baron into a brewer. 'And if e'er,' says Sally to Giles—

'And if e'er for another my heart should decide,  
False to you and the faith which I gave,  
God grant that at dinner, too amply supplied,  
Over-eating may give me a pain in my side;  
May your ghost then bring rhubarb to physic the bride,  
And send her well-dosed to the grave!'

Sally becomes untrue, marries the brewer, the bell (a dustman's) tolls one, a stranger appears, and discovers Jollup's bare skull; while the brewer's 'pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,' instead of the worms. The gods had evidently given Monk Lewis the gift of seeing himself as others saw him, for in this able parody he has reproduced with the minuteness of a Dutch painter his favourite conceits of extravagant jocularly and farcical horror.

In the 'Nephelidia' Swinburne parodies himself, in our opinion unsuccessfully:—

'From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn, through a  
notable nimbus of nebulous moonshine,  
Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that flickers with  
fear of the flies as they float,  
Are the looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of  
mystic miraculous moonshine,  
These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and  
threaten with throbs through the throat.'

In this there is indeed a grand power of alliteration, but it is not so exact, so able, nor so interesting as the parody about the proctors in the 'Shotover Papers.'

'Oh vestments of velvet and virtue,  
Oh venomous victors of vice,  
Who hurt men who never could hurt you,  
Oh cruelly colder than ice.  
Why wilfully wage you this war? is  
All pity purged out of your breast?  
Oh purse-prigging procuratores,  
Oh pitiless pest!'

It is a most unhappy truth that the subjects of parody are seldom disposed to reflect that parody is a compliment and a tribute to their success, but rather to regard its author with

disaffection or ill-will. There is indeed a deplorable difference in people's perception of humour. Few care to see themselves caricatured: the better the caricature, the less they like it, and the more they are inclined to inveigh against this method of representation as a degradation of art. When the 'Inès de Castro' of Lamotte-Houdard was parodied by Dominique and Legrand in 'Agnès de Chaillot,' a piece which met with considerable success, it was at once discovered by Lamotte that parody was a crying evil, that it discouraged adolescent and mortified adult talent, that it was opposed to all true morality, and that, in fine, it was 'une bouffonnerie où l'on essaie de rendre la vertu ridicule.' Kemble possibly might have entertained the same notion of the mimetic exertions of Mathews.

So far as parody is malicious, it seems certainly undesirable, but it is an ill wind which blows nobody good; and so long as it is comic, so long as it produces that 'sweet contraction' of the zygomatic muscles 'excited by unexpected jocundities' which is Sir Thomas Browne's conception of laughter, the malignancy of corrosive satire, while clever, is always interesting, if not to the person satirized, at least to his fellow-creatures, and it is perhaps expedient that one should suffer for the general satisfaction of the multitude.

When Colman and Lloyd wrote respectively their odes to 'Oblivion' and 'Obscurity,' Gray probably felt the arrow in his side, but it is equally probable that his fellow-poets were filled with a fierce delight. 'Il y a toujours quelque chose dans les malheurs de nos meilleurs amis que nous ne déplaît point.' It is but a mild way of putting it. *Homo homini lupus*. Hate, not love, if we would speak plainly, is the master principle, the leading passion of our life. 'Tous les hommes,' says Pascal, 'se haïssent, l'un et l'autre.' To this passion the popularity of parody is in a great measure due. But the subjects of it cannot be induced to share the general joy.

Malherbe addressed a lady whom he loved, or professed to love, as *Merveille des Merveilles*, in a poem of which the first verse must be quoted, to give effect to the parody:—

Qu'autres que vous soient désirées,  
 Qu'autres que vous soient adorées,  
 Cela se peut facilement.  
 Mais qu'il soit des beautés pareilles  
 À vous, Merveille des Merveilles,  
 Cela ne se peut nullement!—

of which the refrain is taken from the well-known '*Eso puede ser*.' Berthelot, whom Malherbe had offended, replied with seven stanzas, of which one at least is too good to be omitted:—

'Être

‘Être six ans à faire une ode,  
 Et faire des lois à sa mode,  
     Cela se peut facilement ;  
 Mais de nous charmer les oreilles  
 Par la Merveille des Merveilles  
     Cela ne se peut nullement.’

Having read this, Malherbe set his hand and seal to its ability by causing the unlucky Berthelot to be beaten ‘par un gentilhomme de Caen.’ Boileau could not bear parody. To that glacial genius, who laughed—if indeed he ever laughed—in Alexandrines, this was nothing strange. But we are a little surprised to read what follows from the pen of the sensible and satiric Voltaire: ‘La parodie nous tourne en ridicule, un Fréron nous déchire, voilà tout le fruit d’un travail qui abrège la vie.’

It would be interesting to know what effect might have been produced on Milton, at whose frown, says the amiable Johnson, the world grew darker, by the lines of Philips:—

‘Sing, heavenly Muse,  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,  
 A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire;’

and by the description of those galligaskins—

‘By time subdued what will not time subdue.’

The opinion of Johnson himself on this poem is that ‘to degrade sounding words and stately construction by an application to the lowest and most trivial things may gratify the mind with a momentary triumph over grandeur, but the merit ends with the first author.’ Many excellent parodies of the same subject show that this opinion is not wholly exact.

When Cibber repaid the Dunciad in kind, Pope said the thing was as good as a dose of hartshorn to him. But, says Johnson, his tongue and his heart were at variance. One day Pope was visited by young Richardson, the son of the painter, who found him with one of Cibber’s pamphlets in his hand. ‘These things,’ he said airily, ‘are my diversion;’ but even while he perused them his visitor saw his features writhe with anguish, and mentally prayed to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope.

We have, however, a remarkable instance of parody taken in good part by its victims in ‘Rejected Addresses.’ Byron and Wordsworth and Crabbe and Moore and Scott and Southey were no galled jades which winced like Pope. Nay, some of them went so far as to praise the work of the parodists. The Rev. G. Crabbe read the ‘Theatre’ with its preface of apologies so nearly resembling his own preface to ‘The Library’; and

coming to this passage, which Jeffrey thought an exquisite and masterly imitation of its original by its quaint minuteness of detail and prosaic descent into bathos—

‘John Richard William Alexander Dwyer  
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;  
But when John Dwyer ‘listed in the Blues,  
Emanuel Jennings polish’d Stubbs’s shoes,’—

he was well pleased, and thought the authors had ‘done him admirably in their comparison of the rustic’ (advised to lay out his money at interest) to Pat Jennings—the son of Emanuel—whose counsellors suggested an ingenious device of handkerchiefs to recover his hat.

Especially pleasing to Byron in ‘Cui Bono,’ even in the light of his recent domestic affliction, was—

‘Sated with home, of wife, of children tired,  
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;  
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,  
The restless soul is driven to ramble home;  
Sated with both,’ &c.;

and nothing, we are told, could exceed his genuine enthusiastic admiration when he came to the lines:—

‘For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?  
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?  
And what is Rolla? Cupid steeped in starch,  
Orlando’s helmet in Augustin’s cowl.  
Shakspeare, how true thine adage, “fair is foul”;  
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,  
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,  
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
And nought is everything, and everything is nought.’

As for the ‘Tale of Drury Lane,’ with its graphic description of the feats of Muggins and Higginbottom, ‘I must,’ said Scott, ‘have written it myself, though I forget on what occasion.’

Not one of the *genus irritabile* displayed, on the publication of the ‘Rejected Addresses,’ the slightest irritation. To a man their withers were unwrung. They not only forgave the authors, but they delighted in and praised their work. Such feelings are as creditable as they are uncommon. We should rather have expected them to think as Monk Lewis thought on the subject, expressing himself thus in the intimacy and confidence of private friendship: ‘Many of these compositions are very fair’—this he said of the parodies affecting the rest; ‘but,’ when he came to the ‘Fire and Ale,’ attributed to himself, ‘mine is not at all like.’



- ART. VIII.—1. *Novum Testamentum Graece. Ad antiquissimos testes denuo recensuit, apparatus criticum omni studio perfectum apposuit, commentationem isagogicam praetexit, Constantinus Tischendorf.* Editio Octava Critica Major. Volumina I. et II. Lipsiae, 1869–72.
2. *Novum Testamentum Graece, &c.* Volumen III. *a.* Prolegomena scripsit Casparus Renatus Gregory, additis curis Ezrae Abbot. Pars Prior. Lipsiae, 1884. *b.* Pars Altera. Lipsiae, 1890. *c.* Lipsiae, 1894.
3. *A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament, for the use of Biblical Students.* By the late Frederick Henry Ambrose Scrivener, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., Prebendary of Exeter, Vicar of Hendon. Fourth Edition. Edited by the Rev. Edward Miller, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. Vols. I. and II. London and Cambridge, 1894.

IT is an encouraging feature in the studies of the present day that special attention is being given to the criticism of the original text of the New Testament. The necessity for minuteness and accuracy in all labour upon texts imparts to this province of theological enquiry a business-like character, and becomes an antidote to the dreamy idealism which is a common snare of scholars, and particularly of academic minds. And in the case of the New Testament, the vast mass of materials at hand demands such a sweep of view, and imposes so great a need of discrimination on their use, not to speak of wide differences and controversies amongst students, that Sacred Textual Criticism has come to possess a history and a literature of her own, and is advancing to the position of a recognized science. Thus the immersion in details of a somewhat forbidding nature is counterbalanced by the wider demands of the subject. The difficulties at the outset are soon softened and illumined by the many important questions that arise, touching, and perhaps involved in, some of the most interesting periods in the career of the Church.

There is also another reason why just now the attention of all students of the Bible, as well as of all persons who watch the advance of learning and information, should be drawn to this subject. The last ten or twenty years have witnessed a wonderful growth in the materials upon which judgment must be grounded. The discovery of treasures unknown before has rewarded the toil of diligent explorers. In this respect the latter part of the last fifty years has been on many points the more remarkable. In the second edition of the late Dr. Scrivener's

vener's standard work upon the Textualism of the New Testament, published in 1874, the number of recorded Greek manuscripts, which had stood at 'about 1170' in the first edition in 1861, had reached 'about 1277.' In the third edition, in 1883, it was raised to about 1429, besides a record of a large number sent by Dean Burgon after the treatise was in type, which were therefore not included in the index. The fourth edition, published in the early part of 1894, gives 2,972, which, with 40 added, since publication, in a new Appendix at the end of the first volume, present a total of about 3,012.

This number is largely increased if the Greek MSS. of the New Testament are arranged under the six heads of Evangelia, Acts and Catholic Epistles, Pauline Epistles, Apocalypse, the old Evangelistaries of Greek Christianity or Lectionaries of the Gospels, and the similar Lectionaries of the rest of the New Testament which are classed under the term Apostolos. In this case, the totals in the four editions of Scrivener become respectively 1588, 1760, 2,094 in the third, and 3,791 in the fourth, which is made up to about 3,829 by the accession of those recorded in the new Appendix to the first volume. It must be borne in mind that this arrangement under six heads causes some manuscripts to be enumerated more than once. In fact, several which include the whole of the New Testament, such as the great Leicester Codex, two manuscripts in the British Museum, one partly in the Museum and partly in the Highgate Collection, one in the Bodleian Library, and another in Thirlestaine House at Cheltenham—which are the six complete copies of the New Testament to be found now in England—are reckoned four times. The Codex Sinaiticus (Σ) at St. Petersburg is also perfect in this respect: the Codex Alexandrinus (A) in the British Museum, though it is now mutilated in three places, yet is counted in like manner, because it possesses portions under every division of the New Testament, the two kinds of Lectionaries being of course excluded. The Vatican (B) has lost the Apocalypse, and therefore comes into the reckoning only thrice. The Codex Bezae (D) at Cambridge includes none of the Pauline Epistles or of the Apocalypse, and so is reckoned only twice. The Codex Bezae Cantabrigiae (Φ) and the Codex Rossanensis (Σ) contribute only one each to the total number. The consequence of these and similar instances is, that numbering according to this system produces about a third more than counting by single manuscripts, irrespective of the quantity of their contents.

Tischendorf's editions, if we include what is strangely  
entitled

entitled the 'Prolegomena,' cover a longer period than the twenty years to which reference has just been made, and exhibit the progress of Sacred Textual Criticism during the last half-century. The first edition was published in 1841, or rather at the end of 1840, because some of these editions were antedated by a few months; and, though it contained hardly any detailed account of the method employed by Tischendorf, may yet be termed a critical edition. In this edition he argued against Scholz, who is now being proved to have been in the right, that corruption did not exist in the two first centuries, except perchance in the most trivial cases; that Scholz was wrong in supposing that codices of the Constantinopolitan class are virtually of the second century; and that he was mistaken in his proof from internal evidence. Tischendorf was supported by Schulz. His second and third editions with some alterations were reprints of the texts of his first, and had little claims to the name of critical editions. Of these, the second, published in Paris in 1842, and dedicated to Guizot, then Prime Minister under Louis Philippe, was printed incorrectly. The third in the same year was inscribed to Archbishop Affre, afterwards in 1848 the noble victim of the barricades: under the influence of Professor Jager, it was made more like the Vulgate.

The fourth (1849) was more important. It was the product of Tischendorf's first set of travels, and was issued upon his return to Leipzig, thus becoming the second published in that place, and the second also of his more prominent editions. It contained a much fuller explanation of his principles than he had before supplied, as well as a description of his *Apparatus Criticus*. In his Prolegomena he urged that the true text of the New Testament is to be sought entirely from ancient witnesses, and chiefly from Greek codices, but that the testimony of Versions and Fathers must not be neglected. 'Our text, therefore, must be grounded upon the witnesses themselves, not upon the *Textus Receptus*, as it is called.' He adds, that if the witnesses differ, those from the fourth to the ninth centuries ought to be preferred; and that those from the tenth to the fifteenth are not to be compared with the earliest witnesses, though they should not be neglected or despised. He then lays down five rules to be followed:—

1. Readings peculiar to any class are suspicious, as being perhaps the recensions of some learned men.
2. Readings probably derived from error must be rejected, however widely attested.
3. Assimilation in parallel passages ought to give way to difference, except for strong reasons.

4. Readings

4. Readings which explain other readings appearing to be grounded upon them are probable.

5. Readings agreeing with the genius of the New Testament, or of the special author, should be treasured.

In his *Apparatus Criticus*, Tischendorf enumerates Uncial MSS. of the Gospels down to  $\Lambda$ , and Cursives as far as 55. He names the chief Versions: an account of the Curetonian, which had been just discovered, reached him on the eve of publication. He printed also an array of ecclesiastical writers. Altogether, the Prolegomena cover ninety pages.

Omitting as comparatively unimportant the two succeeding editions of Tischendorf's Greek Testament (1855 and 1858), we come to the seventh, published in 1859. This marks another move on his part. He does not lengthen the catalogue of Uncials included in the beginning of his fourth edition, so far as the capital letters affixed to each are concerned: in both editions he ends with  $\Lambda$ , a MS. discovered by Tischendorf himself, and standing now in the Bodleian Library. But a much fuller description is given of each Uncial: and the catalogue itself is enriched by insertions under some of the same letters. It is in the Cursives that the chief increase is found. The list of these is brought down from 55 to 427, besides 20 MSS. from Scrivener, 11 from Muralt, and one of his own discovery which he termed 'Tisch. iv. of Leipzig.' He reckoned also 179 Evangelistaries, being 49 Uncials and 130 Cursives. In this increase in the materials and in the consequences arising from it lay the leading feature of this edition. The testimony of the Cursives was now regularly reckoned in, and the learned editor was swayed by it in determining the readings. Thus the text adopted became more in accordance with the traditional teaching of the Church than it had been before. In fact, the witness of the Greek MSS. was less the advocacy of a few, and more the verdict of the majority, than it was with Tischendorf either before or after.

Immediately upon the publication of the seventh edition, the incident occurred which constituted the greatest event in Tischendorf's life. Looking upon him as an envoy of the Emperor of Russia, the monks of St. Catherine's at Mount Sinai, as is well known, voluntarily placed in his hands the great Sinaitic manuscript. After some difficulties which, added to others that had gone before, only enhanced in his eyes the value of his treasure, he was allowed first to copy it at Cairo, and ultimately to bring it to Europe. In the exuberance of his pride and joy, and in the midst of the congratulations of an age which worshipped new idols before old ones, he designated it  
by

by the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet, and placed it at the head of all the Greek manuscripts. Was it not, alone of the Uncials, a complete copy of the New Testament? Did it not for a while vie for the meed of supreme age with the mysterious inmate of the Vatican? And was not he, if not almost the foster-father of the celebrated MS. itself, yet at least the maker of its new-born fame?

No student of human history, therefore, can be surprised when Tischendorf in the text of his eighth edition—of which the first part appeared in 1869, and the eleventh and last in 1872—worked from the position which he had taken in his seventh, and sought his chief guidance from *Σ* and the small band of MSS. which were in general accordance with his cherished treasure. It has been calculated \* that in 595 out of 866 variations of text—omitting 430 mere matters of spelling in the total 1296—he ‘returned to the readings of the Received Text’; but that the eighth differed from the seventh in 3,572 instances,† mainly in consequence of his partiality for *Σ*.

It is much to be regretted that Tischendorf did not live to explain his action fully to the world. He introduced his new edition with directions for its use, but with no adequate Prolegomena. This omission does not commend his work upon so intricate a matter. It is certainly not improbable, even if it be not in a high degree likely, that in discussing his principles he would have been led to modify them. But soon after the publication of his last edition he was taken ill, and his lamented death occurred on December 7th, 1874, when he was hardly sixty years of age. He left scarcely any papers behind him.

When therefore the want of satisfactory Prolegomena was felt upon general grounds after his death, and all the more because of the marvellous advance made in the study of Textual Criticism mainly through Tischendorf's own efforts, the labour of constructing such a Preface was entrusted to Dr. Caspar René Gregory, who was assisted by the late Dr. Ezra Abbot, and as we believe, after the death of that assiduous scholar, by the late Dr. Hort. Supported by a subscription raised amongst students interested in the subject, Dr. Gregory has visited numerous libraries in Europe and Asia for the purpose of investigating manuscripts; and after ourselves examining many upon his track, we are able to testify to the

\* By Dr. Scrivener, ‘Plain Introduction,’ 4th edition, ii. 283. See also Gregory, ‘Prolegomena’ (1), p. 284.

† Scrivener, ii. 283, gives only 3,369 places; Burgon, 3,505. But see Gregory, ‘Prolegomena’ (1), p. 286.

general accuracy of his examinations. But to show the difficulty of absolute accuracy in this field of enquiry, it may be mentioned that even after a preparation of so many years, the last Part of the *Prolegomena* contains twelve pages of 'Addenda et Emendanda,' with a large proportion of the latter, not to speak of a list in the beginning of the first Part.\* The first instalment appeared in 1884, twelve years after the publication of the concluding part of the famous eighth edition. The second was issued in 1890, and the third and last in May 1894, nearly twenty years after the great critic's death.

The name '*Prolegomena*' is therefore palpably absurd in the case of so markedly posthumous a work; and it is seen to be even more absurd when the contents of this elaborate treatise are taken into account. Two important Uncials, to mention no more, were never known to Tischendorf, and therefore could have had no sort of weight in his calculations. Those named respectively *Beratinus* and *Rossanensis*, from their habitats at Berat or Belgrade in Albania, and from Rossano in Calabria, and designated  $\Phi$  and  $\Sigma$ , came to light several years after his death. They contain the whole of St. Matthew and St. Mark, except that  $\Phi$  has lost rather more than five chapters at the beginning and a little more than two at the end,† and are therefore valuable witnesses for nearly half of the Gospels, as the Parisian (C) is for about two-thirds, and the Alexandrian (A) for about three-fourths.

But though these manuscripts are unfortunately incomplete, and cannot therefore witness directly beyond the part of the field which they positively cover, yet so far as the Gospels are concerned, considering how far their testimony actually extends, they communicate their moral strength throughout to the MSS. which usually agree with them. And so it happens, speaking generally, that whereas in Tischendorf's time two witnesses among the oldest MSS.—A and C—declared generally for the Traditional Text, and three for the Neologian, now there are four for the former—A, C,  $\Phi$ , and  $\Sigma$ —and the same three with

\* But some of the matter introduced in the '*Addenda et Emendanda*' is not itself correct. It is stated (p. 1305) that collations of fifty MSS., whose designations are given, are contained (*continentur*) in Scrivener's '*Adversaria Critica Sacra*.' Whereas collations are there given of only nine (W<sup>4</sup>, 556, 59, 66, 492, 503, of the Gospels, with some select readings from the two whose collations are supplied by Mr. H. C. Hoskier in his admirable volume; and Apoc. 26, 27, 89): not to count the collation of one Old Testament MS. Full descriptions, with some select readings—not collations—are given of the rest. Dr. Gregory adopted too hastily the apparent meaning of pp. vii-x.

† It begins in Matt. vi. 4 and ends in Mark xiv. 62. There is an unfortunate misprint of xvi for xiv in line 3 from the bottom of M. Pierre Batiffol's instructive Preface.



unincreased number—B, N, and D—for the latter. For  $\Phi$  and  $\Sigma$  in the unanimous opinion of experts are a little older than D, and, with reference to their texts, as a matter of fact their lot is mainly cast with the great body of Greek MSS. of the Gospels.

The same conclusion is reached, if the amount of materials which existed during Tischendorf's life is compared with the amount described and catalogued in the so-called *Prolegomena*. Tischendorf's own industry in discovering, in collating, and in publishing Uncial MSS. was most remarkable, and is indeed unique in the history of Textual Criticism. He discovered 15, edited 21, copied 4, collated 13; was the first to employ critically 23 others—making up 76 in all. Under the six classes, he used 36 more in the eighth edition than he had employed in his seventh. All this labour, added to his editions of the New Testament, constitutes Tischendorf's greatness, and has made his name imperishable in the annals of Sacred Textual Criticism. But the increase since his death in the number of known MSS. is most remarkable in the case of the *Cursives*. Granting therefore that Tischendorf, whose labours on his last edition ceased in 1872, knew all the MSS. that are contained in Scrivener's second edition published in 1874, we have upon a comparison of the total as given in the latter of those two, inclusive of Uncials, with the total of the *Prolegomena*—1602 with 3,555—a difference of 1953. That is to say, the *Prolegomena* to Tischendorf's edition, which would be taken in all ordinary cases to explain the materials used in that edition, reckons nearly 2,000 MSS., none of which were ever used by him, or even known to him. In the essential matter of manuscripts, much more than half could never possibly have come ever so slightly under his cognizance.

Similarly with ecclesiastical authors. In the discussions which followed the publication of the Revised Version in English, two leading events occurred, as far as Textual Criticism is concerned, viz. the publication of Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament, and the revelation of the vast amount of evidence that till then lay mainly hid in ecclesiastical writings, which was made by Dean Burgon in the celebrated articles in this Review. The Dean throughout wrote as an advocate for the Traditional Text, and sometimes allowed rhetoric to supersede argument. But he also poured out torrents of quotations which were never known to Tischendorf. The list of such writers in the *Prolegomena* is vastly enlarged from what it was in Tischendorf's time. If we may judge by the forces which influenced the great critic, when brought face to face with this powerful

powerful kind of evidence, he would have turned along another line in his zigzag course. Indeed, he would have lowered himself in our eyes if he had shown himself impervious to the calls of evidence. But such vacillation denotes a rudimentary condition of Textual science, and is wholly inconsistent with well-drawn conclusions on which all must rest.

It is therefore clear that the *Prolegomena* is a work totally separate from Tischendorf's great achievement. As well might Liddell and Scott have named their book '*Passow's Lexicon*,' out of which it grew, instead of discarding that title and adopting the one which was truthful and explanatory. This may possibly appear to some people to be a needless distinction. But for the important purposes of a general understanding on the part both of those who read books on this subject and those who run, it is essential that the difference between Tischendorf's edition and the '*Prolegomena*,' or rather '*Epilogomena*,' of Dr. Gregory, assisted by Abbot and Hort, should be made as plain as possible. And now, having proved that the two are essentially independent works, we shall dismiss the *Prolegomena* from further consideration, when we have invited attention to one more point. Our object is to dispel misapprehensions respecting Tischendorf,—whilst acknowledging his unquestionable greatness, to observe his defects, and to hinder people from being led, under the glamour of a great name, into a course upon the sacred text which the accepted laws of evidence demonstrate to be wrong.

It is necessary then before going further to bring out into the public gaze a wanton increase of the burden already laid upon students, which seems to be all but inexplicable. The enormous mass of existing evidence with which the textual critic has to deal must always be productive of toil and perplexity. The difficulty involved in identifying and quoting some thousands of MSS. is self-evident; and the efforts of cataloguers should be directed towards simplification rather than mystification. What then can be said of those who, because they will not follow a system already in use, instead of aiding students by clearing arrangements of ambiguity, positively add to the mystery? What condemnation is sufficiently severe? Yet the fact remains, that Dr. Gregory, whether upon urgent advice or not, has deliberately altered the notation of more than 900 MSS., and affixed to them other numbers, so that they must now be known under two systems instead of one. Thus the MS. collated with admirable care and completeness by Mr. H. C. Hoskier must now be cited, not simply as Evan. 604, but as Evan. 604 (Scriv.) and 700 (Greg.). Amongst the later

later MSS. of the Ferrar group we must hear of 556 (Scriv.) and 543 (Greg.), 624 (Scriv.) and 826 (Greg.), 561 (Scriv.) and 713 (Greg.). And oftentimes when quoting is not done carefully, or the memory of numbers amongst such as are not mathematicians is treacherous, Scrivener's numbers amongst the 900 (and others too) will be mistaken for Gregory's, and Gregory's for Scrivener's. Unless we have been misinformed, Dr. Gregory was warned that such confusion would inevitably ensue, but in spite of protests and expostulations continued his course at a time when it was in his power to retrieve his position.

We do not deny that in some respects he has improved upon the previous order, and that he has classed MSS. more regularly than before under their respective countries and cities. But nothing short of absolute or, at the very least, approximate perfection, combined with the assent and consent of the leading textual scholars, could justify such a proceeding, and counterbalance the inevitable confusion that must result. Whereas of assent and consent there has been nothing; and since MSS. have been coming in during a long lapse of years, it is impossible always to range all of one place close to one another. Even if an arrangement happen to have been made satisfactorily, some which have been supposed to be genuine MSS. of the class turn out not to be so, and the only others which can be used to fill the vacant places may come from hundreds of miles away, or even from the other side of the Atlantic. Thus one of the British and Foreign Bible Society and another from Mount Sinai (*Evangelistaria* \* 299, 300) are thrust into the middle of a list of MSS. in America.† Let any one examine Dr. Gregory's Index, pp. 1383-1426, and observe how the MSS. at Cambridge, or Oxford, or in the British Museum, or at Cheltenham, are scattered about, and he will see the futility of such an attempt. Manuscripts, too, are continually changing hands. For example, the *Evangelia* and other MSS. referred in the Catalogue to the Rev. W. F. Rose, of Worle, passed into the British Museum without Dr. Gregory's knowledge, some

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\* '*Evangelistaria*' is the name adopted for Lectionaries of the Gospels in contemporary Greek catalogues. It is therefore all the more unfortunate that Dr. Gregory has adopted the confusing term '*Evangelia*,' which he applies also to the Greek MSS. of the Four Gospels. It is true that it has authority: but so has the other, which is also *distinctive*, besides that it is selected as the term to be used by Greek librarians of the present day.

† One from Mr. Bevan Braithwaite's collection under the number of Evan. 573 is in the middle of those which at St. Petersburg go by the name of Edward de Muralt; and another from the British Museum with the designation Act. 153 figures amongst a large number from Italy.

time before the publication of the third part of his *Prolegomena*. We do not say this with any intention of finding fault with one who is far from being censorious himself, but only to show the utter impossibility of attaining clerical perfection in arrangement. Would a new librarian in the British Museum, or the Bodleian, or the Cambridge University Library, set himself to reclassify the books on the shelves, in order that all of one subject might be found together? Dr. Gregory's excuse that he was obliged to follow Scholz's list to the very end, even where Scrivener and Burgon had rejected it on the score of inaccuracy, is clearly inadequate, because he could have introduced any that had been rejected by Scrivener at the end of the existing list. There is no doubt that much perplexity will be caused from Dr. Gregory's policy, but students must bear the burden as best they can.

But in judging Tischendorf it is only fair to take into consideration his textual labours in other directions. After Mill and Wetstein, he is the father of the *apparatus criticus* of textual students. His industry, as we have seen, was immense. No other critic has added so much material for future use as he has done. The bare record of his published works occupies fifteen pages in the *Prolegomena*. His Greek Testament is still used everywhere as the main record of evidence upon any text, and as the groundwork upon which the results of special investigation are reared. He stands as a giant immovable in his greatness by any criticism. But he was human: he could not anticipate the future, or include in his qualities all perfections. He had a most strong grasp of facts, and was led by them as they presented themselves to his view. When he was occupied with the old Uncials, they were decisive; when in his seventh edition he studied the Cursives, they modified his judgments; when he had before him his Sinaitic treasure, he was led back in his old direction. He died so early, that it could not be expected that he should take a calm and wide survey, and admit other materials into due competition with those which he had made his own. His life was a career of perpetual movement and change: he never enjoyed the quiet and rest which are essential for a successful series of permanent decisions. Scholars therefore should beware of attributing to his text, in consequence of the greatness of the man, a superiority which it does not really possess. And we now advance to an examination of it, and of the principles upon which it was constructed. We shall endeavour to ascertain them at first, and criticize them afterwards, except where they seem to call for a passing stricture, or where we quote, as we shall

shall largely do, from remains of Dean Burgon hitherto unpublished.

His great feature in criticism, as distinguished from the simpler method of Mill and Wetstein, consists in selecting a few favoured documents from the vast number of existing witnesses and founding conclusions solely or mainly upon their authority without any estimate of all the rest. Considering that even in his time there was a great disparity in number between his small handful of MSS. and the large body of the remainder, it may be asked on what grounds he based a procedure which is in strong contrast with the practice of the Law Courts. He was mainly guided by the age of his favourites. They were unquestionably the oldest of Greek Testament MSS., and therefore nearer to the origin of all the sacred Books of the New Testament. In a conflict of evidence they would *primâ facie* be the more likely to be right. We shall see that this is a case where deeper investigation demonstrates the deceitfulness of appearances, and that in hard and insurmountable fact Tischendorf and other ingenious minds have been attracted by what turns out to be the baseless fabric of a vision, when they have yielded to the allurements of the idea that whilst handling the oldest MSS. in existence they are within measurable distance of the original autographs. So much by way of caution. Tischendorf fancied that when he had before him the Vatican and Sinaitic MSS., though they dated probably about the middle of the second quarter of the fourth century, he possessed in their best verdicts the text of the second, forgetting that the age in a descent of MSS. may be only as long as it takes to copy it after it has been written out itself. The consequences of this theory were, that he very often decided according to the readings of a select few against the evidence of the mass of witnesses, and in the terse words of Dean Burgon, indited with his remarkable acumen, 'He had recourse to the ingenious expedient of *adducing* all the available evidence, but *adopting* just as little of it as he chose. And he *chose* to adopt those readings only which are vouched for by the same little band of authorities, whose partial testimony had already proved fatal to the decrees of Lachmann and Tregelles.' We may see now how Tischendorf carried out his eclectic principle into practice.

His authorities were chiefly the Sinaitic MS. at St. Petersburg (N), the Vatican (B), the Cambridge Codex Bezae (D), the Codex Regius at Paris (L), in St. Matthew the Dublin Palimpsest (Z), in St. Mark the St. Gall MS. or Sangallensis (Δ), and of the Cursives a few from two groups, viz. from the

Ferrar

Ferrar Group, 13, 69, 124, and 346; and from another group of MSS., 1, 33, 118, 157, 205, 209, besides occasionally a few others. For confirmation of the readings thus derived, he used some of the Versions, especially some of the Old Latin Versions, and a few of the Fathers. The extent to which he carried his reliance upon the chief of the Uncial MSS. just mentioned may be shown in the following table supplied by Mr. Hoskier of his readings in the Gospels.

He adopts against all others—

The readings of $\kappa$ alone	68 times.
(38 times in the Acts and Epp., and 39 times in the Apocalypse = 145 in all.)	
The readings of B alone	7 times.
(7 in Acts, &c. = 14.)	
The readings of $\kappa$ B together	130 times.
" " $\kappa$ D	110 "
" " $\kappa$ L	32 "
" " $\kappa$ BD	52 "
" " $\kappa$ BL	79 "
" " $\kappa$ BDL	48 "

Whereas he avails himself of the consentient voices of A (the Alexandrian) or C (the Parisian), which nearly always command a large assent of the other Uncial and Cursive MSS., in these proportions:—

Alone with AC.	8 times.
" $\kappa$ BC	22 "
" $\kappa$ BCL	16 "

In the Acts and Epistles again he follows  $\kappa$ B blindly on 93 occasions.

The extent to which Tischendorf lets himself be led away may be illustrated by an instance which shall be described in some words of Dean Burgon hitherto unpublished:—

‘He who would acquaint himself with Tischendorf as a critic of the text of Scripture, should attend to his method of handling the text of St. John ii. 3, where the words *καὶ ἰσπερῆσαντος οἴνου* have been made to give place to the following, *καὶ οἶνον οὐκ εἶχον, ὅτι συνετελέσθη ὁ οἶνος τοῦ γάμου*; where also for the Blessed Virgin’s *οἶνον οὐκ ἔχουσι* has been substituted *οἶνος οὐκ ἔστιν*. The former part of the sentence is found in the corrector or diorthote of  $\kappa$ , in three copies of the Old Latin Versions; and something very like it is met with in two other Latin Codices, the Harkleian margin and the Ethiopic Version. The authority of Gaudentius may be laid aside, because he probably expressed only a gloss. The saying of the Virgin rests on no authority whatever but that of Cod.  $\kappa$ .

‘One would have supposed that such a slender amount of evidence



as the foregoing would have been dismissed by any professor of Textual Criticism without a moment's hesitation. That the Old Latin Versions of the Gospels abounded with perversions of the Truth, and interpolations more extravagant even than the present, most of us are aware. That the depraved Latin represents a depraved Greek original which has long since perished, is sufficiently obvious. That Cod.  $\kappa$  is as a fact one of the few eccentric manuscripts,—*this* also is very well known. But how it can possibly be deduced from such premisses that the vapid readings before us are henceforth to supplant the text commonly in use and (with the foregoing exceptions) witnessed to by all MSS., all Versions, and all Fathers,\* passes comprehension.

'Let the learned critic, however, be allowed to plead his own cause:—"Considering the testimony of these several interpretations, the high antiquity of the reading of the Cod. Sinaiticus cannot be doubted." "The high antiquity"! Why, who can doubt the "high antiquity" of every aberration from the truth to be met with in the Old Latin Versions?—"Moreover" (he proceeds) "it is altogether in St. John's manner, and seems to have been set aside in favour of the shorter reading, by which a certain tautology in the expression is avoided." "Seems to have!" But where is the evidence? And why—in defiance of all copies but one, Versions, and Fathers—does he proceed to read *ὁὐος οὐκ ἔστιν*? "Here also" (he says) "the text of Cod.  $\kappa$  was to be followed, as connected naturally with what went before." . . . Would it not have been more ingenuous in the discoverer of Cod.  $\kappa$  to protest that parental partiality overcame his sober judgment, and that he must crave the reader's indulgence for preferring a reading which he was perfectly well aware would never be endured by anyone but himself?'

Such is a specimen of the method in which Tischendorf acts upon his own conjectures, and virtually despises evidence,—a method, it is hardly necessary to say, that, if followed, must be ruinous to all scientific procedure in Textual Criticism, which must be conducted upon clear, plain, definite testimony. A similar instance may be seen at St. John xiii. 10, where upon the authority of only  $\kappa$ , one Old Latin (c), and some Vulgate MSS., Tischendorf arbitrarily removes 'save . . . his feet' (*ἢ (εἰ μὴ) τοὺς πόδας*), thus emptying the passage of its meaning, which is, 'He who has had his feet washed has no need to get any other part of his body washed, but is clean all over and all through.' The alteration in  $\kappa$  is evidently due to some sciolist, probably a Latin translator, who had what would now be called a fourth-form knowledge of the perfect participle, and was afflicted dangerously with a small and insurmountable acquaintance with Greek grammar.

\* Dean Burgon did not make this statement without examination.

'But,' says Dean Burgon, 'no one would imagine how arbitrarily he patches and pieces up his text out of the materials supplied by his favourite codex, taking from it just so much as happens to suit him. Take, for example, St. Luke vii. 33. The reading of the Received Text, which is confirmed by an overwhelming body of evidence, is—ἐλήλυθε γὰρ ὁ βαπτιστὴς μῆτε ἄρτον ἐσθίων μῆτε οἶνον πίνων. B reads μὴ ἐσθων ἄρτον μῆτε πίνων οἶνον. K—μὴ ἐσθίων ἄρτον μηδὲ πίνων οἶνον. D—μῆτε ἐσθων—μῆτε πίνων. The reader should observe how, as their custom is, this happy family of ancient MSS. disagree with one another. The result is also entertaining: the modern editors follow suit. Tischendorf breaks away from the rest to humour his favourite K, and adopts on its sole authority, with only Cursive 157 to support it, the reading μὴ—μηδὲ with a transposition of the other words. Westcott and Hort refuse to follow him, paying court to D and B. With D they choose μῆτε—μῆτε, and with both of those MSS. they write ἐσθων instead of ἐσθίων. And yet of the thirty-four occasions where ἐσθίω occurs in the Gospels, B and D spell the word in the usual way no less than thirty-one times. Nay, even on the present occasion, the scribe of B is observed in the very next verse to repent of what he has done, and to write the word correctly. The same scribe does the same thing in St. Luke x. 7 and 8, as does also the scribe of D: and this time Tischendorf adopts—with an inconsistency by no means uncommon to him, as we shall see—the solecism in question, and would have us believe that he has recovered the very spelling of St. Luke. What else but the veriest superstition is it—if it be not carelessness—to handle the text of Scripture after this fashion; and to infer from the errors of a blundering fourth-century scribe what was written presumably in the actual autograph of an Evangelist? The plain fact is that ἐσθω was a favourite Alexandrian form of ἐσθίω, as everyone may see who will spend an hour over Trom's Lexicon and Holmes' edition of the LXX. Lastly, why is it to be thought that the right order of words in this short sentence has been departed from (so far as is known) by all the codices in the world but five?'

From what has been advanced, the reader can now deduce the main principle observed by Tischendorf in the construction of his text. He was not guided by pure evidence: he was not blessed with a judicial mind. If the case could have been referred to the trained intelligence of the Courts of Law, and textual critics could have been assigned places in the conduct of it according to their several capacities, he would never have been found upon the bench, but would have been the leading advocate in charge of the brief of the oldest MSS. Even there, some smoothing of differences must have been made previously to the hearing of the case, or, as it is now, his argument and

\* NBLE, 157.

that of his friends would have been presented at a grievous disadvantage.

This position must be made now more secure. An instance is supplied from Dean Burgon's unpublished papers:—

'St. John's practice of identifying persons (Nicodemus,\* Mary of Bethany,† Caiaphas,‡ himself§) by significantly referring to some one incident of the past life, has attracted attention in all ages, and has been made the subject of precious inference; never more memorably than in respect of the Evangelist's allusion on two subsequent occasions to what he had first related concerning Nicodemus in ch. iii. 2. But, on the sole authority of the corrector of  $\kappa$ , Tischendorf omits (in St. John vii. 50) the words  $\delta \epsilon \lambda \theta \omega \nu \nu \kappa \tau \acute{o} \varsigma \pi \rho \acute{o} \varsigma \alpha \upsilon \tau \acute{o} \nu$ : his plea being that it seems to himself "scarcely credible" that in ch. vii. 50 (as well as in ch. xix. 39) St. John would refer to the visit of Nicodemus to our Saviour "by night," recorded in ch. iii. 2. Dr. Tischendorf also points out that the text of John vii. 50 has undergone considerable perturbation. But how is it thereby rendered probable that the secret of what St. John actually wrote survives exclusively with Cod.  $\kappa$ ? Such a supposition can only be described as wild and extravagant. If it be "scarcely credible" that St. John was the author of this clause, then how is its presence in every MS. in the world except one to be explained? The more improbable the clause, the more incredible becomes the hypothesis of its universal interpolation. But surely we are concerned with facts, not with fancies. We have to reason from the evidence, not to discuss any critic's notions of probability. To the Church, in the meanwhile, what seems incredible to Tischendorf has ever seemed likely in a high degree. Certain at least it is that the clause under review is older than Cod.  $\kappa$  by two centuries, being found in the Syriac and in the Latin Versions; and it is more than probable that the text of Cod.  $\kappa$  is one of the most corrupt extant. The perturbation which the text of these five easy words has experienced would be a circumstance deserving of attention, but that it is easily accounted for.  $\kappa$ <sup>o</sup>BDLT and others have hopelessly confused together St. John vii. 50,  $\delta \epsilon \lambda \theta \omega \nu \nu \kappa \tau \acute{o} \varsigma \pi \rho \acute{o} \varsigma \alpha \upsilon \tau \acute{o} \nu$ , and St. John xix. 39,  $\delta \epsilon \lambda \theta \omega \nu \pi \rho \acute{o} \varsigma \tau \acute{o} \nu \text{'} \text{I} \eta \sigma \acute{o} \upsilon \nu \nu \kappa \tau \acute{o} \varsigma \tau \acute{o} \pi \acute{\rho} \omega \tau \omicron \nu$ . That is all; so much the worse for them.'

It would be easy to multiply examples. Tischendorf was led by subjective fancies, not by stubborn objective facts. He was a victim of his own ingenuity. Hence he felt extravagant objection to Assimilation, as in St. Mark xiv. 38, where with only three MSS. he refuses to read εἰσέληπτε (εἰς πειρασμόν) against all other MSS., because that word is used in St. Matt. xxvi. 41 and St. Luke xxii. 46. As if one Gospel *must* have differed from another, or as if each Evangelist *must*

\* St. John iii. 2; vii. 50; xix. 39.

† Ibid., xi. 50; xviii. 14.

† Ibid., xi. 2; xii. 3.

§ Ibid., xiii. 23; xxi. 20.

have considered it necessary that his own version of the common oral Gospel should be varied from those of the other Evangelists which perhaps he had never seen. Or, again, he indulges in conjecture, when, as in the case of St. John xix. 4, he reads *αἰρίαν οὐχ εὐρίσκω*, the worst attested reading of all, because 'it is incredible that from any other known way of exhibiting the sentence so much confusion would have arisen.' The fact is, that the old vellum MSS. are singularly at fault. The mass of later MSS. which exhibit a much wider tradition—probably of papyrus as well as vellum—including the majority of extant vellum MSS., and the majority of Versions—wholly outweigh the corrector of **N**, even with some countenance from a few Latin Versions and the Jerusalem Syriac. Or he is guided by other weak reasons, as in St. Luke xx. 14, where 'because *δεῦτε* happens to be left out in A B and a few other copies, he omits it likewise, shielding himself behind the sapient remark of Schulz, "*Lucus nunquam usus est hoc verbo.*" Did he intend to extirpate everywhere *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα* as a class of inconceivable expressions?\*

Working then upon his own judgment against authority, and even shuffling his favourite witnesses so as fitfully to prefer one before the other on distinct occasions,—pressing to extremes the principles of unreasoning suspicion of Assimilation, plentiful Conjecture, and weaker principles of a similar character,—it may be anticipated that Tischendorf would fall into various errors which are obviously slurs upon his work. Thus he is guilty of frequent inconsistency, as for example when (Mark xii. 14), unlike Lachmann and Tregelles, he deserts the authority of **NBCΛΔ**, which he has followed throughout that Gospel :—of inaccuracy, as when he adduces **NBC\*L** as justifying him in a change for which B is his only authority,† or as when he quotes for the omission of St.

Luke

\* 'It is sometimes said that the typical character of Joseph's history is nowhere expressly stated in Scripture. It is implied, however, by the scrupulous care with which three Evangelists in turn (Matt. xxi. 38; Mark xii. 7, Luke xx. 14) have transferred into the Gospel the exclamation of Joseph's ten brethren at the sight of Joseph :—*Δεῦτε, ἀποκτείνωμεν αὐτόν* (LXX. of Gen. xxxvii. 20).' (Burgon's Unpublished Remains.)

† 'In the parable of the Marriage of the King's Son, the invited guests are said to have gone—"the one (*ὁ μὲν*) to his own farm; the other (*ὁ δέ*) to his merchandise." For this, Tischendorf substitutes *ὅς μὲν—ὅς δέ*. What is his authority? Not D, for D reads *οἱ μὲν—οἱ δέ*. Not **N** and C, for they read *ὁ μὲν—ὁ δέ*. B is the only old Uncial MS. which exhibits the proposed reading. Would any ordinary reader perceive this from what follows? viz. "*ὡς (N c δ, 33 hiat) μὲν et ὡς δέ cum N BC\*L, 1, 22, 33,*" &c. If **N** and c read *δ*, why are they made to vouch for the reading *ὅς*? If 33 *hiat*, why is it enlisted on the same side?'

So,

Luke xxiv. 12 Codex Fuldensis (which being a harmony is no authority on such a point), the Jerusalem Syriac (which contains the verse), Ammonius ('who had no more to do with the matter than Confucius'), and Eusebius (who discusses it in two places, and quotes it in another):—he is guilty also of caprice, when for example in St. Mark xii. 23 he retains the words *ὅταν ἀναστῶσιν* against an unusual array of his favourite authorities, because St. Mark was in his opinion fond of pleonasm, and therefore loaded his text with these words, which are found neither in St. Matthew nor St. Luke. But, indeed, this is nothing else than an actual instance of assimilation to the form given by those two Evangelists (Matt. xxii. 28, Luke xx. 32) in the case of  $\aleph$ BCDL $\Delta$  and the other witnesses to the omission of these words. Tischendorf was quite right in inserting them, but with his principles it was done by an arbitrary rejection of his own chosen authorities.

Indeed (in Dean Burgon's own words):—

'How arbitrary and how utterly untrustworthy are Tischendorf's habitual textual decrees can only be duly estimated by one who will be at the pains to examine minutely the critical apparatus at foot of the pages of his eighth edition. A reader will find there much to admire: for indeed the man's diligence (especially in collecting evidence to support *any* foregone conclusion of his own) is extraordinary, and his general accuracy is highly meritorious. But the student will invariably, I believe, lay down his volume with a sense of prevailing mistrust. A specimen follows—not carefully selected, but the first which presents itself:—*ἐσπαργανωμένον κείμενον ἐν φάτῃ*, which is the traditional reading \* of St. Luke ii. 12, is found to be also the reading

'(1) Of ABLPSΣΓΔΔΕFGHMUV [i.e. all the Uncials but two]; also of all the Cursives but one:

So, again, in Matt. xvii. 26:—

'1. In place of *λέγει αὐτῷ ὁ Πέτρος*,  $\aleph$  stands alone in reading *ὁ δὲ ἔφη*: while D stands alone in reading merely *λέγει αὐτῷ* (omitting *ὁ Πέτρος*).

'2. Next,  $\aleph$  and c conspire in exhibiting the clearly superfluous clause, *εἰπόντος δὲ ἀπὸ τῶν ἁλλοτρίων*, in addition to the record of Simon Peter's reply (*ἀπὸ τῶν ἁλλοτρίων*). But c stands alone in beginning the clause *εἰπόντος δὲ αὐτοῦ*.

'3. Lastly, B exhibits the same superfluous clause, but stands alone in omitting the statement, *λέγει ὁ Πέτρος ἀπὸ τῶν ἁλλοτρίων*, which is found in every MS. in the world except B.

'In other words—here, as usual, the oldest of the Uncials are discovered to be all at cross purposes, to yield conflicting evidence; and here, as usual, the most ill-supported reading is the reading adopted by the critics. Who (I ask the question in all seriousness)—who, after any amount of study of Tischendorf's note on ver. 26, would suppose that *his sole authority for the reading which he adopts is Cod. B?*' (Burgon, Unpublished Remains.)

\* 'Note, that the article (*τῇ*) before *φάτῃ* does not belong to the Traditional Text.'

'(2) Of the Italic, Vulgate, Peshitto, Cureton's Syriac, Philoxenian, Coptic, Gothic, Armenian, Ethiopic [i.e. of every known Version]:

'(3) Of Origen,\* Eusebius,† ps.-Dionysius Al.,‡ Theophilus Al.,§ Cyril Al.|| (in four places); besides of the Latins, Orsiecus Abb.,¶ Idatius,\*\* Gaudentius,†† Vigilius Tapsus,‡‡ lib. de Promissionibus,§§ Arnobius ||| [i.e. of every Father who is known to quote the place].

'Now, if this be not conclusive testimony (we exclaim), what is? Tischendorf nevertheless insists on omitting the word *κείμενον*, on the sole authority of  $\aleph$ D and 68. He claims the support of Gregory Thaum. [A.D. 250] (who however nowhere quotes the place ¶¶), and chooses to assume that *κείμενον* has been added by assimilation from ver. 16, without adducing a particle of proof that such is the fact.

'So, because the fourth-century Codex  $\aleph$  and the sixth-century Codex D omit the word *κείμενον*, the critic infers that St. Luke must have done the same, and persuades himself that every other codex in the world (except the twelfth-century Evan. 68) has been corrupted; every Version has been made from a depraved original; every Father has employed an inferior copy.

'The critic cannot pretend that  $\aleph$ D exhibit tokens hereabouts of being accurate transcripts, for in this same verse the original scribe of Cod.  $\aleph$  is found to have written HMIN for YMIN (a circumstance which Tischendorf judiciously suppresses), and  $\epsilon\pi\iota$  instead of  $\epsilon\kappa$  (as well here as in ver. 7). Also, that  $\delta$  has added  $\epsilon\tau\omega$  after CHMEION, and in the next (13th) verse has written OYPANOV for OYPANOV ("the host of Heaven" instead of "the heavenly host"), and AINOYNTWON ("asking") for AINOYNTWON ("praising"). If such tokens as these, of carelessness or else of licentiousness (whether in the scribes of  $\aleph$ D, or in the archetypal copies from which  $\aleph$ D were respectively derived, matters nothing), do not suffice to put these two codices out of court as witnesses concerning St. Luke ii. 12, surely they at least disqualify them from being listened to when they come forward, as here they do, *contra mundum*.

'On reaching the end of such an investigation as the foregoing (and I have patiently undergone the same labour many thousand times), one can but ask oneself,—Did this man suppose then that no one would ever be at the pains to examine his notes, and show the public what utter "chaff and draff" they often essentially are? Only on one other hypothesis is such a specimen of Tischendorf's handling of evidence intelligible: viz., that he supposed himself endued with a faculty of divination, which rendered him superior to external critical helps. But then, if he really laboured under such a delusion, why does he *per fas et nefas* accumulate evidence; press into his

\* Intr. iii. 950 d.

† Dem. 342.

‡ Concil. i. 869 c.

§ Concil. iii. 511 d.

|| v<sup>1</sup> 681 b; v<sup>2</sup> 7 a.

¶ Galland. v. 42 c (A.D. 345). Ap. Mai, ii. 94, in Luc. xii.

\*\* Ap. Athanas. ii. 612 e.

†† Sabatier.

‡‡ Ibid.

§§ Sabatier.

||| Ibid.

¶¶ The sum of the matter is that an anonymous fifth-century writer (Opp. p. 6), referring to this place, has the expression  $\tau\acute{o}\nu \epsilon\nu \phi\acute{\alpha}\nu\eta\iota \sigma\tau\alpha\gamma\alpha\upsilon\theta\epsilon\rho\alpha \theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$ .  
service



service every cursive copy which comes in his way; snatch at every straw of evidence which seems to make for himself?

'The foregoing is a fair average specimen of his manner of conducting his critical enquiries. Too shrewd to fall (as Tregelles) into the trap which Lachmann laid for the unwary, he is careful to rehearse the evidence on either side with great diligence, accumulating as many references to Copies, Versions, and Fathers, as he can scrape together. But, as in the last instance, he reserves to himself the unheard-of prerogative of disregarding the evidence entirely; sentencing Truth to perpetual banishment; and awarding the place of honour to a palpable error. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*. "I am Sir Oracle."

Let us now for a moment take an entire chapter at random, and examine the changes insisted on by Lachmann, Tregelles, Tischendorf, and Westcott and Hort. In the 72 verses of St. Mark xiv., they amount to 119 in all. Of these, the four editors just named agree entirely against the Received Text in only 41 places, and partially in 11 more,\* thus leaving 67 in which they disagree amongst themselves. Of these, Lachmann follows the Received Text 16 times against the other three editors, Tischendorf similarly 7 times, Tregelles as well as Westcott and Hort not once.† Again, Lachmann and Tregelles together agree with the Received Text 14 times against their two remaining companions, Lachmann and Tischendorf in like manner 7 times, Lachmann and Westcott and Hort not once, Tischendorf and Tregelles twice. Further, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and Lachmann follow the Received Text 5 times against Lachmann; Lachmann, Tregelles, and Westcott and Hort 4 times against Tischendorf; Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles 3 times against Westcott and Hort; whilst Lachmann, Tischendorf, Westcott and Hort, never combine against Tregelles.

This looks anything but final, and not very hopeful. It may be added, that in cases where they all leave the Received Text they differ 12 times out of the 67 as to the reading proposed; whilst, with an independence that must lead to confusion, Westcott and Hort introduce 8 alternative readings peculiarly their own.‡ What is the advantage in our using Tischendorf if Westcott and Hort are right? And why should we use the latter if Tischendorf is correct? In fact, the modern editors present a tolerably faithful representation of the disagreement exhibited in the oldest Uncials, and we may seek here in vain for the one Text of the one accredited New Testament. We

\* I.e. some have alternative readings in the margin or in brackets.

† Except once in square brackets.

‡ Vv. 4, 18, 20, 31, 58, 60, 68.

are in the midst of the confusion of sects, instead of being in the unity of the Gospel of Christ.

Their relative proportion, too, is instructive. Lachmann leaves the Received Text about 79 times out of the 119, Tregelles 96, Tischendorf 98, and Westcott and Hort in 117 places. If these figures are multiplied by  $52\frac{1}{2}$ , the Gospels containing 3,780 verses, the number of changes proposed by each will be—Lachmann 4,147, Tregelles 5,040, Tischendorf 5,145, Westcott and Hort 6,142: and this calculation would represent places, not words. If all the words involved were counted, the totals speaking roundly might very well be 12,000, 15,000, 15,000, 18,000.\*

It will naturally be asked, How did it come to pass that a man of Tischendorf's great abilities was led into so unstable a position and to such inconsistency in action? Only noticing the fact that his career was suddenly cut short, and that it is impossible to calculate what would have been his ultimate decision upon the great problem before him, if his life had been spared and he had been enabled to take stock of the vast mass of evidence which has grown up since he died, the reply must be that, owing to the nature of his environment, he started upon false principles. Lachmann had recently in 1831 opened the delusive prospect of finding a short cut to the primitive text of the New Testament, without the assistance of any printed edition, but by the means of a few older manuscripts culled from what was even then the large mass of them. Thus Tischendorf began, as he was induced afterwards by the great discovery of his life to continue, to lay undue stress, and in most instances exclusive stress, upon the oldest MSS. and their followers, which he and most critics of the time assumed to be the best.

There was much plausible reason for their doing so. Those that were oldest were of course nearer in time to the original autographs, and were therefore at first sight the more likely in a conflict of evidence to be in the right. We shall see directly why this *primâ facie* view is rendered untenable by after-investigations, why the superficial must be abandoned upon considerations deep and sound. But there is one note of error which lies upon the surface. All the oldest MSS.,  $\aleph$  A B C  $\Phi$   $\Sigma$  D, are in hopeless antagonism to one another, the only redeeming feature being the greater agreement of  $\Phi$  and  $\Sigma$  on the passage to better things. In like manner, Lachmann, Tregelles, Tischendorf in his partiality to  $\aleph$ , and Westcott and Hort in their preference for B, are all at issue with one another, and

\* We are indebted to Mr. Hoskier for this interesting analysis and calculation.  
Tischendorf

Tischendorf also even with himself. In the absence of principles sufficiently clear and definite for guidance to a consentient dealing with evidence, personal likings and mislikings are left to have their own way, and to ruin the system in which they are allowed to grow up.

But this indication of deep-rooted error is a sign, not the source, of the evil. The wrong-doing consists in the violence done to the laws of evidence, and in an absurd reversal of the relations between a petty minority and an overwhelming majority which it would probably have been impossible to establish at the present time, if it had not been accepted in the previous age. This has become now one of those modern prejudices which the stern logic of uprising generations may be trusted to remove. If in questions of pure fact evidence is to be evidence, how can a small band of half-a-dozen or so MSS. overpower more than a thousand? It is said that examination of MSS. must precede the employment of them, and that the small band are all good, but the rest are 'Syrian' or bad. There is some truth in the former part of this plea, though all that is practically claimed in it cannot be admitted; but how is the latter conclusion established? By the opinion of a section of able critics of this century. But their verdict is weakened by the counter-opinion of other critics. And what MSS. are meant in the title 'Syrian'? Those who are not acquainted with the inner movements of Textual Criticism will be surprised to hear that that title, which is held by several critics to consign virtually the mass of Greek Testament MSS. to the waste-paper basket, designates fifteen centuries of Church life from and including St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, the two Gregories, and the grand period of the Great Councils.

In defence of this wholesale condemnation of the majority of MSS., it is urged, that the older the evidence the more it must be presumed to be right, and that, if later evidence is to be preferred, it ought to have earlier manuscripts to support it than have yet come to light. Answers to these allegations are in readiness, and they shall now be briefly stated.

The advocacy of B and  $\aleph$  and their associates is contradicted by testimony much earlier than theirs. The Peshitto Syriac (which is never placed later than the third century, and which has always, till the rise of the school supporting the 'small band,' been referred to the beginning of the second or the end of the first, and will, we are persuaded without a shadow of doubt, be found to maintain that place) and other Versions are against those two MSS. Secondly, they are contradicted largely by the evidence of the early Fathers as to the MSS. in  
their

their hands, those Fathers being taken as witnesses to facts, not as deponents of opinions.\* Thus, by two classes of authorities, the value of the superior antiquity of those two MSS.—for the question resolves itself to them—is absolutely put aside.†

And as to the cause of MSS. of repute, on the other side, either as old as B and  $\aleph$  or older still, not having descended to our days, the reason given by Dean Burgon seems genuine and strong. Manuscripts written in a text which was generally condemned were left upon the shelf, and remained unused and uninjured; whilst those that were approved were read day by day, and thus were thumbed to pieces, and were in time replaced by others and cast away as useless. So that these latter and better copies live in their descendants only; but the number of them is indicated by the overwhelming majority of such MSS. as have survived and can trace their genealogy to them alone.

But another cause is involved in the discoveries made in recent years since the days of Tischendorf, and it may be said even of Hort, seeing that his theory was constructed long before it was published, and that the publication of it preceded by many years the recent discovery of papyri in Egypt. The home of vellum as a material of writing was Asia. Herodotus tells us (v. 58) that the Ionians used skins to write on because they could not get papyrus. Similarly Eumenes II., king of Pergamum, when the jealous Alexandrians would not supply papyrus for his new library, did the best he could with the vellum of his country, and so much improved it that it obtained the new name of *Charta Pergamena* from his capital, and thence carried down to us the appellation of 'Parchment.' From its superior durability parchment was used, though as it appears sparingly, in Italy. On the contrary, besides the importation of manufactured papyrus, the latter was also made or re-made at Rome, as, for example, the *Charta Fanniana*, so named from the workshops of a certain Fannius. To judge from the remains that have reached us, in the early centuries after Christ papyrus must have been by far the chief material for writing used over all the Roman Empire, except in the extreme East, till the building of Constantinople. Shortly before that event arose the celebrated library of Pamphilus at Cæsarea, in which, as St. Jerome relates, the later MSS. at least were of vellum, and a process went on for many years of copying from papyrus to vellum. Then we read of

\* An examination recently made of the quotations of the Gospels in all the Fathers before St. Chrysostom enables us to speak with certainty on this point.

† On account of want of space, we can only refer to the 'Quarterly Review,' No. 306, pp. 353-356. No answer has ever yet been made to this article.

Constantine ordering from Eusebius of Cæsarea fifty MSS. for his new capital, containing the New Testament, for which he instructed his governors of the neighbouring provinces to supply that eminent but shifty man with the best antelope skins. It seems most probable that B and N were two comprised in this order, and at all events they are the earliest vellum MSS. of any size at all, if not the earliest of all, that are in existence.

Vellum MSS., so far as we know, continued to be few and rare till the eighth century. By that time the capture of Alexandria by the Mohammedans in 638 A.D. had produced a diminution in the supply of papyrus. Nevertheless, the latter material was used till the middle of the tenth century, when it is calculated that the manufacture of it in Egypt ceased. By this time the cursive writing on vellum was in full swing. During the period before that time—that is, from before the production of B and N up to the tenth century—many remains show that papyrus was much in vogue. Not a few of such MSS. have survived in the archives of Ravenna: Homilies of Avitus, Sermons and Epistles of St. Augustine, works of Hilary, Antiquities of Josephus, and various other writings are to be found amongst them. 'In France, papyrus was in common use in the sixth century.' Besides this, cursive writing did not first appear in the tenth century, perfect and complete, as has been popularly imagined, but dates back we do not know how long before the Christian era.

It would therefore seem to be clear that the large body of Cursive MSS. of the New Testament do not derive their genealogy solely from the Uncial vellum copies, as has been taken for granted, but also, and as is likely in a much greater degree, from a body of papyrus MSS., which have perished because they consisted of such perishable material. And inasmuch as heresy prevailed more in the East, and papyrus must have been used in the West, it must be for this reason also that the Church is without really good MSS. of a very early date.

This subject is fascinating, at least to a writer. But the patience of readers is more easily exhausted. Yet another remark cannot be avoided.

The great value of Lord Salisbury's address to the British Association consisted in his combination in his own person of the knowledge of an expert and of a mind trained outside his science in the best methods of the world. If any school of textual critics were possessed of a similar combination of special knowledge, sound scholarship, and practical experience, we should be more confident in the present, and more hopeful of the future, of Textual Criticism.

ART. IX.—*The Evil Eye: an Account of an ancient and widespread Superstition.* By Frederick Thomas Elworthy. London, 1895.

ANY old and deeply-rooted sentiment of human nature, especially if it seems irrational to contemporary reason, is usually associated with hundreds of other obscure opinions, customs, and superstitions. Among these antique beliefs is the faith in the Evil Eye. The most recent English student of the subject, Mr. Elworthy, is almost inevitably led, as he follows the gleam of the Evil Eye, to discourse of Mythology, Heraldry, Totemism, the mental condition of the rural voter, door-knockers, horse-shoes, Hypnotism, Professor Huxley, Medusa, the Australian black fellows, and a variety of other topics, which perhaps do not appear to be, but often really are, germane to the matter. The truth is that most superstitions are older than any history, while they still flourish with a strenuous life, and thus they have left marks in the art, the customs, and the ceremonies of the most civilized peoples. In a topic so diversified, it is difficult to preserve much method and coherency; nor shall we deny that Mr. Elworthy sometimes seems to stray, and occasionally does stray, from his theme. We shall, at the close of this article, take leave to follow his example for the purpose of recording a curious fragment of superstition. His qualifications for his task, however, are very considerable. Living among a rural population extremely conservative in its superstitions, he has compared the actual magical creeds of Somerset with their more picturesque and artistic counterparts in Italy, and has checked his living 'documents' by study of many curious treatises in modern and ancient literature. Above all, he has collected a large treasure of the amulets which, in many lands and ages, are supposed to defeat the Evil Eye. He appears not to be familiar with M. Tuchmann's work on 'Fascination,' but this is the less extraordinary, as its chapters have not yet been published in a book, but appear monthly in 'Mélusine,' a journal of folk-lore, conducted by M. Henri Gaidoz.

Mr. Elworthy, of course, is not a believer in the Evil Eye, nor in Witchcraft; but he has not an unkindly superiority to all fancies which are old and picturesque, rather inclining to suppose that to so much smoke of superstition there may be some 'seeds of fire' of fact. Here few persons who are thoroughly familiar with the literature of the old trials for witchcraft will disagree with him. Where our ancestors saw a witch, and burned her, our psychologists, in certain cases, would



would discover rare examples of morbid psychology, and what is called 'self-suggestion.' It has been usual to dismiss the victims on whose evidence witches were burned, as merely mischievous, cruel, and superstitious people; but the evidence rather suggests that they were proper patients for the Salpêtrière. They were convulsionaries, hysterical, cataleptic; and such patients as flourished in Salem, at Bargarran, or in Somerset of old, would now be regarded as interesting 'cases' in the hospitals. It is, perhaps, fortunate that their kinds of disease are now as rare in England as they were common between the dates of the Reformation and the Restoration. Indeed Mr. Elworthy's book does not offer a single example of a species of malady so familiar to, and so unhappily interpreted by, our ancestors, and even, in our own day, by the Irish who burned a woman near Clonmel. They were under the influence of the belief in 'possession,' and nervous patients in China are treated in the same way as the poor victim of Hibernian ignorance. The late Dr. Nevius's 'Demon Possession in China' contains plenty of information about this melancholy subject.

Mr. Elworthy, speaking of witchcraft, remarks that 'fascination, in many of its aspects, is nothing more than what we now call Mesmerism or Hypnotism'; but he quotes no instances from his own experience. M. Tuchmann also recognises 'the connection of many facts of "fascination" with many hypnotic phenomena'; but in M. Tuchmann's erudite treatise, 'fascination' is apt to assume the wider meaning of popular magic in general, not of the Evil Eye in particular. In many parts of England a person who is ill is said to be 'wisht,' or 'overlooked,' and the wisher, or overlooker, is known to be Goody Brown; but the inference, apparently, is drawn after the fact of the illness, and we do not remark that the wraith of Goody Brown appears to Alice Jones with a threatening aspect, as was common in the old practice. Alice Jones, again, the victim, does not fly over garden walls, nor is she discovered in impossible places,—things common in the narratives of Glanvil, Bovet, and the learned of past ages in general. In short, we trace no connection between the curse or malison of Goody Brown and the *damnum secutum* to Alice Jones. At most and worst, the disease of the victim may be intensified or prolonged by the belief in being 'wisht'; whereas, in other times, it often began in the nervous shock caused by the anger of a 'habit and repute witch.' A single example cited by Mr. Elworthy, from a professed novel in a cheap magazine, is no evidence that the ancient witchcraft still exists in modern superstition. Thus there is no trace of *rapport* between sorceress and patient. On the  
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other hand, Hypnotic experiments begin in a series of acts of influence, of various mechanical kinds, which affect a small percentage of the human beings who voluntarily and consciously submit to them. In these there is, of course, nothing that either is, or pretends to be, contrary to natural law, as we shall see that Mr. Elworthy seems to hold. Artificial somnambulism is as much a fact in the order of nature as influenza. So, no doubt, is 'dowsing,' or using the 'divining rod' in search of springs, about which Mr. Elworthy has something to say. It is either conscious imposture, or it is an act prompted by the sub-conscious element in the personality of the 'dowser.' With all such things, 'our human senses and powers of comprehension' are *not*, as Mr. Elworthy holds, 'quite incapable of dealing.' It is only a question of steady scientific examination, as in the study of any other condition of human faculty.

The superstition of the Evil Eye is not even so obscure and comparatively mystic as Hypnotism, or 'Dowsing.' It rests on ideas which once seemed rational, but no longer seem rational to us. Mr. Elworthy touches but very slightly on the old fancy that serpents 'fascinate' birds and small animals by the power of their gaze. This would be a good example of the real Evil Eye, if naturalists could be persuaded that there is anything more than the stupor of fear in the cataleptic condition of a 'fascinated' fowl or rabbit. Beyond this, however, most naturalists now refuse to go. As fabled to be exercised on human beings, the Evil Eye is an opinion based on three ideas. First, we have the old Herodotean doctrine of Nemesis. Too much good fortune, or too proud recognition of good fortune, cometh before a fall. Thus the most friendly admiration is dangerous. It is perilous to express admiration of a Hindu child, and, even in the Highlands, such expressions are not coveted. Damocles, in Theocritus, after admiring his own beauty, spat thrice in his own breast. The magical efficacy of saliva is familiar to the Zulus; but, in such examples, the object is to make what was once perilously admirable, admirable no longer. A man may evilly eye himself, or his own children or property; still more may another person 'eye' him or them. The eyes are very expressive of admiration, therefore the site and spring of the provocation to Nemesis is laid in the eyes. Mr. Elworthy gives instances which have come under his own experience.

In the second class, we may place examples of *invidia*; the admiring is also the balefully envious glance. Now, just as love is provoked by the eyes, so is hatred; and when that hatred works to evil results, we have 'overlooking,' alleged as a cause of sickness. There are 'wise men' who, 'by arts known

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to them,' can detect the 'overlooker,' when counteracting spells must be employed. Thirdly, and chiefly in Italy, we have the involuntary Evil Eye, the man cursed with eyes which, by a natural inherent force, cause misfortune. A man is godfather to three children, all of whom die; therefore (*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*) he is a *jettatore*. It is his fate, he cannot help it. Pio Nono was a renowned *jettatore*. In Théophile Gautier's romance, 'Jettatura,' the *jettatore* ruins every one whom he loves, and finally, but too late, plucks out his own eyes. Mr. Elworthy cites a similar case, in a Slavonic *Märchen*, and these two examples long ago led to the conjecture that, in the original myth, Œdipus had been a *jettatore*, and had neutralised the spell, as he fancied, by blinding himself. It will be observed that this third kind of fated and involuntary Evil Eye is not conspicuous among English superstitions. We do not deny its existence, but we are unacquainted with examples of it.

These few sentences contain all the philosophy of the Evil Eye. It is based on the doctrine of Nemesis, on the belief in the actual working of Envy, as a force directed from the eyes, and on the indomitable logical fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*.

As the bane exists, there must, in a well-regulated universe, be corresponding antidotes. This leads Mr. Elworthy to his second theme, 'Sympathetic Magic.' Magic is of three or four kinds, as defined by the Dènè Hareskins, of North America. There is, first, all that may be vaguely summed up as 'Hypnotism,' or 'The Sleep of the Shadow,' as they say. Then we have whatsoever is affected by 'spirits.' Thirdly, we have sportive magic, about which travellers tell very strange tales, apt to evoke the emulation of Mr. Maskelyne, or Herr Hoffmann. Finally, there is the magic which every one can work, and that is 'Sympathetic Magic.' The postulate here is that 'like affects like'; and again, that what affects a part or a relic of a man, his hair, his nails, his track on the road, affects him also. By such devices, in Somerset as elsewhere, the owner of the Evil Eye may be punished. Mr. Elworthy gives a case in which an old woman caused a nail to be knocked into a man's footprint. He limped from that day, and, mark, there was a scar on his foot when he died! The old woman did not know that the Australian blacks practise this art, and that it was prohibited by Boris Godunoff. As to the scar, when the wizard's 'astral body' appeared to the boy, in the great Cideville case (1850), a nail was knocked into the astral face, and the wizard's ordinary face bore the scar. All this is quite  
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in accordance with orthodox opinion. Montezuma's astral nose was singed, says Acosta, and the mark showed on the imperial feature of the unhappy prince.

The most usual form of sympathetic magic is to melt or stuff full of pins a clay or a waxen image of the enemy. This was done to Sir George Maxwell of Pollokshields, about 1670, and several women were burned for it; but when Crofters now practise the same rite on a shooting tenant, he presents the image to the Museum at Oxford, where it may still be seen by the curious. Plato speaks of such things, which are familiar to the negroes of Barbadoes. In Somerset it is reckoned good practice to stuff a beast's heart full of nails, and hang it up in the chimney. If a nervous victim hears of this, he, or she, may set up a malady by mere dint of self-suggestion, and thus a kind of unholy 'miracle' may be worked. Magic is defined by Littré as '*l'art prétendu de produire des effets contre l'ordre de la nature.*' Struck by the performances 'done every day, by Spiritualists, Hypnotisers, Dowisers, and others,' Mr. Elworthy says, 'The most sceptical is constrained to admit, that in some cases an effect is produced which obliges us to omit the word *prétendu* from our definition.' Without being abnormally sceptical, we can hardly grant that effects are 'performed every day' by anybody, which, being contrary to the nature of things, incline us to alter Littré's definition; but, if there is to be a change made, we prefer to abolish the words *contre l'ordre de la nature*. A man may make himself ill by believing that a clay doll has been stuffed with pins, but, if he does, nothing occurs which is not perfectly natural. 'Twas a mommet thing, and he knowed 'twas a' made for he,' said an agriculturist, cited by Mr. Elworthy. To be fair, the invalid, in this case, felt a pain in the foot before he knew that a 'mommet' had been constructed for his discomfort. But Glanvil gives a better story. Black-headed spots came on a girl's limbs, before the eyes of the vicar of the parish, and a witch later confessed that she had, at that moment, been piercing a 'mommet' with thorns. In Australia the wizards (like the clairvoyants in whom certain psychologists delight) must have a piece of the hair of the person whom their spells are to affect. So much there is in common between the black 'Birraark' and the American pythoness whom Fellows of the Royal Society 'investigate.'

This topic leads Mr. Elworthy far afield, but, when he comes to Totems, we fail to see any established connection with the Evil Eye. A Totem is the animal, plant, star, stone, cloud, or what not, from which a kind of clan among savages derives a name, and claims descent, occasionally wearing its image as a badge

badge or crest. Now, no man knows the cause and origin of this widely-spread belief and custom. Mr. Elworthy writes, 'In early days no doubt the swan was the Totem of some tribe, and being also the most famous metamorphosis of Jupiter, it would naturally follow that this bird should be held specially sacred.' The process was probably this: a Greek tribe claimed descent from the swan, as some Australian kindreds do now. The belief became incredible and undignified. They therefore made everything smooth by saying 'that swan was really Zeus in disguise.' Similar explanatory myths, accounting for similar Totemistic stories, occur when the Brahmins get hold of aboriginal tribes in India. The ancestral wolf, say, was Indra disguised as a wolf.

But what has all this to do with the Evil Eye? Mr. Elworthy says, 'Almost all savage beliefs are nowadays traced back by the *savants* to Totemism.' We can only remark, *tant pis pour les savants*. It is their unhappy peculiarity to run a doctrine too hard, and to make one key fit all locks. Mr. Elworthy observes, that 'a totem may belong to an individual without passing to his descendants.' We must ask leave to differ. A totem is essentially hereditary. The animal which protects and befriends an individual is his *Manitou*, chosen by himself, in or after the period of initiatory fasting.

As we understand Mr. Elworthy, we have first the belief in the Evil Eye, then the study of antidotes, then the propitiation of certain animals and other things as prophylactics against the Evil Eye, then their adoption as Totems. Thus a disquisition on Totems and Sacred Trees (whether Tree-totems or not) may find a place in a treatise on the Evil Eye. But the connection is extremely faint and purely hypothetical, as the origin of Totemism remains entirely unknown, while Mr. Elworthy never proves that the lowest Totemistic savages believe in the Evil Eye. We have Totemism where we do not find the belief in the Evil Eye, and we have belief in the Evil Eye where we do not find Totemism. The two sets of ideas do not seem to have any causal connection. Amulets, which divert or distract the Evil Eye, are, on the other hand, entirely within Mr. Elworthy's scope. His chapters on Amulets are the most valuable and original part of his book. His own large collection affords the subjects of many admirable and curious illustrations, and his theory of Amulets commends itself, on the whole, to the critical judgment. An amulet is not identical with a fetish,—one of the natural oddities with which the savage bedizens himself, or stuffs his medicine-bag, as the Neapolitan hangs horns, crescents, hands, and so forth, on his watch-chain. A fetish may be chosen for

a dozen good reasons ; because it is unlike anything else, because it is like something else (and so has a magical influence over its counterpart), because it has been suggested by a dream, because it is recommended by a conjurer, because, having picked it up casually, a man 'had luck,' because he was so unlucky as to trip over it, because it is emblematic of something,—as a feather, is of speed,—because it is the tabernacle of a spirit, because it once moved in a singular way, because it is a portion of a strong animal, because it is pretty, because it is ugly, and so on. An amulet, on the other hand, is usually artificial, a work of art, and it either attracts the Evil Eye to its unimportant self, and away from the victim, or it acts as a non-conductor or repellent. Obscene amulets and gestures attract the Evil Eye, which wastes itself on them. Eyes of porcelain, or eyes painted on ships, vases, or what not, perhaps return the malevolent stare of the Evil Eye. Horns, crescents, hands (fashioned into certain gestures, indecent or disdainful), and objects of iron, distract and scatter the noxious influence. On all these devices, Mr. Elworthy writes with great learning, and after special study of the living superstitions as they flourish in Italy. He may be carried too far : we are not persuaded that a ball and cross on the top of a dome,—or on the blade of an Andrea Ferrara claymore, for that matter,—were originally intended to avert the Eye of Evil.

Gnostic gems, carved rocks from all quarters, Italian curiosity shops, the walls of cathedrals, supply him with endless examples. It is not easy to give any idea of his wealth of objects, and skill in marshalling them, without illustrations. We see hands (a great amulet) covered with cumulative small amulets, as the snake, the eye, the caduceus, the lizard, the cornucopia, and many other 'avertive' objects. The huge eyes, out of proportion to the tiny figures on Greek vases, fall, perhaps, into the same category. The eyes on Egyptian rings of gold or porcelain are familiar to everybody. The Gorgon's head on shields and breast-plates *may* be an avertive amulet ; but the earliest with which we are familiar, that of Agamemnon, in the eleventh book of the 'Iliad,' seems rather to have been intended 'to strike terror and inspire respect.' Mr. Elworthy, however, quotes (without reference) a passage from Lucian : the Gorgon's head 'was an amulet against the Evil Eye.' Perhaps it is injudicious to regard hideous grinning heads from Tahiti, or Peru, as equivalent to Gorgons. The Tahitians, like most of the less developed races, cannot represent a beautiful face in art, and fall back on grinning teeth and staring eyes.

The origin of the devices on shields is an obscure topic, and  
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it may be doubted whether they can be regarded as amulets. The shield of the Zulu is 'blank enough,' like Sir Tor's; that of the Australian bears merely the herring-bone or other purely decorative pattern. While the Red Indian herald (commented on by a forefather of Gibbon's, who had been Blue Mantle) carves the totem of a dead chief reversed on his grave-pillar, nothing in Greek shields suggests to us the bearing of hereditary arms. On heroic shields, in the pictures on vases, we see crests, the serpent (like that of Colbert on his book-bindings), the bull's head, the Three Legs (as in the arms of the Isle of Man), and many other devices; but these bearings were conferred by the fantasy of artists in the fifth century B.C. We remember no bearings on the shields represented in Mycenæan art. A famous passage in 'The Seven before Thebes' represents the heroes as wearing *personal* arms, of their own choice; as Jeanne d'Arc, not using the arms granted to her, wore 'argent, a dove, on an azure field,' with the motto *de par le Roy du Ciel*. There seems to be no trace of hereditary arms in Greek families; and the badges of towns were assuredly not amulets. The badges of the Roman legions, as Mr. Elworthy proves, have a truly heraldic appearance in figure and colour. Only we are not convinced that the heraldic animals were originally 'avertive' amulets, and it is hasty, we think, to suggest that the Greek badges on shields 'were adopted at the special or separate pleasure of the individual chieftains, and the device may be said to represent his clan-totem.' Here are two contradictory theories. If a Greek had a clan-totem, he could not select or vary it at pleasure; but we have no evidence that, say in Homer's time, the chiefs had clan-totems. If they had, Achilles should bear 'an Ant, proper, regardant'; Orestes, a Swan; a Cadmeian, a Bull; and so forth. But we have been unable to discover any single allusion, on Greek shields, to hereditary family bearings of the Totemic character, nor has Curtius, we think, been more fortunate. The Mycenæan shields, as represented in the art of Mycenæ, are blank; Homer is silent, or rather, in the shields of Achilles and Agamemnon, introduces fantastic works of art; Æschylus only speaks of personal arms. Mr. Elworthy conjectures that the pictures on shields 'absorbed the poison of the first glance' of the 'furious foe.' This, of course, if true, connects heraldry with the Evil Eye, and it is, at least, ingenious. The only savages who, to our knowledge, use a kind of quarterings, are the Ahts of Vancouver's Island. On a pillar before his door a man carves the totems of his ancestors. He, let us say, is a wolf, so was his mother; his grandmother was a skunk, his great grandmother an eagle, and so on. The

pillar on which these animals are represented is his family tree and scutcheon. But the real question is, can we reckon either totems, or the insignia of the Roman legions, or the Greek personal arms, or those of our early European ancestors, as having, at any time, been meant to play the part of avertive amulets? We see no proof of it, and, as the whole set of customs arises in savagery, we need a great deal more evidence than Mr. Elworthy gives as to the diffusion of the belief in the Evil Eye among savage peoples. That belief is certainly not familiar to us among Zulus, Maoris, Australian blacks, Bushmen, Fijians, Dyaks, Mohawks, Ahts, Andamanese, and other such races, on various levels of 'culture.'

The superstitions about crescents (as on cart-horses' harness) and horns are on a different footing. A Red Indian, in full war-paint and medicine array, wears horns, as Mr. Elworthy shows. Horns occur on the helms of the Ægean invaders of Egypt (usually called 'Achæans'), and on many other ancient helmets. Now horns are, beyond all doubt or question, used as amulets against the Evil Eye; but are all horns amulets, in intention? As Mr. Elworthy justly remarks, 'In the many passages of Scripture where it is mentioned, the horn seems to have become the emblem of dignity and honour, though it may originally have been adopted as an amulet.' The phylactery, 'worn as a frontlet' for protection against the Evil Eye, is 'an undoubted amulet.' The horns on the helmet may be amulets also, or they may be emblems of force, or they may be merely decorative. It is impossible to dogmatise; but that horns are very common amulets is certain. That the horse-shoe does duty for the crescent, we are less well assured than that iron is a great prophylactic against evil spirits, as the Scholiast on the Eleventh Book of the *Odyssey* declares. Meanwhile amulets of every form may be counterfeited by manual gesture, and, as Mr. Elworthy shows from Greek and early sacred art, these gestures are very ancient. The open hand occurs on the robe of a Mandan chief in Catlin's book, and it is stamped in red over the caves of Australia,—for what reason, or whether in a mere freak, is not known. The cross of all shapes and the *swastika* could only be adequately discussed in a separate treatise, so widely diffused among pre-Christian races are these symbols or decorative marks, and so various are conjectural attempts to interpret their meaning. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Elworthy himself has seen the malt 'sained' by the marking of a cross between two hearts, otherwise 'they there pixies w'd safe to spwoil the drink.' But a pixy is one thing and the Evil Eye is another, though doubtless the same amulet



amulet is sovran against either. The cross, as Mr. Elworthy says, is 'of all simple signs the easiest to make, and the most common,' as in the pastime of 'oughts and crosses.' Now the primitive artist's eye, like Nature, 'abhors a vacuum,' and he is apt to fill up the field of any design with such marks as crosses. It appears to us that, when once the form had become common, different races might elevate it into a symbol, yet to that symbol might attach different and arbitrary conventional meanings. 'The Incas,' says Garcilasso de la Vega, 'had a cross in their most secret chamber,' and other American crosses led early travellers to believe in a Christian mission to America, headed by St. Thomas, or St. Brandan, or Bishop Eric, who went from Greenland to Vinland the Good, and was heard of no more. But Dr. Brinton, a most industrious *Américaniste*, looks on the native American cross, we think, as commonly a symbol of the four winds, as on a weathercock. The application might be extended, till the cross stood for the Absolute, or what you please.

Egypt was rich in crosses. A cross on a heart means 'goodness.' Others were used as amulets. One from Mycenæ, in gold, is embossed with a spiral, or perhaps serpentine pattern, and looks almost like an anticipation in miniature of an Iona cross.

From our point of view, it seems rather vain to try to determine 'the true symbolical meaning of the cross.' One sense might be attached to it in one country, another on the other side of the globe. The 'phallic' theory is equally capable, or incapable, of application to most symbols. The Tau, with or without the handle (*crux ansata*), may be 'the symbol of life,' but how the idea arose it is difficult to conjecture. That Ezekiel's mark 'on the foreheads of men that cry' must have been the Tau, is hardly proved by the statement in the Vulgate, 'signa Thau super frontes.' The Vulgate is not an inspired rendering, nor contemporary with Ezekiel. St. Cyprian's and Bishop Lowth's opinions themselves need confirmation. Tradition may conceive that the Tau was the mark of Cain, but Mr. Robertson Smith thought that a tribal tattoo was referred to. When the Northmen used the Tau for the hammer of Thor, they merely 'linearised' a picture of a real hammer,—another proof that identical symbols may have totally different origins and meanings. A so-called *crux ansata* from Cuzco seems to us not to have had any symbolical sense. A conveniently shaped hole was made in a large block of stone, into which was thrust the head of a malefactor. In the narrower aperture above, a piece of wood was inserted, the culprit was lifted

lifted by the legs, and his neck was broken. Convenience, not symbolism, suggested this *crux ansata*. In modern Cyprus it is an amulet against the evil eye, but anything old may be an amulet.

The Cretan women, as Mr. Arthur Evans shows, wear the prehistoric 'island gems,' with the Cretan characters which he has discovered, as amulets in pregnancy. But this is a purpose for which these seals were never intended by their engravers. A cross above two circles, on a coin of Æthelward, is explained by Mr. Elworthy as an 'obvious' reproductive symbol, but really we cannot be certain as to the motive of the designer. The crosses on coins and seals *may* be protective, or may be religious, or decorative, an easy way of filling the field. The globe with a cross on it, in the hands of God the Father, might conceivably represent *Deum tenentem mundum*, as in Jeanne d'Arc's account of the picture on her own standard. This is now an emblem of sovereignty, and Mr. Elworthy regards it as 'nothing else but a powerful amulet against the evil eye.' The two hearts and cross of the Devonshire superstition, as we said, are not amulets against the evil eye at all, but against pixies, or fairies. The cross made on the dough (recommended by Herrick) would be a survival of the use of the Christian cross, which, of course, arose naturally, not from a pre-Christian amulet, but from the instrument of the Crucifixion. By the way, as Mr. Elworthy is familiar with Pixies, perhaps he knows what a 'Pixy's oven' is. An old man in Devonshire lately told to a lady a tale of a boy who found 'a Pixy's oven,' an object made of wood. The boy broke it up, exclaiming that he hated the Pixies, whereon he was beaten black and blue by invisible hands. The nature of a Pixy's oven the old gentleman did not explain.

The *svastika*, or fylfot cross, , is a standing puzzle of antiquaries. It is explained by Mr. Percy Gardner as 'a sun symbol,' for this reason. On a coin of Mesembria (Midday) is a fylfot with the sun in the centre, and the name of the city is contracted to MEΣ. Both facts might be otherwise explained, the fylfot, in each case, merely filling the field, where there was room on the coin, but not room for the long word Mesembria. The mark is found from China to Peru. We see no reason for imagining that the Troad was the cradle of the mark, or 1300 B.C. the date of its evolution. Any idle hand might sketch it anywhere, and any curious fancy might assign to it any symbolical signification. Among such significations that of an amulet against the evil eye is conceivable enough,

enough, for the points of the figure (like the points of horns, or of the fingers) would be regarded as catching and averting the dangerous influence. But the *origin* of the mark is quite another question. The *triskelion*, as in the arms of the Isle of Man, may or may not be a form of the *fyllot*: it occurs on shields represented in ancient vases. On the whole, almost any symbol or sign may come to be used as a prophylactic against the evil eye, or against pixies, but the original sense, if any, of the symbol may have been entirely different. A simple 'universally human' decorative mark by a savage may acquire a series of different senses, as the consciousness of advancing civilization plays around it freely. This theory has lately been applied to the *fleur de lys*, by a learned writer in the '*Revue Critique*.'

Finally, we reach magical formulæ written down to be used as amulets. Whether in Abyssinia or in England, in Reginald Scot's '*Discovery of Witchcraft*' or in the Greek papyri of the third century, lately published by the British Museum, these formulæ are the same mixtures of folly and gibberish. In most the use of 'barbarous names' (as Porphyry says in his Letter to Iamblichus) makes itself conspicuous.

A notice of the practice of 'scrying,' or 'crystal gazing,' closes Mr. Elworthy's collection of superstitions. In various forms it is very widely diffused. The Hurons used water; the Maoris, blood; the Egyptians, ink (as every one knows). Glass balls are at present popular, and we have read about one gentleman who 'scried' in a brass door-handle—but he was insane. On the other hand a sane lady has done marvels, in a glass of Sauterne! Unless a large number of reputable persons are fabulists, staring into a clear depth does produce (in them) hallucinations like the 'hypnagogic illusions' with which many people are familiar. On this little-regarded fact in psychology, the whole superstition of crystal-gazing, with its invocations and fumigations, its 'calls' and its camphor, has been based. The late Dr. Mayo would have numbered this among the truths involved in popular superstition; but, in the superstition of the Evil Eye, no rare or obscure phenomenon of human faculty seems to be concerned. It is a widely diffused fancy, no more; but as to the exact range of its diffusion, outside of Europe, Islam, the region of the Semitic races, and India, we remain uncertain. The presence, among savages, of amulets used in the Old World against the Evil Eye, only raises a presumption in favour of the presence of the belief itself. For what is good against the Evil Eye, may also be good against Vuis, Brewin, Mrart, Manitous, and other wild varieties of the Pixy species.

It is plain that, if a belief no longer 'rational' exists, it might  
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be expected to flourish, not only as a survival among civilized peoples, but as a living faith among low savages. In search of authorities for the Evil Eye among the most backward races, we have specially examined Mr. Elworthy's seven hundred foot-notes. But we have only discovered the statements (on pages 426, 427) that certain African kings are not to be looked upon by their subjects, and especially not to be watched when eating, which is a prejudice shared by some of the subjects themselves. Now, not to mention that Byron could not bear to see a woman eat, it is easy to suggest other reasons, *not* that of the Evil Eye, for this African etiquette. It is significant that, in so great a mass of reading, no single well-defined example of the Evil Eye should be quoted, from all our treasure of ethnological information about races like the Australians, Maoris, Bushmen, Eskimo, and Andamanese. We obviously cannot argue that the Evil Eye exists among Australian blacks, because they possess forms of magic which, in other countries, are used as antidotes against the Evil Eye. Thus Mr. Elworthy's book leaves us in face of this question: Has a superstition so widely spread not developed itself among the lower savages, or has Mr. Elworthy merely avoided this province of his subject? It would be bold to give a positive answer.

In certain circumstances the glance of a Bushman girl can turn a man into stone; yet this is *not* an example of the Evil Eye, but of a totally different superstition. On the other hand, M. Tuchmann cites cases from Tahiti and New Guinea, and Dr. Codrington from Melanesia, which it would be pedantic, perhaps, to distinguish from the genuine Evil Eye. Yet, so far as our information goes, the Evil Eye, among the lower and more isolated races, is a rare phenomenon, either priestly, or connected with certain taboos which it is unnecessary to discuss. If we are not mistaken, we have here a superstition which is but little found on the lowest levels of culture, while it flourishes wherever the old European, Asiatic, or Egyptian civilizations have left their traces. When we think we have found the Evil Eye among Australian blacks (they call it Ngurrung-mri), the gift turns out to be peculiar to white men, and it is apparently a myth to account for the discharge of a firearm. On the other hand, the widely diffused taboo which forbids a man to see his bride, and even the origin of the veil in marriage, might, hypothetically, be connected with belief in the Evil Eye. The glances of admiration cast by the bridegroom and the general public may be reckoned dangerous to the bride. A Highlander, Mr. Kirk of Aberfoyle says, killed a hare by merely praising its speed. A bride like the



the lady in Suckling's ballad would run equal danger. Hence our bridal veil, if Mr. Elworthy insists on it (which he does not). We hear of countries, however, in which a man is not allowed to see his wife for years after marriage, and few results of the doctrine of the Evil Eye are more injurious to domestic happiness. But that doctrine may have nothing to do in the matter. These studies are very conjectural, and we contribute, as our private guess, this theory of the origin of the bridal veil.

Mr. Elworthy's book, by the nature of the subject and treatment, has inevitably led us over a great extent of literary and mythological country. But this may be looked on, we hope, as rather a merit in the work, proving, as it does, the antiquity and wide diffusion of a singular belief, from which the world has by no means shaken itself free. Wide as the region which he has traversed is, it includes vast provinces wherein there is yet much to be gleaned; indeed, an accurate study of the minor magic of uncivilized races is a topic full of interest, and hitherto strangely neglected.

On this point we shall, as we promised, offer some evidence, assuming that licence of digression which is dear to antiquaries. Readers of Iamblichus remember that among the peculiarities of the God-possessed person is this, that he can tread on fire unscorched and unhurt. It is not that his excitement prevents him from feeling the burns, but that there is no lesion of his person. Again we read in the *Æneid* (xi. 785):

'Summe Deum, sancti custos Soractis Apollo,  
Quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo  
Pascitur, et medium freti pietate per ignem  
Cultores multa premimus vestigia pruna.'

Virgil, himself a noted antiquary, is writing of a religious ceremony which he has heard of, or perhaps seen, at Soracte. The ministrants, trusting in their *pietas*, tread unhurt on glowing ashes of pine-wood. Servius also mentions the rite in his commentary. We naturally think of such a ceremony as the safe and harmless leaping over fires nearly extinct, at the St. Jean, in France, or at Beltane in Scotland. But there is a curious mass of contemporary evidence for a more startling savage performance, of which our Beltane fires may be the faded survival. We shall first cite "Te-Umu-te, a Raiatean Ceremony," from the 'Journal of the Polynesian Society.'\* The author is Miss Tenira Henry, of Honolulu, an educated lady of whole or half-native blood. The judicious Council of the

\* Vol. ii. No. 2, June 1893, pp. 105-108.

Polynesian Society, not having seen the ceremony, 'does not guarantee the truth of the story, but willingly publishes it for the sake of the incantation.' This is a long hymn, in Tahitian, with a translation, and is, so far, evidence to the native belief in the rite at which it was chanted.

The *ti* plant (*Dracæna terminalis*) is a plant magical in Tahiti and Hawaii, like our rue, rowan, and rosemary. The leaves are used for various purposes, the root is saccharine, but needs to be well baked. For this purpose ovens are hollowed in the earth to a diameter of thirty feet. At the bottom small logs of wood are laid, on which large stones are piled. The wood being lighted, the furnace roars for twenty-four hours, the glowing mass is then flattened down with poles, and banana bark is thrown on to raise steam. The *ti* roots are then cast in to bake, and the whole is covered with leaves and earth, and left for three days. The roots are then edible.

In connection with this baking is a ceremony, which can now be conducted by only two persons, both of priestly descent. The ceremony is a procession over the glowing mass, before any vegetables are thrown on it. The persons engaged come out 'not even smelling of fire.' M. Morné, a French lieutenant of Marine, photographed the rite, about four years ago, at Uturoa, Raiatea, in presence of all the white inhabitants. Miss Henry publishes the photograph, which her editors declare is 'evidently taken from a sketch by hand,' not 'from the quick.' But, in the next number of the Journal cited,\* the sceptical editors acknowledge the receipt of Lieutenant Morné's 'original photograph.' Miss Henry adds that her own sister, and the sister's child, joined in the fire-walk. She expresses a wish that science should examine the matter while her two priestly friends survive, and can arrange the performance.

Fiji is not behind Tahiti. In Mr. Basil Thomson's 'South Sea Yarns,' he describes similar doings, as witnessed and photographed by himself. The *dracæna* is called the *masáve* in Fiji, and is baked in the same manner as by the Tahitians. The fire-walk is undertaken by members of a certain clan, *Na Ivilankata*, who have a traditional fairy-tale as to how they acquired the power, trick, or secret. When Mr. Thomson visited the scene, the pit was 'a white hot mass, shooting out little tongues of white flame.' The wood was extracted by poles, and the glowing stones were laid level, 'tongues of flame still playing among them.' Then fifteen men, in garlands, with anklets of dried fern, walked barefoot over the surface of

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\* Vol. ii. No. 3, p. 193.

the stones, trampling down the green leaves as they were thrown in by the lookers-on. The volume of steam rose thick and dark. Now, a few minutes before the men entered the furnace, a hot stone was hooked out, on which Mr. Thomson's handkerchief was laid; the men went in, and it was removed when the last man left the oven. 'Every fold that touched the stone was charred,' as indeed may be observed on the handkerchief, which 'lies before us as we write.' The feet of the performers, being examined, were cool, and their anklets of dry fern-leaf were not burned. Mr. Thomson wrote his published account on the day after the event. He has heard of a similar ceremony in the Cook group of islands, and it is attested, both in the 'Journal of the Polynesian Society,' and by private correspondence, among the Klings of Southern India, and elsewhere. 'Elsewhere,' curious to say, includes modern Bulgaria! Mr. Thomson's photograph has not been published: the fine shapes of the men, like figures of polished basalt, are partly obscured by the steam arising from the leaves thrown into the furnace. A representative of popular science has, we believe, suggested a dilution of sulphuric acid as a probable cause of the immunity of the Fire-walkers. He does not seem to have tried the experiment on his own person, nor is it certain that the Klings and other backward races, or the priests of Apollo, know, or knew, sulphuric acid. We must look further afield for an explanation.

Such is a portion of the modern evidence for a savage rite, which reminds us of 'passing through the fire to Moloch.' Conceivably that Canaanite ceremony may not have been necessarily fatal. It is possible that our mediæval ordeals by fire, and the leaping through the embers of our old Midsummer Night popular ritual, are connected with the singular feats of Tahitians, Fijians, and Klings (who do the rite once a year), while the facts, again, attach themselves to the ritual of Apollo of Soracte, and to the remark cited from Iamblichus. For superstition catches all the world in its net; it is *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, and we vainly ask how a classical Italian or Levantine practice reached the isles of the Pacific. This ubiquity of belief and custom makes it all the more singular that we do not, so far, find the faith in the Evil Eye current among the most backward races of mankind. Of course we cannot argue to its absence from the fact that its presence, to the best of our knowledge, has not been recorded. Anthropology is in its early youth, but, as the science grows, the races who best deserve study die out, like the last of palæolithic men, the Tasmanians.

- ART. X.—1. *Life and Teaching of Mohammed ; or, the Spirit of Islâm.* By Syed Ameer Ali, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal. London, 1891.
2. *Mohammed and Mohammedanism, critically considered.* By S. W. Koelle, Ph.D. London, 1889.
3. *Lettres sur la Turquie.* Par M. A. Ubicini. Two vols. Paris, 1853.
4. *Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia.* Scritta da Michele Amari. Three vols. Firenze, 1854.
5. *Histoire des Musulmans d'Espagne.* Par R. Dozy. Four vols. Leyde, 1861.
6. *Mahomet et le Corân.* Par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. Paris, 1865.
7. *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España.* Per Jose Antonio Conde. Nueva Edicion. Three vols. Madrid, 1861.
8. *Hedâya, or Guide: a Commentary on the Musulman Laws.* Translated by order of the Governor-General and Council of Bengal, by Charles Hamilton. Four vols. London, 1791.

**A**T no period of their chequered careers have the religion of Christ and the religion of Mohammed presented so startling a contrast as at this moment. Here and there we hear pæans over the decay of Christianity from quarters where the wish is evidently father to the thought; but the plain truth is that progress, material, moral, and intellectual, is everywhere continuous with Christianity. An unbridged gulf divides Christendom from the rest of the habitable globe. On the one side we see security for life, religion, property, honour; woman held in respect and treated on terms of social equality with man; slavery placed under the ban of law and custom; war denounced as a crime when not waged in self-defence or in redressing some wrong otherwise irremediable, while its conduct has been placed by the moral sense of Christendom under humane regulations which no Christian Government would dare violate. In short, within the frontiers of Christendom we see the law of progress in action, an upward movement of mankind on the whole towards a higher level of human excellence. There may be stagnant water here and there, like still pools diverted from the parent stream; or even sporadic retrogression, like eddies on the margin of a mighty river. But there is progress on the whole, widespread and majestic. Nor is it to the purpose to point to periods in the history of Christianity where, in particular localities, barbarism, and cruelty, and corruption prevailed. The point is, that at no period in the history of Christianity were there lacking multitudes

multitudes of Christian men and women who boldly rebuked wrong and impurity as a violation of the religion of the Gospel, and an outrage on the precepts and example of the Founder of Christianity. It was a tremendous task that Christianity undertook when it entered the lists against the Pagan world; against the brilliancy of the Greek intellect, then sharpened to its keenest edge; against the statecraft and material power of Imperial Rome; against the *vis inertie* of the languid East—forces all arrayed in the service of selfishness and vice, as the pages of Juvenal attest with such savage scorn. It is not surprising that the progress of Christianity has been slow against such terrible odds, or that it took centuries to uproot some of the evil institutions—slavery, for instance—of the ancient world. But from the day of Pentecost till now the characteristic mark of Christianity is progress. Each generation has lit its lamp from its predecessor and extended the flame; and the lights thus kindled are to-day as bright and unfading as if eighteen centuries had not passed since the tongues of fire lighted on the Apostles in Jerusalem.

Outside of Christendom, on the other hand, what we behold is stagnation and decay. Nowhere is there the faintest sign of progress, except in Japan, and Japan has advanced by adopting the methods and imbibing freely the spirit, if not the actual creed, of Christendom. The horrors of Port Arthur prove that the assimilation of the Christian spirit is very imperfect without the formal organism in which it has been historically enshrined; but at least these horrors were apologized for, and the war was otherwise conducted according to the rules of civilized warfare. Japan is therefore the exception which proves the rule, and the exception is due entirely to the influence of Christianity. In all other non-Christian States whatever movement there may be is backward. And nowhere is that tendency more marked than under the rule of the Crescent. It is therefore an unfortunate time for a Muslim to choose for instituting a comparison between Islâm and Christianity, much to the disadvantage of the latter, both intellectually and morally. Yet this is what some Indian Muslims have lately been doing. It is significant that these vindications of Islâm, at the expense of Christianity, all hail from India, where Islâm has long ceased to be a ruling power, and has therefore been unable to exhibit its real spirit.

The moment is opportune for taking up the gauntlet thus flung in the face of Christendom by the recent champions of Islâm, since the two forces are just now brought face to face in Constantinople as representing opposite systems of government.

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We will select two of these champions, men of very different calibre, but upholding the same thesis: the Syed Ameer Ali and Mr. Vasudeva Rau. The former is a judge of the High Court of Judicature in Bengal. He is a cultivated gentleman of wide reading and liberal sentiments, and is master of a flowing English style, which makes his portly volume on 'The Life and Teaching of Mohammed, or the Spirit of Islâm,' pleasant reading. Of the other writer we know nothing but that he wrote a flimsy article in a monthly Review of last October, for the purpose of proving that the famous library of Alexandria was not burnt by order of Khalif Omar, and that Islâm is altogether far superior to Christianity. We will take Syed Ameer Ali first; but we do not intend to go into any detailed criticism of his volume. What we propose to do is to test his case by a criterion which we shall show to be decisive.

The Syed, as he tells us in his Preface, has written with a double purpose: to help his co-religionists in India 'to achieve their intellectual and moral regeneration' by a better understanding of the principles and precepts of Islâm; and at the same time to furnish 'seekers of truth in the West,' harassed by scepticism and an enervating materialism, with a religion which, 'by its stern discipline and sane morality, has proved itself the only practical religion for low natures to save them from drifting into a lawless materialism.' 'The work of Jesus,' it seems, 'was left unfinished. It was reserved for another Teacher to systematise the laws of morality.' Mohammed 'put the finishing stroke to the work of the earlier masters,' and 'called back the wandering forces of the world into the channel of progress.' 'While Christian Europe had placed learning under the ban of persecution,' 'the Vicegerents of Mohammed allied themselves to the cause of civilization, and assisted in the growth of Free Inquiry, originated and consecrated by the Prophet himself. Persecution for the sake of faith was unknown,' and 'absolute toleration of all creeds and religions' prevailed in the Mohammedan world. 'The two failures of the Arabs, the one before Constantinople, and the other in France, retarded the progress of the world for ages, and put back the hour-hand of time for centuries.'

These are lofty claims on behalf of Islâm, and we propose to examine their validity in the light of authentic history. Let us begin with the present. How stands the comparison at this moment between Christianity and Islâm in their influence respectively on civilization and the general welfare of mankind? Persia, Afghanistan, Morocco, the Soudan, Equatorial Africa, and the vast territories of the Ottoman Empire in three quarters

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of the globe, enjoy the superior advantage, as Syed Ameer Ali deems it, of Mohammedan rule. Islâm has had there a free hand. For centuries it has had a fair field for developing its principles and exhibiting its spirit under the most favourable circumstances of climate, soil, natural resources, geographical position, together with a variety of races unsurpassed in Christendom in all the qualities which go to the making of capable citizens. And what is the result? Barbarism, oppression, lawlessness, corruption, cruelty, ignorance, decadence, have settled like an incurable blight on all the lands of Islâm. There is no exception; not a single bright spot anywhere; no green oasis in all that wilderness of savage desolation. And those lands were once fertile, populous, and flourishing; homes of the arts, of science, and of literature. That vast region known of old as Iran, including modern Persia and the ancient Sogdiana, earned the name of 'the Paradise of Asia' before the followers of the Arabian Prophet took possession of it. 'Before the invasion of the Saracens,' says Gibbon, 'Carizme, Bokhara, Samarcand were rich and populous.' The sanguinary missionaries of Islâm, with the Korân in one hand and the sword in the other, found flourishing cities, lands well cultivated, the art of gardening brought to perfection, prosperous schools and colleges and valuable libraries. 'The mutual wants of India and Europe were supplied by the Sogdiana merchants, and the inestimable art of transforming linen into paper has been diffused from the manufactures of Samarcand over the Western world.\*' What became of those rich and civilized lands under the rule of Islam? Let the degraded, impoverished, and savage condition of Persia and the Khanates of Central Asia answer. Every vestige has disappeared of their flourishing condition before Islâm invaded them. It exterminated all alien influences, gave free scope to its own spirit, and we see the result. How does Syed Ameer Ali explain it?

And what does he say of the Ottoman Empire? He is well versed in history. Let him compare the present condition of the Ottoman Empire with that of the Byzantine Empire when it fell under the sway of Islâm. In the beginning of the thirteenth century the annual revenue of the Byzantine Empire amounted to 130,000,000*l.* sterling.† Yet at that time not only was the Eastern Empire greatly impoverished by the ravages of the Crusades, but the chief part of Asia Minor, with its flourishing cities, had been wrested from her by the arms of Islâm.

\* Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' v. p. 100.

† 'Ἱστορία τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ Ἔθνους,' iii. bk. x. By Professor Paparrigopoulos, of Athens.

To-day the revenue of the Ottoman Empire is less than 18,000,000*l*. The silence of desolation now broods over vast regions which were once thickly peopled, well cultivated, abounding in flourishing cities, and rejoicing in an advanced civilization. Territories which formerly supported the capitals of ancient kingdoms—Pergamos, Sardis, Cyzicus, Prusium, Troy, Nicomedia, and many more—have been reduced under Islâm to cheerless solitudes, broken at intervals by Kurds or wandering Turkomans. According to Ubicini, who spent twenty years in the civil administration of the Porte, and wrote in defence of Turkey forty years ago, the annual produce of corn in Asia Minor was then estimated at 25,000,000 Turkish kilès, which, he thinks, might easily be increased tenfold 'if the great productiveness of the soil were turned to account.' 'The same remark,' he adds, 'applies to all other productions which serve for local consumption or for exportation.' But instead of increasing during the last forty years there has been an accelerated decrease. The decay of every kind of manufacture has kept pace with the decline of agriculture. Diarbekir and Broussa, once so famous for their velvets, satins, and silk stuffs, have been ruined. So have Aleppo and Bagdad. Turkey abounds also in mineral wealth. It possesses copper mines which yield thirty per cent. of ore, while the best British mines yield only about ten per cent. And there is coal in abundance within easy access.

And this decay throughout the length and breadth of the Ottoman Empire goes on in spite of every kind of counter-acting influence, summarised as follows by Ubicini:—

'Agriculture is carried on in Turkey under all degrees of variety; between the extremes of soil and climate; in the arid plains of Arabia and the most fertile plains of Moldavia; \* in districts like Armenia, where deep falls of snow cover the land for a large part of the year, and in the burning soil of Egypt, irrigated by the Nile; in regions exposed to the intensest cold, and those parched by the most scorching heat. As the agriculture of the Empire is thus carried on under the extremest opposites of cold and heat, of humidity and dryness, of light and electricity, it supplies so well all the productions required by man that no country can surpass it in this respect. It yields corn, rice, chestnuts, and dates; hemp, flax, silk, and cotton; olives, oranges, almonds, coffee, roses which supply the markets of the East with the far-famed attar of roses. To the advantages accruing to it from the immense range of its meteorological and agronomic variations must be added the superiority of its geographical position. Turkey is astride on Europe and Asia. In

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\* Which was then part of the Ottoman Empire.

the former she possesses Roumelia, a rich country; \* in the latter, Anatolia, a magnificent territory. In Bosnia \* and Servia \* she borders on Austria; in Moldavia, \* Bulgaria, \* Dobrudja, \* and Armenia, on Russia; and in Kurdistan, on Persia. And this vast extent of territory unites all systems, from the nomadic state and pastoral agriculture to the cultivation of all the productions of the vegetable kingdom.

'Passing from the production to the consumption of all this boundless mineral and agricultural wealth, there are great facilities for the outlet of merchandise in the numerous channels of export. The country possesses four lakes, a great number of bays and gulfs, and is washed by six seas, which offer it on all hands every advantage for maritime commerce. The numerous broad and deep rivers that intersect the soil are ready to bear its products on their rapid currents to the sea. In Europe we find the Danube, the Save, the Morava, the Sereth, and the Olto; in Asia, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Kizil-Irmak, and the Jordan; in Africa, the Nile. The Empire finds an outlet for its commerce through the Black Sea by Bulgaria, Roumelia, the Bosphorus, Armenia, and other parts; through the Archipelego by Anatolia, Macedonia, and Thessaly; through the Adriatic and Ionian Sea, by Albania; through the Persian Gulf, by Irak. The Bosphorus and Dardanelles give it the absolute command of the Sea of Marmara, which bathes the walls of the capital.' †

In no part of our planet have the gifts of God been distributed in richer or more varied abundance; nowhere have they been more wasted and abused. And the fault is not in the races who occupy the Sultan's dominions, as is evident from their prosperity before they fell under the influence of Islâm and from the condition of those who have escaped from its rule. The fault is clearly in the system. For no sooner is any land delivered from its bondage than it immediately starts forward on a career of progress. Greece, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina, to which may be added Algeria, Tunisia, and Egypt since the British occupation, are examples. And some of these would have made still greater progress but for the crafty policy of their Musulman rulers, who systematically put to death or forced into exile the educated leaders of every nationality that aspired to freedom. Of this policy Greece was a conspicuous victim. 'Mohammed II. deliberately put to death every Greek who exercised any political influence, as the simplest mode of establishing tranquillity in Greece; and the torpid condition of Greek society for several generations attests the wisdom of his Satanic policy.' ‡ That

\* All lost to Turkey through her intolerable rule, and all vastly improved in consequence.

† 'Lettres sur la Turquie,' xvi.

‡ Finlay's 'History of Greece,' vi. p. 11.

Vol. 182.—No. 363.

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policy was pursued with more or less persistence till the emancipation of Greece, and it probably explains the unstable equilibrium of Greek politics ever since. Yet, with all drawbacks, Greece is now a veritable Eden compared to what it was under Musulman rule.

Syed Ameer Ali will hardly plead that the decay of the Ottoman Empire is due to causes extraneous to Islâm. It happens, however, that there is one country which Islâm has from the beginning had always under its own undisputed and undiluted sway; a country where no foreign elements of any kind have impeded or perverted the genuine development of 'the spirit of Islâm' in obedience to its own law of organic growth. Arabia has been not only the birthplace and the home of Islâm; it has been its choice preserve, the nursery where we ought to find the fairest fruits of its principles and doctrines. 'Of all the native populations in the countries subdued,' says Finlay, 'the Arabs of Syria alone appear to have adopted the new religion of their co-national race; but the great mass of the Christians in Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Cyrenaica and Africa clung firmly to their faith, and the decline of Christianity in all those countries is to be attributed rather to the extermination than to the conversion of the Christian inhabitants.'\* Surely then in Arabia, if anywhere, we have a right to look for those virtues and benign influences which Syed Ameer Ali ascribes with such glowing fervour to the teaching and example of Mohammed. From the Arabian Prophet's time till now Arabia has been under no other influence. Well, what do we find? Where is the progress in material prosperity, in art, literature, or science, in the 'intellectual and moral regeneration' which the Syed finds in 'the philosophical and ethical spirit of Islâm'? What has Islâm done for Arabia? It has reduced it to a worse condition than it found it; the soil worse cultivated, commerce more stagnant, life less safe and more sordid, the population more ignorant and more barbarous. This is a statement which no well-informed person will question. It would be difficult to cite two more competent witnesses than the late Mr. Gifford Palgrave and Mr. Doughty, author of 'Travels in Arabia Deserta.' Both spoke the language like natives, both knew the country well; the latter spent a year partly in the towns of Arabia and partly with the nomad Arabs. Both travellers were animated by friendly feelings towards Islâm, and they say all that can be said for it; but truth compels them to sum up their experiences as follows:—

\* Finlay's 'History of Greece,' i. p. 368.

'When

\* 'When the Corân and Mecca shall have disappeared from Arabia,' says Mr. Palgrave, 'then, and then only, can we expect to see the Arab assume that place in the ranks of civilization from which Mohammed and his book have, more than any other cause, long held him back.'\*

'The heart of their dispersed religion,' says Mr. Doughty in his quaint style, 'is always Mecca, from whence the Moslems of so many lands every year return fanaticised. From how far countries do they assemble to the sacred festival; the pleasant contagion of the Arabs' religion has spread nearly as far as the pestilence: a battle gained, and it had overflowed into Europe'—the lost blessing over which Syed Ameer Ali mourns!—'The nations of Islâm, of a barbarous fox-like understanding, and persuaded in their religion that "knowledge is of the Korân," cannot now come upon any way that is good.'†

A more repulsive picture than Mr. Doughty's description of the life and character of the Arabs it would be difficult to imagine. Materially, morally, intellectually, they are far below the level at which Mohammed found them. Islâm bound them together into national unity only so long as it offered them the freebooter's incentive—the excitement of battle and the spoils of victory. There are more divisions and more internecine feuds among them now than before Mohammed's time; and the bond of religion affects their morals so little that an armed escort is necessary to protect pilgrims to Mecca from the plundering Arab, who will go through his devotions with punctilious exactness, and then treacherously slay his brother Muslim for the sake of a trifling booty.

What explanation has Syed Ameer Ali to offer for the rottenness which is thus inherent in every Musulman State? It presents the same features everywhere, the same symptoms, the same characteristics, proving that it is the product of one common malady. When the Musulman ceases to conquer, he begins to degenerate. His creed is that of a militant religion, and his virtues are those of a warrior. He has no aptitude for civil life, and his religion forbids him to mingle on equal terms with conquered populations unless they adopt his religion. He either slays them or reduces them to a degrading servitude in which they are denied all the rights of citizens. The inevitable consequence, slow or rapid according to the vigour and numerical proportion of the conquered race, is the impoverishment and degradation of the subject population. When the ruling caste lives in a minority among a civilized people, it cannot

\* 'Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia,' by William Gifford Palgrave, i. p. 175.

† 'Travels in Arabia Deserta,' by Charles M. Doughty, i. p. 101.

help being elevated in some degree by the salutary influences which surround it. But as these disappear with the diminution or debasement of the subdued population, the Musulman conquerors sink to the condition which now characterises Islâm in every ruling State.

Syed Ameer Ali credits Islâm with the civilization and intellectual activity which marked Musulman rule in various countries for a limited time: in Bokhara, Merv, Samarcand, Bagdad, Persia, Hindustan, Sicily, and Spain. But how does he account for the origin and decay of those civilizations? Into none of those countries did Islâm bring any civilization of its own. Let us supplement the testimony of Gibbon, already quoted, by that of a few more writers, none of them unfairly prejudiced against Islâm, and some of them by no means prejudiced in favour of Christianity. It is a sympathetic critic of Mohammed and his system who writes as follows:—

‘To understand the relation of Musulman rule to religious and intellectual freedom, we must note the influence of the conquest of Persia on the Arab mind. When the invaders took the capital city of Khosrû, they did not know the value of booty. Some offered to exchange gold for silver, and others mistook camphor for sulphur. They came like swarms of half-starved locusts to devour the land. They were banditti of the desert, with no culture but the inspiration of the clans. The only idea of government in these tribes was the leadership of age and valour, as represented in the Sheikh, with a natural mixture of hereditary respect. On the death of Mohamed they broke into rebellion. Islâm really came on the world like a fierce descent of desert clans on their foes . . . Mohamed’s ideal of government was just to send his governors through Arabia to establish Islâm, and then to collect tribute from the poor, in camels and sheep, also as plunder to meet the expenses of his campaign. [Under these circumstances] it was an absolute necessity for the founders of the Musulman Empire in the East to adopt, in the main, the financial and administrative experience of their more cultured subjects. . . . Arabic names, customs, language, rites, penetrated the Empire; but under their external forms appeared the native ideas and methods. . . . Persians were the leaders and shapers of Islamic culture. The simple Arabs learned of these larger brains and more sensuous imaginations, music, architecture, sculpture, philosophy, wine, and fine apparel. Persians were the real founders and teachers of the great academic clubs and schools.’ \*

So it was in Hindustan. The Musulman invaders were a small minority in the midst of a teeming population which possessed an ancient civilization. They were a conquering horde of barbarians, bringing nothing with them but arms,

\* Johnston’s ‘Oriental Religions,’ pp. 678-9.



valour, and a fanatical enthusiasm. Ignorant alike of the methods of administration and the arts of civilized life, and disdaining to learn, they had the wit to use the knowledge and experience of native administrators and artists. What Ferguson says of one Musulman dynasty is true of all :—

‘A nation of soldiers encamped for conquest, and that only, they had of course brought with them neither artists nor architects. . . . At the same time they found among their new subjects an infinite number of artists capable of carrying out any design that might be propounded to them. . . . There are few things more startling than the rapid decline of taste that set in as soon as the Musulman began to employ Musulman artists.’ \*

Another writer who has carefully studied the question writes as follows :—

‘So long as the Musulmans confined themselves to making known their wants and providing money to meet the estimates, there was no want of skilful artificers to build mosques, mansions, and mortuary monuments such as have never been surpassed. But when they cashiered the indigenous workmen and took in hand to build for themselves, they produced works which are only remarkable for their vulgarity.’ †

Sicily tells the same tale, as the readers of Amari’s classical work know. There, too, the Musulmans were in a small minority, not more than 150,000 in all; and the natural proclivities of their system were thus kept in check. There also they exhibited a sporadic activity in literature and in some of the arts of civilization, chiefly through the brains of renegade Christians stimulated to unwonted energy by the strange mixture of their old faith with the new. But this efflorescence was foreign to the genius of Islâm, and it withered in an uncongenial soil. Amari says all that can be said for the Saracenic domination of Sicily. Yet even he is obliged to sum up the result in the following words :—

‘A consumption seized upon the State. The constituent elements of society were not held together by love of country or obedience to authority; but everybody did what was right in his own eyes. The Arabic régime was born with the germs of premature death, resulting from the innate character of the conquerors, their imperfect assimilation with the conquered population, the immutability of their laws, the necessity and at the same time the impotence of their despotism, the foreign mercenaries on whom they were obliged to rely, the aristocratic constitution of the Government, the confused character

\* ‘History of Indian Architecture,’ pp. 499, 602.

† Keen’s ‘Indian Musulmans,’ 3rd edition, p. 163.

of their democratic municipalities, their associations for levying tributes of blood : \* all resulting in a general anarchy under the outward garb of an absolute religious and political unity. †

In Sicily, then, we find the same phenomenon as in those parts of Asia where Islâm was able to exterminate or forcibly convert the native populations : a meteoric display of intellectual brilliancy, to be speedily followed by a long night of darkness and cruelty. 'The splendid structure that had arisen by the genius and wealth of Persia upon the great homestead of autocratic empires—Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek—vanished like a mirage of the desert.' ‡ The flower and fruitage that flourished for a season were no growth of Islâm, which, on the contrary, gnawed as a parasite at the roots till the whole withered and perished, yielding place to the natural fruits of Islâm, as seen in the intellectual gloom and savage anarchy of the Khanates of Central Asia.

But the palmary instance of the admirers and champions of Islâm is Moorish Spain. Let us try that example by a crucial test. The Moors crossed into Spain as a band of illiterate marauders. Centuries afterwards they recrossed the Straits, and forthwith relapsed into their original barbarism ; and the condition of Morocco during the four centuries that have elapsed since then is a measure of the innate capacity of the Mohammedan system for civilization—a fair test of what Syed Ameer Ali calls 'the spirit of Islâm.' Islâm, obeying the law of evolution, begins to revert to its original type as soon as it escapes from the foreign influences which for a time elevated it above itself, just as a *Maréchal Niel* or *gloire de Dijon* will degenerate to the dog-rose of the hedge when left to its own resources. As the stream cannot by itself rise higher than its source, so Islâm can never rise unaided to a higher level than Mecca, its intellectual and moral birthplace and home. Thither the eyes of all Muslims turn in prayer, and there is the terminus of their progress in the moral and intellectual realm. One of the most brilliant and friendly critics of Islâm has remarked on the 'singular fact, that Arabia itself has never been the theatre of that new glory'

\* In addition to other exceptional taxes imposed upon Christians and Jews still, the non-Muslim subjects of Islâm were obliged till a recent date to yield the fifth part of their most vigorous boys to be brought up as Muslim soldiers. The sign of the cross was branded on the soles of their feet, that they might always trample on the symbol of the faith from which they were enforced renegades. In Turkey these tribute children formed the redoubtable corps of the Janizaries.

† 'Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia,' ii. p. 546.

‡ Johnson's 'Oriental Religions,' p. 679.

which irradiated Arab rule in Spain and elsewhere. And he gives the explanation of the fact when he adds that 'Arabia seems satisfied to be the inviolable asylum of the Musulman faith. Mecca and Medina continue to be holy cities, and to this day the unbelievers are under the ban of exclusion from that sacred soil.'\*

A halo of romance has obscured the real features of the Arab rule in Spain. Even more than in Sicily the invaders were but a small minority of the population. The Arab domination, be it remembered, never embraced the whole of Spain. The Christians who refused either to apostatize or pay tribute, driven from the plains, took refuge among the Asturian hills and the Pyrenees, where, invigorated by the air of the mountains and a life of hardship, they recruited their enervated energies. From those heights the beaten Spaniards looked down upon the smiling valleys and fruitful vineyards of their forefathers, now in the hands of strangers in faith and blood, and from a defensive warfare they assumed the offensive, and wrested their native land, step by step, from the grasp of an enemy who carried in the religion he professed the seeds of inevitable decay.

This constant warfare between foes who respected each other reacted favourably on both. The Spaniard caught the contagion of the dignified deportment and magnificent air of the Arab, and the Arab imbibed something of the gaiety and chivalry of the Spaniard, while he put a curb at the same time on the licentiousness which is characteristic of harem life. The ballad literature of Spain and the frescoes still extant on the walls of the Alhambra show that Islâm in Spain had under alien influences relaxed much of its native character. Moorish women discarded the veil, mingled openly with the opposite sex in public entertainments and even in the mazes of the Spanish dance. But all this, as the friendly Prescott admits, was 'altogether alien from the genius of Mohammedanism.' 'This combination of Oriental magnificence with knightly prowess,' he adds, 'shed a ray of glory over the closing days of the Arabian empire in Spain, and served to conceal, though it could not correct, the vices which it possessed in common with all Mohammedan institutions.' 'Notwithstanding the high advances made by the Arabians in almost every branch of learning, and the liberal import of certain sayings ascribed to Mohammed, the spirit of his religion was eminently unfavourable to letters. The Koran, whatever be the merits of its literary execution, does not, we believe, contain a single precept in favour of general science.'†

\* 'Mahomet et le Corân,' par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, p. 225.

† 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' i. pp. 296, 298.

The student who penetrates below the gilded surface of the Moorish régime in Spain will find there the same state of things which prevails in Turkey now, except that the ruling caste, being few in number and in constant conflict and competition with the unsubdued portion of the Spaniards, acquired a veneer of a civilization not their own. But the condition of the subject Christian population was just as bad as that of the Christians of Turkey now. They lived under the same cruel disabilities, and were exposed to similar outrages and massacres. Goaded to desperation, they too made feeble attempts at abortive insurrections, and were slaughtered ruthlessly. Some passages in Dozy read like Consular reports from Armenia or Bulgaria. The slightest exhibition of discontent was treated as sedition. On one occasion the Christians and renegades of Cordova made a demonstration against an unpopular Governor, and were massacred without mercy. Three hundred persons of distinction were impaled on the fashionable promenade along the river; and the rest of the Christians of Cordova, to the number of over 100,000, were ordered to quit Spain for ever within three days on pain of crucifixion to any who should be found after the expiration of that term—a decree rigorously enforced. Facts like these, which were of frequent occurrence, should be taken into account when judgment is passed on the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. There, as elsewhere, the spirit of Islâm exhibited itself in oppression, corruption, and maladministration, and Dozy does but repeat the verdict of impartial historians everywhere when he writes:—

‘In short, that happened in Spain which has happened in all countries which the Arabs have conquered: their dominion, mild and humane at its commencement, degenerated into an intolerable despotism. In the ninth century the conquerors of the Peninsula followed to the letter the coarsely expressed advice of Khalif Omar: “We ought to eat up the Christians, and our descendants ought to go on eating them as long as Islâm shall endure.”’ \*

The expulsion of the Moors from Spain, with all its pathetic circumstances, will always appeal to a sympathetic imagination and excite pity. Yet it is impossible, on a fair survey of the facts, to deny that their continuance had become an almost intolerable anomaly. They were utterly corrupt, and their exclusive theocratic system made it absolutely impossible for them to amalgamate with the native population, and thereby receive that regeneration which the mixture of races so often imparts. It is not Christian historians alone who describe the cancerous

\* ‘Histoire des Musulmans d’Espagne,’ ii. p. 50.

condition of Musulman society in Spain, like Dozy, already quoted, or like Prescott, who says that 'the rule of the Moors exhibited all the horrors of anarchy and a ferocious despotism.'\* In Al-Makkari's 'History of the Mohammedan Dynasties of Spain,' the Arab historian paints a blacker picture of Moorish society than any Christian writer. Here are a few examples:—

'The wheels of fate revolved their rotations of woe and perdition: corruption and vice seized the hearts of the rich and the poor, of the noble and the plebeian, of the lord and the vassal. The obscure and the low rose in every corner of the Empire; the fire of discord raged through the Mohammedan provinces. . . . The Christians, perceiving the state of corruption into which the Muslims had fallen, rejoiced extremely; for at that time very few men of virtue and principle were to be found amongst the Muslims, the generality of whom began to drink wine and commit all manner of excesses. The rulers of Andalus thought of nothing else than purchasing singing women and slaves, listening to their music, and passing their time in revelry and mirth, spending in dissipation and frivolous pastimes the treasure of the State, and oppressing their subjects with all manner of taxes and exactions. Things went on in this way among the rebellious chieftains of Andalus until weakness seized on the conquerors as well as on the conquered, and baseness and vice preyed likewise on the assailants and the assailed. Generals and captains no longer displayed their wonted valour; warriors became cowardly and base; the people of the country were in the greatest misery and poverty; the entire society was corrupted, and the body of Islám, deprived alike of life and soul, became a mere corpse. . . . In the meantime the affairs of the Muslims were administered by Jews, who fed on them as the lion on a defenceless animal, and who filled even the offices of Vizir, Hájib, and Kátib.'†

This is in epitome the history of Musulman rule everywhere. While the Musulman is struggling for empire, the inherent viciousness of his system is kept in check by the hard discipline of constant warfare. But no sooner is his rule established than the process of dissolution begins. One may be touched by the story of the last of the Moorish kings turning round on a rocky height of the Alpuxaras—since called 'The last sigh of the Moor'—to gaze for the last time on beautiful Granada, and then bursting into tears as he uttered his cry of resignation, 'Allah Akbar! God is great!' But one's reason goes rather with the Spartan answer of his intrepid mother: 'You do well to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man.'‡ The

\* 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' i. pp. 74-6.

† Vol. ii. Appendix xxv. xxvii. xxviii. De Gayangos's translation.

‡ 'Razon es que llores como muger pues no fuiste para defenderla como hombre,' 'Conde's 'Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España.' Nueva Edicion, iii. p. 284.)

words were more applicable to the system than to the man, and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain did but anticipate the destiny which their own degeneration, in common with all Musulman States, had made inevitable. They had become utterly effete; and whatever elements of pathos or regret the closing scene in their history may suggest, it is a fallacy to suppose that their banishment was a loss to Spain. The decomposing germs with which the atmosphere of Islâm is charged had at last mastered the antiseptic spray of Christian and Jewish influences which were ever playing upon it; and 'the body of Islâm,' to quote again the emphatic language of Al-Makkari, 'became a mere corpse,' and was therefore not only useless, but pernicious in addition. The fault was not in the race, for the Arab has a fine and subtle brain with rare powers of acquisition and assimilation, as his sojourn in Spain amidst foreign surroundings proves abundantly. The Musulman Arab's capacity for civilization is thus shown to increase as he recedes from the heart of Islâm. In Spain and Sicily, in Persia and Hindustan, the poison circulated at a distance from its source, and mingled with a variety of counteracting agencies which served to keep it in check for longer or shorter time according to the character and potency of its environment. But the canker was there, and only one issue was possible: Islâm must eventually destroy, or be destroyed by, the civilization on which it fastens. History proclaims with one voice that it has ever been

'That little pitted speck in garner'd fruit  
That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all.'

What is the cause of this remarkable fact? We believe that it may be summed up under three heads: 1, the intellectual bondage inherent in the Musulman system; 2, the moral teaching and example of Mohammed; 3, the inflexibility of Islâm as a social and political system, making progress impossible to its votaries. Let us consider these briefly.

1. The intellectual bondage imposed on Musulmans is proved by the fundamental tenet of Islâm; namely, that the Korân is the final revelation of God's will to man,\*—a revelation so full and complete, that any addition to it is either superfluous or impious: superfluous if it agrees with the Korân; impious if it differs from it. The Korân is believed by all Musulmans to differ fundamentally from all other inspired writings in the following points. It possesses the unique distinction of having

\* 'L'ultima edizione de' comandi del Creatore scritta ab eterno; recitata a brani dall'angiolò Gabriele all'apostolo illiterato, il quale veniva ripetendo la rivelazione, e si chiamolla *Korân*, ossia lettura.' (Amari, 'Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia,' i. p. 51.)



existed from all eternity in the Arab language on tablets in the highest heavens, whence it was taken down to the third heaven by the angel Gabriel, was then recited in an audible voice to Mohammed, as occasion required, and was by him miraculously reproduced from memory :—

‘The Korân,’ says Ibn Khaldun, ‘was sent from heaven in the Arab tongue and in a style conformable to that in which the Arabs were wont to express their thoughts. . . . It was revealed phrase by phrase, verse by verse, as it was needed, whether for manifesting the doctrine of the unity of God or for expounding the obligations to which men ought to submit in this world. In the one case we have the proclamation of the dogmas of faith, in the other prescriptions which regulate the actions of men.’\*

Again :—

‘The Korân bears in itself the proof of its own inspiration, and needs no extrinsic proof. . . . It is itself the clearest proof, being at the same time the proof and the thing proved.’

After quoting a verse from the Korân in support of this, he proceeds :—

‘All this shows that of all the divine books the Korân is the only one of which the text, words, and phrases have been communicated to a prophet by an audible voice. It is otherwise as regards the Pentateuch, the Gospel, and the other divine books. These the prophets received by the voice of revelation in the form of ideas, communicated while they were in a state of ecstasy, and written down in their own words when they returned to the normal state of humanity. There is therefore nothing miraculous in the style of these Scriptures.’†

In proof of this Ibn Khaldun refers to the 27th *Sura* of the Korân, where Mohammed is bidden ‘not to move his tongue too eagerly in order to repeat the divine words.’ But, continues the divine voice, ‘when we recite the words, then follow thou the recital, and verily it shall be ours to make them clear to thee.’

The Korân thus supersedes all other literature, making all previous or subsequent learning, as we have said, either superfluous or pernicious. There is little doubt that this was the opinion of Mohammed himself, a man of genius, but entirely illiterate. That it was the opinion of Khalif Omar is unquestionable, for his words are on record. And Omar did more than any other man, not even excepting Mohammed, to stereotype Islām into the form which it has worn ever since. Omar may be taken as a fair sample intellectually of the

\* ‘Proleg. Hist.’ ii. p. 458.

† Ibid. i. pp. 194-5.

Musulmans of his day, and Omar's knowledge and his general attitude towards literature, art, and science are shown by the following facts. The first story is told by two Mohammedan writers of the highest authority, Al-Makkari and Ibn Khaldun. The former says:—

'When the Muslims achieved the conquest of Egypt, the Khalif Omar Ibn-ul-Khattāb, who was then the Commander [of the Faithful], wrote to his lieutenant, Amru Ibn-ul-Aas, asking him for a description of the sea. The answer sent him by Amru was as follows:—"The sea is a great pool, which some inconsiderate people furrow, looking like worms on logs of wood." On receipt of this answer the Khalif forbade the Muslims to navigate the seas; and so it was that as long as the Khalif lived no Arab dared to go on board a boat unless he had previous leave, and transgression of the prohibition was severely punished.'\*

Ibn Khaldun's version of the story is substantially the same, with just that amount of variation which helps to attest its veracity.† Nor is this the only glimpse he gives us of the intellectual condition of the Arabs in general and of Omar in particular, just after Arabia had come under the yoke of Islām. Here are a few samples:—

'The pagans of the Orient and the Christians who occupy the borders of the Mediterranean apply themselves to the cultivation of the arts with the greatest avidity. . . . Speaking generally, the cultivation of the arts is most restricted in those countries of which the Arabs are the native inhabitants, or which have since adopted Islām.'‡

And, curiously enough, he mentions architecture in particular, in which the Musulmans of Spain and Hindustan are supposed to have excelled, as an art put under ban by the early Khalifs. Omar was a fanatic in that matter. His permission having been asked to rebuild a portion of the town of Koufa which had been destroyed by fire, the Khalif answered: 'Do so, but let no house have more than one storey. Observe faithfully the customs followed by the Prophet, and you will always preserve

\* 'History of Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain,' translated by Pascual de Gayangos, vol. i. Appendix, p. xxxiv.

† We give it in the French translation of his works from the Arabic in the grand collection of 'Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Impériale de France,' vol. xx. p. 39<sup>2</sup>:—"Lorsque les armées Musulmanes se furent emparées de l'Égypte, le Khalife Omar Ibn el-Khattāb écrivit à son général Amr Ibn el-Aci pour savoir ce que c'était que la mer. Amr lui répondit par écrit et en ces termes: "C'est un être immense qui porte sur son dos des êtres bien faibles, des vers entrassés sur des moreaux de bois." Frappé de cette description, Omar défendit aux Musulmans de se hasarder sur cet élément. . . . Cette prohibition subsista jusqu'à l'avènement de Moaouïa."

‡ Ibid. xx. p. 365.

the empire of the world.\* But the alleged burning of the libraries† of Alexandria by order of Khalif Omar has been accepted by friends and foes as a test of the typical attitude of Islâm towards literature and science. That Omar was a man very likely to give such an order may be inferred from what has already been stated, and demonstrative evidence will be offered further on. With some fine qualities and great force of character, he was an illiterate and fanatical Arab who sincerely believed that the Korân contained all knowledge necessary to man. The classical passage which is the battleground of controversy is the following quotation from the 'Compendious History of Dynasties' by Abulpharagius:—

'About this time there flourished among the Muslims John, called the Grammarian, an Alexandrian and a Jacobite Christian. After a time he forsook the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, whereupon a synod of bishops asked him to abandon his erroneous belief, and, on his refusal, degraded him. He lived until the capture of Alexandria by Amru Ibn-ul-Aas, and appeared before Amru, who, knowing the esteem in which he was held for his learning, treated him with honour, and listened with astonishment to his philosophical discourses—which were an utter novelty to the Arabs. But Amru being a man of good intellect and clear perceptions, and being eager to learn, he sought the society of John, and would not let him depart from him. One day John said to him: "You are master of all the treasures of Alexandria. I do not object to your keeping possession of whatever you may find useful; but what can be of no use to you would be very useful to us." "What is that?" said Amru. To which John replied, "The philosophical books which are in the royal libraries." "That," said Amru, "is a matter beyond my power. I cannot grant your request without the permission of the Commander of the Faithful, Omar Ibn-ul-Khattâb." So he forwarded John's request to Omar, who sent answer: "As to the books which you have mentioned, if they agree with the book of God [Korân], that book suffices without them; if there is anything in them contrary to the book of God, they are pernicious, and you must order them to be destroyed." Amru thereupon ordered them to be dispersed among the baths of Alexandria for fuel, and it took six months to consume them. Listen to what was done and marvel.'‡

It is evident on the face of it that the incident related in this story took place, not at the capture of Alexandria, but some

\* 'Notices et Extraits,' &c., xx. p. 273.

† It is a question, as we shall see, not of one library, as commonly supposed, but of several.

‡ 'Historia Compendiosa Dynastiarum. Authore Gregorio Abul-Pharajio, Malatiensi Medico, Historiam complectens Universalem, a Mundo Condito usque ad Tempora Authoris, Res Orientalium accuratissime describens. Arabice edita et Latine versa ab Eduardo Pocockio,' p. 114.

time, apparently a considerable time, afterwards. Amru spent six years in Egypt, and sought the acquaintance of John the Grammarian (who survived the capture of Alexandria for some years) on account of his reputation for learning. This of itself implies a later period than the capture of Alexandria. But it was after John had become intimate with Amru by close association and familiar intercourse that he ventured to ask for the restoration of the contents of the royal libraries to the Christians. This implies a further interval of time, possibly a year or more from the capture of the city; and a further interval would elapse before the receipt of Omar's answer. This gets rid at once of the main argument against the destruction of the libraries by order of Omar, as urged by Gibbon, Krehl, and Matter: namely, the silence of Eutychius, Orthodox Patriarch of Alexandria, who wrote an account of the capture of Alexandria by Amru, but makes no mention of the burning of the libraries. The obvious explanation is that they were not burnt at the capture of Alexandria; a fact which meets also the objection of Krehl that El-Makkiri is silent about the libraries, though he 'reports fully on the taking of the town down to the smallest detail'; and Matter's objection that Amru's account of the capture of the city makes no mention of the burning of the libraries. They were not burnt then; perhaps not for a year or two later. But, not to dwell on that decisive fact, we adopt the opinion of Chabas, that the argument from silence is 'a very feeble one.'\* The silence of Josephus is not held to disprove the story of the Gospels. But we shall see presently that there has been no 'silence of history' in this matter. There was good reason, however, for the silence of Eutychius even apart from the irrelevancy of relating among the incidents of the capture of Alexandria an event which did not then take place. As head of the Orthodox Greeks, he was hated by the heterodox Copts, of whom there were 6,000,000, and who tried both to get the Greeks expelled and to procure his death. Eutychius therefore was not likely to publish anything that might give umbrage to the conquerors and furnish his enemies with a handle against him.

But the story does not rest on the authority of Abulpharagius alone. Abdul-Lateef, who wrote before Abulpharagius was born, says: 'Here [*i.e.* in the Serapeum] was the library which Amru Ibn-ul-Aas burnt with the sanction of Omar.' Krehl sneers at Abdul-Lateef as a gossiping traveller, and rejects his

\* 'Nous reconnaissons que le silence de l'histoire n'a qu'une bien faible importance dans la question.' ('Études sur l'Antiquité historique d'après les Égyptiennes,' p. 133.)

testimony because he confuses the portico of Pompey's Pillar with the Athenian portico in which Aristotle taught. De Sacy, a much greater authority than Krehl, anticipated that objection by the observation that 'an anachronism in ancient history by no means weakens the testimony of Abdul-Lateef,' whom he calls 'a sagacious and well-informed writer, who does not fall into any of the faults [of carelessness and inaccuracy] with which other writers of his nation are chargeable'—a writer whose work is marked by 'its variety and erudition,' and whose 'moral and philosophical reflections do him honour.' 'Among the numerous works of Arab authors in our libraries,' he says, 'that of Abdul-Lateef may bear comparison with any of them for the interest of his subject and his sagacious and judicious handling of it.\*' After this testimonial from the illustrious founder of the modern school of Oriental, and especially Arab, criticism, it is unnecessary to occupy more space in refuting the rest of Krehl's superficial and carping objections.

Haji Khalifa, another Musulman writer, bears witness to the common belief in the Arab world that, in the early days of Islām, the Muslims, at their capture of cities, destroyed the books which they found. But the highest authority among Mohammedan writers on a matter of this sort is Ibn Khaldun. Mohl does not exaggerate when he characterises him as 'the Montesquieu of Islām.' Born in Tunis in A.D. 1332, Ibn Khaldun went in 1362 to Spain, where he held various offices, including that of Grand Vizir of the Moorish kingdom of Granada. He was a great traveller and student, visiting and holding office in most of the Musulman States in Asia and Africa, as well as in Europe. He made the pilgrimage of Mecca, became the prisoner and then the trusted friend of Timour, and ended his days in Egypt in A.D. 1406, having held the office of Grand Kadi of Cairo for a number of years. His vast and varied experience; his erudition; his unquestioned orthodoxy, refined by contact with the exotic civilization of Granada; his profound knowledge of Mohammedan history, theology, and law, acquired by travel, by study, by practice on the judgment-seat; his reputation throughout the Musulman world,—all combine to make Ibn Khaldun an authority without a rival on the subject under discussion. 'Where,' he asks, 'is the literature of the Persians?' And, answering his own question, he replies: 'Their literature was destroyed by order of Omar when the Arabs conquered the country.' And he adds that the same fate befel the literature of the Chaldees,

\* 'Vingt-sept Ans d'Études Orient.' ii. p. 629.

Assyrians, Babylonians, and 'a literature still more ancient, that of the Copts.' This is a direct confirmation of the destruction of the literature of Egypt by order of Omar, and can only refer to the burning of the Alexandrian libraries. He returns to the subject elsewhere, and enters into particulars as follows:—

'We know that the Muslims, when they conquered Persia, found in that country an innumerable quantity of books and scientific treatises, and that their General, Saad Ibn Abi Oueccas, asked Khalif Omar by letter if he would allow him to distribute those books among the true believers with the rest of the booty. Omar answered him in these terms:—"Throw them into the water. If they contain anything which can guide men to the truth, we have received from God what will guide us much better. If they contain errors, we shall be well rid of them, thank God." In consequence of this order, the books were thrown into the water and the fire, and the literature and science of the Persians disappeared.' \*

The answer returned by Omar to the question of the conqueror of Persia is precisely the same as that which he made to the enquiry of the conqueror of Alexandria, showing that it was a stereotyped formula to all similar enquiries. But Khaldun's evidence does not end here. In a biography of Omar he says explicitly that the public libraries of Alexandria were destroyed by his orders. Doubtless he had absolute evidence for his assertion, for he was for some years Grand Kadi of Cairo, whither Amru had removed the archives of Alexandria, and where Ibn Khaldun would have access to them.

Thus we see that Abulpharagius' story of the burning of the libraries of Alexandria by order of Omar is amply confirmed by independent Musulman testimony; so far is it from being what Gibbon calls it, 'the solitary report of a stranger who wrote at the end of 600 years on the confines of Media.' But where did Abulpharagius get his story? He gives no reference, but the natural inference is that he found the story in one of the voluminous works of John the Grammarian, many of which are lost, and among them a 'History of Alexandria,' the book in which he would have related the story told by Abulpharagius. Did Abulpharagius know that work? He makes no reference to it, or to any other work in the passage in question. Exact references were not then in vogue. But if Abulpharagius's critics had taken the trouble to read their author instead of merely quoting one passage from each other, they would have found that he was familiar with John the Grammarian's 'History of

\* 'Proleg. Notices et Extraits,' vol. xxi. pp. 78, 124-5.



Alexandria,' and relied on it mainly for his facts about that city. In a list of celebrated men he mentions a certain Dioscorides, and adds: 'Him John the Grammarian of Alexandria praises in his history,' and then he proceeds to quote a passage from John's 'Chronicle of Alexandria.'\* It is morally certain, therefore, that he found the story of the burning of the libraries in that work, and its authenticity therefore rests on the highest possible authority—that, namely, of the distinguished scholar and author who was the friend and instructor of Amru, and who was himself indirectly the cause of the calamity, since it was in consequence of his request to Amru that those magnificent treasures were committed to the flames.

Before we pass from this subject we must notice an argument by Gibbon which has been much quoted by critics who have not been careful to verify Gibbon's quotations. After casting some doubts on the alleged burning of the libraries, he says: 'But if the ponderous mass of Arian and Monophysite controversy were indeed consumed in the public baths, a philosopher may allow with a smile that it was ultimately devoted to the benefit of mankind.'† This is a perfectly gratuitous sneer, for Gibbon had no knowledge whatever of the contents of the destroyed libraries; and he writes in a very different tone when his object is to credit Christianity with the Vandalism which authentic history, as we may now affirm, brings home to Khalif Omar. The abominations practised in the pagan temple of Serapis had become so scandalous and revolting that the Emperor Theodosius ordered its destruction. Gibbon, commenting on this, says:—

'The valuable library ['valuable,' observe, when Christians are supposed to be the destroyers; worthless when the destroyers are said to be Muslims] was pillaged or destroyed; and nearly twenty years afterwards the appearance of the empty shelves excited the regret and indignation of every spectator whose mind was not wholly darkened by religious prejudice.'‡

The only evidence which Gibbon produces for this assertion is the following footnote:—

'Nos vidimus armaria librorum, quibus direptis, exinanita ea a nostris hominibus, nostris temporibus memorant. (Orosius, l. vi. c. 15, p. 411: Edit. Havercamp.) Though a bigot, and a controversial writer, Orosius seems to blush.'

This is a slender foundation for Gibbon's sweeping statement. But the plain truth is that there is no foundation at all.

\* 'Hist. Comp. Dynast.' p. 67. † 'Decline and Fall,' v. p. 138.

‡ Ibid. iii. p. 14.

In order to make it serve his purpose, Gibbon was obliged to garble his quotation. The sentence which he misquotes begins as follows: 'Hodie in templis extant, quæ et nos vidimus,' &c. The reference is not to the temple of Serapis at all. On this very page Gibbon himself relates how that temple was 'reduced to a heap of rubbish' twenty years previously. Moreover, Orosius's reference is in the plural, and to temples then existing: 'Hodie in templis extant armaria.' And, lastly, the royal libraries\* were never in the temple of Serapis. The library to which Gibbon refers was in the Serapeum, and the Serapeum, though it included the temple, was the generic name for a large group of buildings, like the Kremlin in Moscow. It was the temple only, and not the Serapeum, that was destroyed by order of Theodosius, and the library was not in the temple; nor is there a ray of evidence to show that it was either 'pillaged or destroyed' before the capture of Alexandria by the Arabs. Yet writer after writer has followed Gibbon without examining the facts or verifying quotations; the last transgressor being the superficial gentleman from India, who has been airing his ignorance in a monthly Review.

It is little creditable to English scholarship that Gibbon's sophistry on this subject, filtered through two or three German channels, should still be circulated, apparently without examination of original authorities, in such standard works as Chambers's 'Encyclopædia,' and in the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

It is in Omar then, issuing orders for the destruction of the libraries that came into possession of the Musulmans, that we see the genuine spirit of Islâm towards intellectual freedom and progress, not in exceptional displays amidst foreign surroundings which for a while neutralised the baleful influence of Musulman rule. Wherever Islâm has grown up from its own roots on its own soil it has been the deadly foe of intellectual development. History does not record a single exception. Islâm has always recognized, with the true instincts of self-preservation, that it could not live in union with civilization and free thought, and has accordingly waged a relentless war against such Muslims as strove to imbibe and assimilate the learning and civilization with which Islâm came in contact. In the words of a friendly writer already quoted—

'From Bagdad to Spain raged the fires of Musulman inquisition. The great physicians, scientists, and metaphysicians, to whom the

\* It must be remembered that there were two royal libraries when Amru took the city, and John the Grammarian's story includes both.

world owes a debt that can never be cancelled, were exiled, imprisoned, silenced, executed, and their writings destroyed, by barbarians like the Almohades in Spain and the later Abbasides in Iran.'

Averroës was excommunicated and exiled from Spain, and the same fate or worse befel other reformers in Spain and elsewhere. And, after all, the philosophy and science, which Syed Ameer Ali has put down to the credit of Islâm, was not Islâmic. The late Mr. G. H. Lewis, a writer by no means prejudiced in favour of Christianity, is well within the mark in the following passage :—

'There never was any Arabian science, strictly speaking. In the first place, all the philosophy and science of the Mohammedans was Greek, Jewish, and Persian. . . . It really designates a reaction against Islamism, which arose in the distant parts of the Empire—in Samarcand, Bokhara, Morocco, and Cordova. The Arabian language having become the language of the Empire, this philosophy is written in that language. But the ideas are not Arabian; the spirit is not Arabian.'\*

2. It is a trite observation that the character of a people is formed by the creed which it professes and the God whom it adores. This is eminently true of Islâm. No system comes near it in the uniformity of type which it has impressed on its followers, and that type is moulded on the character of the God of Islâm and on that of his representative on earth, the Muslim's Pattern Man. 'The God of Islâm,' says Mr. Gifford Palgrave, 'is "a Pantheism of force," "the Autocratic Will of the one Great Agent"; a tyrant whose sole rule of conduct is *sic volo, sic jubeo; stat pro ratione voluntas*.' After quoting a striking illustration of this, he proceeds :—

'Commentary here would be superfluous. But in this we have before us the adequate idea of predestination, or, to give it a truer name, pre-damnation, held and taught in the school of the Koran. Paradise and hell are at once totally independent of love and hatred on the part of the Deity, and of merits and demerits, of good or ill conduct, on the part of the creature; and in the corresponding theory rightly so, since the very actions which we call good or ill-deserving, right or wrong, wicked or virtuous, are in their essence all one and of one, and accordingly merit neither praise nor blame, punishment nor recompense, except and simply after the arbitrary value which the all-regulating will of the Great Despot may choose to assign or impute to them. In a word, He burns one individual through all eternity amid red-hot chains and seas of molten

\* 'Hist. of Phil.' ii. pp. 34, 36. Cf. Sell's 'Faith of Islam,' pp. 181-2; and Osborn's 'Islam under the Arabs,' pp. 93-4.

fire; and seats another in the plenary enjoyment of an everlasting brothel, between forty celestial concubines; just and equally for His own good pleasure and because He wills it.\*

Mr. Palgrave spent the best part of his life among Muslims in Europe, Asia, and Africa, had a perfect mastery of their system in theory and practice, and was so little prejudiced that, at their request, he sometimes conducted public worship in their mosques on Friday. It would be difficult to quote a more impartial witness both for his knowledge and the requisite indifference. And the doctrine attributed directly to Islâm in the passage quoted above is plainly asserted in the formal exposition of its accredited teachers. Ibn Khaldun says:—

‘Dieu a implanté le bien et le mal dans la nature humaine, ainsi qu’il l’a dit lui-même dans le Korân : *la perversité et la vertu arrivent à l’âme humaine par l’inspiration de Dieu.*†

With this agrees the teaching of a remarkable letter from the Sheikh-ul-Islâm in 1888, explanatory of the doctrine of Islâm. ‘It is a necessary article of faith,’ he says, ‘to ascribe good and evil to the providence of God and the divine will.’ ‘A profession of the true faith annuls all sin’; and the true faith is summed up in saying that there is but one God and Mohammed is His prophet. ‘He who is converted to Islâm becomes as innocent as when he was born, and is only responsible for sins committed after his conversion.’

The character of the Prophet of Islâm follows naturally from the Islâmic conception of God. The Korân represents Mohammed as a special favourite whom Allah delights to humour, as Oriental despots humour a favourite Minister, from caprice, not for merit. Does the Prophet desire to indulge some forbidden lust, gratify some vindictive passion, perpetrate some cruel treachery? Without delay he receives a divine revelation to sanction the sin, and thereby transmute it into a virtue. Syed Ameer Ali’s attempt to clear Mohammed’s character from the imputation of sensuality and cruelty can impose on those only who are ignorant of the facts. The few restraints which the Prophet placed on the sensual appetites of his followers were abrogated in his own favour by alleged divine commands. For him was reserved the most beautiful of the females taken in warfare; and when he became so powerful that distant potentates were anxious to conciliate him, they found that the readiest passport to his heart was a handsome female slave. His followers were restricted to four wives at a time and concubines

\* ‘Narrative of a Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia,’ i. 365, 367.

† ‘Proleg. Notices et Extraits,’ vol. xix. p. 268.

*ad libitum*, and were charged not to pass the forbidden degrees; but the Prophet was allowed a free hand whenever illicit desire prompted him. The law against incest—an offence against the customs and traditions of Arabia—was relaxed in his favour. ‘O Prophet,’ says the 32nd *Sura*, ‘we have allowed thee thy wives unto whom thou hast given their dower, and also the slaves whom thy right hand possesseth of the booty which God hath granted thee; and the daughters of thy uncles, and the daughters of thy aunts, both on thy father’s side and on thy mother’s side, who have fled with thee from Mecca; and any other believing woman, if she give herself unto the Prophet, in case the Prophet desireth to have her to wife. This is a peculiar privilege granted unto thee above the rest of the True Believers. . . . Fear not to be culpable in using thy rights, for God is gracious and merciful.’ Another revelation announced that he was to marry his own daughter-in-law, Zeinab, whose beauty had captivated him as he caught her *en déshabillé* in the absence of her husband.\* Syed Ameer Ali’s special pleading in that matter is puerile. Sir W. Muir justly characterises as ‘impious effrontery’ Mohammed’s sickening ‘revelations’ of divine sanction for every fresh impulse of illicit desire.† Such was the Prophet’s impatience to gratify his suddenly aroused passion for Zeinab that he could not wait for the formal ratification of marriage. It is one of his admiring Arab biographers who approvingly relates the following. The faithful Aisha, fearing the rivalry of the beautiful Zeinab, ‘without asking permission of the Prophet of God, went to Zeinab’s apartment; and finding Zeinab’s head uncovered, she said to the Prophet, “O Apostle of God, thou hast paid a visit without asking in marriage and without witnesses.” His Excellency replied, “The Giver in marriage was God, and the witness Gabriel.”’‡ Of Mohammed’s cruelty and treachery one example will suffice out of many, all based on unimpeachable evidence. The Jews in Medina stirred up his fiercest vindictiveness by their exposure of his impudent appeals to forged quotations from

\* ‘Le monde Musulman était affligé profondément et indigné de cette union, contraire à tous les usages. Mahomet la légitima par un verset du Corân.’ ‘Il s’abandonna sans mesure à ses passions.’ (Saint-Hilaire, ‘Mahomet et le Corân,’ pp. 117, 172.)

† ‘Life of Mahomet,’ iil. p. 230. Muir charges him with having put the chief of a Jewish tribe to a cruel death in order to possess himself of his young and beautiful wife.

‡ ‘Mohammed and Mohammedanism,’ by Dr. Koelle, p. 498. The value of this book consists in the fact that it is based throughout on Musulman biographies of Mohammed. Dr. Koelle is perfectly familiar with the literature and doctrines of Islām, having spent upwards of twenty years in Turkey and other Musulman countries.

their Scriptures in proof of his mission. Some of them, including two women, even dared to satirise his pretensions in clever pasquinades. For these affronts Mohammed, when he triumphed, determined to take a signal revenge. Marching stealthily on the Jewish quarter, he surrounded the Jews, who offered to submit on condition of being allowed to leave Medina for ever. But he insisted on surrender at discretion, and was able to enforce his terms. He sentenced all the men to death, and the women and children to slavery. Some of his own people pleaded for mercy; but he was relentless. His sentence, he declared, was the judgment of the Most High God, pronounced in the highest heaven, and therefore irrevocable. The Prophet himself personally directed the digging of the trenches which were to receive the bodies of the slain. That finished, the tragedy began. The Jews, with their hands tied behind their backs, were led up in parties of five or six to the fatal trenches, forced to kneel down, and were then beheaded and their bodies flung into the pits prepared for them. The butchery went on throughout the day, and was continued for some time after sunset under the glare of torches, Mohammed standing by to enjoy the spectacle. Eight hundred adult Jews perished, while a thousand women and children were reduced to slavery. Two hundred of these were given to the Prophet by Divine 'revelation,' and he sold them into slavery with the exception of one beautiful Jewess, by name Rihána, whom he retained as a concubine, threats and the offer of being made one of his wives having failed to make her forsake the religion of her fathers.\*

What is Syed Ameer Ali's excuse for this cold-blooded massacre? He parallels it with 'the massacres of King David,' and with the destruction of the Canaanites by the Israelites. But David laid no claim to a Divine revelation in sanction of his conduct; on the contrary, he repented bitterly, although he was never guilty of such crimes as those of Mohammed. Moses and Joshua did claim Divine sanction for the extermination of the tribes of Canaan, but on the ground that the doomed tribes had become incorrigible in wickedness, and must be wiped out to prevent the moral plague from spreading. And not only the Canaanites, but their possessions also, were to be destroyed; so that the Israelites should touch nothing of theirs. We have no record of multitudes of captives and other booty set apart for

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\* See Saint-Hilaire, p. 173; Osborn's 'Islām under the Arabs,' pp. 65-6; Muir's 'Life of Mahomet,' new edition, pp. 326-331. 'Mahomet,' says Muir, 'returned from the horrid spectacle to solace himself with the charms of Rihána, whose husband and all her male children had just perished in the massacre.'



the solace of Moses or Joshua after any of their victories. The Syed will hardly venture to assert that the Jews of Medina had become so wicked as to deserve extermination. As a matter of fact, they were much more moral than their murderers.

But the Syed has overlooked one very important distinction. Judaism was avowedly a progressive religion, a system in process of development. And alongside of its strict rules and stern enactments was an order of prophets and psalmists whose function it was to spiritualize the Law and teach the nation to look forward to a new dispensation, a kingdom of righteousness which should supersede the Mosaic legislation. But Islâm claims to be the last revelation of God to man, and to have superseded with a higher morality not only the Law of Moses, but the Gospel of Christ. It is as illogical therefore as it is impertinent to shelter the crimes of Mohammed and his system under examples, even if they were relevant, from Jewish history.

The Syed contrasts admiringly the rigid system of rules in Islâm with what he calls 'the fundamental defect in Christianity' through the absence of such a code of inflexible rules. Strange that an educated man who has an opportunity of observing the working of the two systems should have failed to notice that Christianity owes its success, in no small degree, to what he considers its 'fundamental defect,' while the failure of Islâm is largely due to its multiplicity of unbending rules. Christianity differs from all other religions in this, that it planted fruitful and enduring principles in the heart of humanity instead of presenting a code of universal rules; and these principles, in proportion as they have had a fair field, have erected on the ruins of ancient polities a fairer civilization than Pagan poet or philosopher ever dreamt of. Christianity, and it alone, has thus realized the poet's dream of a 'pure religion breathing household laws': not teaching or professing to teach a new art of living, but *breathing* a spirit into human nature which should have a continuous and an increasing tendency to exorcise its innate selfishness and make it pregnant with the seeds of righteous laws. It showed its wisdom by making no overt war on any of the bad institutions of the time, contenting itself with disseminating principles which struck their roots beneath the decaying systems of Paganism, so that when they fell the City of God was ready to take their place.

The plain truth is that the Islâm which Syed Ameer Ali has taken so much pains to expound is quite unknown to history, and the spirit which breathes through his book is the spirit of Christianity, not of Islâm. He prides himself on having but

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one wife, to whom he dedicates his book. But that boon he owes to Christianity. Intellectual bondage, slavery, and polygamy with unlimited concubinage, are of the essence of Islâm. They have the sanction of its Prophet by precept and example, and are thus rooted in the system.\*

3. The inflexibility of Islâm and its consequent inability to learn or change follow from its claim to have existed in its doctrine and principles, and in the Arab tongue, from eternity. And these doctrines and principles are enshrined, not in the Korân merely, but in the Traditions—*i.e.* the sayings and acts of the Prophet as reported by his Companions; which are just as binding as the Korân itself. Together with the Korân they constitute what is called the Sacred Law, of which not a jot can ever be abrogated. Under compulsion the Sacred Law, or parts of it, may be held in abeyance; but no one, not even the Sultan, has power to alter, still less to abolish, any of its articles. In Turkey the Sacred Law is codified in the 'Multeka'; in Hindustan in the 'Hidâya,' but is no longer in force there except in a modified form, and over Muslims only. There are many features of the Sacred Law which invite criticism; but we will restrict ourselves here to a few points which are very pertinent to the relation of Christendom to Mohammedanism at this moment.

Islâm divides mankind into Dar-ul-Islâm and Dar-ul-Harb—the Home of Islâm and the Home of the Enemy. All that is not Islâm is therefore an enemy, and must be warred against till it is subdued or exterminated. But Dar-ul-Harb is subdivided into Infidels pure and simple, whose only choice is the Korân or the sword, and Kitabi, or Infidels who possess inspired scriptures,—namely, Christians, Jews, and Zoroastrians. These have a third choice: they may become Tributaries; that is, they are allowed to live on payment of an annual ransom-tax in addition to a number of other taxes from which Muslims are free. The Kitabi are, in addition, subject to a large number of galling and cruel disabilities, of which the following will serve as a specimen. Their evidence cannot be received, and never has been received, in any Musulman State, against a Muslim. They are not allowed to possess arms. They are bound to provide three days' gratuitous hospitality for any Musulman traveller or official who demands it; and this in practice

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\* 'Les doctrines de la loi sont unanimement d'accord sur l'obligation de conformer ses actions à ce qui est indiqué dans les traditions attribuées au Prophète.' (Ibn Khaldun, vol. xx. p. 465.) No wonder that Ibn Khaldun noted, as a characteristic of Mohammedan cities, 'les manières de flatter les appétits charnels: la fornication s'introduit ainsi que la pédérastie.' (Ibid. p. 305.)

includes

includes the use of the women. It is death to a non-Musulman to convert a Muslim, and death to the Muslim who is converted. Two results follow. The non-Musulman subjects of a Mohammedan State are practically outlaws, and the Muslims can never amalgamate with them or meet them on a footing of equality. It would take a volume to draw out at length the portentous consequences of these simple facts, and we have only space to indicate some of them.

The first thing to be noted is that under Islâm there is no such thing as nationality. The social and political bond is neither race, nor language, nor country: it is religion. There is only one Musulman State—Dar-ul-Islâm, or the Mohammedan world. Islâm ignores all other distinctions. What binds the Musulman of Crete or Bosnia or Tunis to the Musulman of Afghanistan, or Kurdistan, or the Malay Archipelago? They have nothing in common but Islâm, and that is their bond of common citizenship. Every Muslim is a citizen of every Musulman State, for he recognizes but one State, Dar-ul-Islâm. On the other hand, a non-Musulman can never be a citizen of a Musulman State. Musulman Powers employ non-Musulman subjects freely in the service of the Government, for they cannot do without them. But they can never confer on them the rights of citizenship. The present Turkish Ambassador in London is a subject of the Sultan; but he is not, and the Sultan cannot make him, a citizen of the Ottoman Empire, for the only gate to that is the profession of Islâm.

Islâm is in fact a cosmopolitan militant Papacy, and to ask the Sultan to admit the Christians of Armenia or of Macedonia to equality of rights with Muslims is like asking the Pope to admit Jews or Mohammedans to all the privileges of Roman Catholics, including the Episcopate. Islâm is not a political system merely: it is a theocracy, and its politics are merged in its religion, and governed by it. We have called it a Papacy; but it is a Papacy with a single Pope, Mohammed. All spiritual authority begins and ends in him, and he left no successor. The Khalifs never professed to be more than Vicars of Mohammed, and there is now not even a Vicar, for the Khalifate has been extinct for centuries. The Sultan claims its attributes, but without any right, for the Sacred Law requires that the Khalif should be a pure Arab of the tribe of Koreish. The Arabs, accordingly, have never acknowledged the Ottoman Sultans as Khalifs, nor have they ever been acknowledged in that capacity by any Mohammedan Government out of Turkey. There is thus, strictly speaking, no Commander of the Faithful. The Khalifate is in commission, and the custodians and  
wielders

wielders of its authority and powers are the Ulema. In a recent article in a monthly Review the writer rightly calls the Ulema (it is a plural word) 'the real rulers of Turkey.' But he is in error in supposing that the Ulema are a number of Musulman ecclesiastics at Constantinople, created by the Sultan, somewhat like the College of Cardinals at Rome. When he advises the Sultan to get rid of them as a preliminary to the reform of his Empire, he makes the same mistake as if he advised the Pope to reform his Church by getting rid of the whole clergy from the Cardinals downwards. Indeed, that would be a much smaller revolution. For the Ulema are the guardians at once of law and religion, not in Turkey only, but throughout the Musulman world, there being, according to Musulman doctrine, as we have just explained, only one Musulman State, of which Turkey and other Musulman Powers are merely parts. The Ulema are the most powerful corporation in the world, and the richest. More than three-fourths of the whole land of Turkey belongs to them, either directly or through the Vacouf system of mortgage; that is to say, a large number of Musulman landowners make their property Vacouf, which means putting it under the protection of some mosque to escape taxation, for mosque lands are not taxable. At the head of the Ulema in Turkey is the Sheikh-ul-Islâm. He appoints not only the ministers of religion, but the judges also, directly or indirectly; and no political act of the Sultan is valid without his *fetvâ* or dogmatic sanction. In the Musulman Papacy there is but one power, issuing from a divine source, and embracing all the acts and functions of a universal theocracy which repels with horror any distinction between the spiritual and temporal. For this reason Sultan Mahmoud issued, in 1827, a protest against the interference of the Christian Powers in the administration of the Ottoman Empire, 'the affairs of which,' he said truly, 'are conducted upon the principles of sacred legislation, and all the regulations of which are strictly connected with the principles of religion.' In 1879 Khair-ed-din, an enlightened Algerian Musulman, was, under pressure from the Powers, appointed Grand Vizir by the Sultan. His programme of reforms, including the admissibility of Christian evidence against a Musulman, was submitted to a Council of the Ulema, with the result that a *fetvâ* was published against it on the ground that it was a violation of '*the unalterable principles of the Cheri*,' or Sacred Law. In this absolute Papacy there is and can be no distinct order of clergy, or of politicians, or civil society, or temporal power. The soldier and the politician, the general and the imaum, the Sheikh-ul-Islâm

Islâm and the Grand Vizir, are eligible for all the functions of the State without any distinction of secular and spiritual. All are equal, and the basis of equality as of citizenship is a common religion.

When this fact is fairly grasped, the chronic mistake of European diplomacy in its dealings with Turkey will at once be apparent. The European Powers are confronted, not by a secular empire susceptible of reforms, but by a military theocracy, absolute in its principles, exclusive in its rights, and condemned by its constitution to remain immutable or to perish. This follows from the fundamental conception of Islâm as a theocratic system existing from eternity in all its principles and regulations. The idea of reforming any part of it is to every sincere Musulman an impiety not to be thought of. That this is not merely an inference from premisses which might be modified in practice, but is, on the contrary, the living and energetic faith of the Mohammedan world at large, might be proved by a cloud of witnesses. We give the testimony of three British Consuls out of the mass: one from Turkey in Asia, one from Turkey in Europe, and the third from Africa.

Consul-General Stuart gives the following specimen of the Muslim style of reasoning:—

‘God, who gave us these countries, can, if He pleases, enable us to hold them. If we are to lose them, His will be done. But happen what will, we must follow the commandments of the Prophet. At the same time we must try as long as we can to keep up appearances with the Ghiaours, promise anything and boldly affirm the execution of the promises. Deception is lawful with the Ghiaours.’

Consul-General Wood writes:—

‘It must be borne in mind that the Korân is at the same time a religious and a political code. All Musulmans admit it to be so, and it cannot be expected therefore that, since their religion is connected with their national policy, they will not make use of the former to carry out the latter. Their policy may be briefly defined, namely the maintenance of their faith in its purity by exclusiveness and isolation; the emancipation of the countries which have fallen under Christian rule; the extermination of the infidel nations and races who, by refusing to pay tribute for the redemption of their blood, are pronounced by the Prophet to be in a state of open rebellion against the law, and consequently deserving of death. Enlightened and tolerant Mohammedans will endeavour to palliate these precepts by quotations from the Korân and Hadis (Traditions); but they are not the less the cherished creed, the conscientious belief, of upwards of 200,000,000 Mohammedans.’

Consul

Consul Holmes says:—

‘The unnecessary delay and neglect, to the prejudice often of innocent persons, the open bribery and corruption, the invariable and unjust favour shown to Musulmans in all cases between Turks and Christians, which distinguish the Turkish administration of what is called “justice” throughout the Empire, cannot fail to suggest the question: What would be the lot of foreigners in Turkey were the European Powers to give up the Capitulations? I am convinced that their position, in the provinces at all events, would be intolerable, and that they would quit the country to a man, while the outcry and feeling in Europe against Turkey would ultimately cause her ruin.’

To these extracts we will add a quotation from a letter in the ‘Times’ of February 12 this year from the able and well-informed correspondent, who has occasionally written in that journal under the *nom de guerre* of ‘A Twenty Years’ Resident in Egypt’ :—

‘I speak with some experience, and I hope our French friend will allow me to speak as “un gentilhomme Anglais questionné en face, les yeux dans les yeux.” Born in Egypt and having lived there all my life, except my boyhood and the last five years, knowing perhaps every European of importance that has lived there between 1865 and 1890, having been in continual correspondence since, and being not more cowardly than most people, I state deliberately that the money is not coined which would induce me to engage myself to stay with my family three years in Egypt without the presence of European troops. I am, however, open to the charge of being prejudiced as an Englishman. I will ask, then, either of your correspondents to give me the names of any ten unprejudiced Europeans in Egypt, not English or French, who, being of respectable position and resident in the country during the years 1880 to 1885, will maintain that the country is “en état de vivre par lui-même” without European troops to preserve order.’

We will bring these observations to a close by pointing out the bearing on the question of reforms in Armenia of the facts—so little known in this country—which we have laid before our readers. Our own Consuls, with practical unanimity, declare that if the Capitulations were abolished, life, property, and honour would become so insecure for Christians in Turkey that all foreign Christians ‘would quit the country to a man’; and the ‘Twenty Years’ Resident in Egypt’ declares that, even with the Capitulations, no consideration would induce him to sojourn in Egypt ‘without European troops to preserve order.’ The Capitulations, it may be as well to explain, are conditions which the Christian Powers have for centuries imposed upon the Porte for the protection of their subjects. All the Christian Powers.



Powers have their own Consular Courts in Turkey, and their own post-offices, because they will not trust the meanest of their beggars to the tender mercies of Musulman justice, or the value of a penny post-card to the honesty of Turkish officials. And this, although the Government of Turkey knows that it would be at its peril that it touched the life, the honour, or the property of a subject of any of the European Powers. Yet a number of intelligent people in England imagine that the Christian subjects of the Sultan in Armenia, unarmed and outside the protection of Turkish law, can live in tolerable security. In truth the Powers are attempting an impossible task when they seek to combine reforms for the Christians with the independence of the Sultan. The two things are incompatible. An independent Musulman Government can never reform. But the same Sacred Law which forbids it to yield to persuasion commands it to yield peacefully to any force which is able to do damage to the cause of Islâm. The existence of the Ottoman Empire is an anachronism in the midst of modern civilization, and its dissolution is only a question of time. Surely then the wise and statesman-like policy, and the kindest to the Sultan and his Musulman subjects in the long run, is for the Great Powers of Europe to insist on liberating every outraged province from the direct rule of the Porte, while leaving the political framework of the Empire and the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan intact. The too probable alternative to this euthanasia of the Ottoman Power is a sudden collapse, and a perilous scramble for the spoils on the part of Governments which are now too timid and shortsighted to adopt the only policy that can avert the catastrophe.

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ART. XI.—*Royal Commission on the Aged Poor.* Report and Minutes of Evidence. Three vols. London, 1895.

THE appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into an important branch of Poor-law administration very naturally recalls to our mind the celebrated Royal Commission of 1832. The comparison is inevitable, and, in respect of one or two details which we propose briefly to notice, will, it is hoped, prove instructive.

On February 1, 1832, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, Lord Althorp, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced the intention of the Government to appoint a Commission of Enquiry. He said,—

‘that the general question of the Poor Laws was a subject of great magnitude, and involved such a variety of important considerations, that any member of the Government or that House would not be justified in bringing forward a measure that would apply generally to the whole collective system of the Poor Laws of this country. . . . Under such circumstances, his Majesty’s Government was of opinion that the best course to pursue was, by means of investigation and enquiry on the spot, to find out the effects of the different systems, as they existed in different parishes, throughout the country.’

When this comparative enquiry was complete, ‘Ministers would then be able to determine whether they could propose any measure on the subject.’ Lord Althorp’s avowal of the inability of Parliament to deal with this difficult question furnished the key-note to all the transactions of that critical period of Poor-law history. The names of the nine Commissioners appended to the historic Report presented in 1834 give additional proof of the determination of Lord Althorp to exclude political and electioneering influences from their deliberations. The Commission contained not a single Member of the House of Commons. The chairman was Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London. Dr. Sumner (Bishop of Chester, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Mr. Sturges Bourne (who had retired finally from Parliament in 1831), Mr. Nassau Senior, the Rev. H. Bishop, Mr. Gawler, Mr. Coulson, Mr. Traill, and Mr. Edwin Chadwick are the other signatories of the Report. Their main administrative recommendation was the appointment of a non-elective Central Board of Control. The subject was one on which Parliament was incompetent to legislate in detail ; legislative and highly arbitrary powers, it was urged, must be confided to this Central Board, and the duty of reforming  
administration

administration locally must be left to it. This view was accepted, not only by the Government of the day, but by the responsible heads of the Opposition. The Duke of Wellington gave the principle of a Central Board the support of his great authority; and, by a rare act of political self-abnegation, the first reformed Parliament admitted that the question of Poor-law administration should be dealt with in a scientific spirit, and withdrawn from the influence of sentimental declamation and electioneering intrigue.

At the date of the appointment of the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor, whose Report is now before us, political parties were sharply and somewhat evenly divided on the subject of Ireland. Both parties were straining every nerve to purchase support for their main policy, by making attractive proposals on a variety of side issues. State pensions for the aged are to Mr. Chamberlain what bimetallism is to Mr. Balfour, a pious opinion to which neither the Liberal Unionist party nor the Conservative party, as a whole, is pledged. Mr. Chamberlain has convinced himself of the equity and practicability of paying a subsidy out of the Public Exchequer to persons who are desirous of providing for their old age by means of one particular form of investment. Holding this opinion, it became his right, if not his duty, to urge the acceptance of this policy on his colleagues. If this suggestion has been pressed on the Unionist party with more pertinacity than has been used in the kindred case of bimetallism, the fact is due to the energetic and indefatigable character of the Member for West Birmingham, to which the Unionist cause already owes so large a debt of gratitude. It is, however, a question on which, as this Report will amply show, not only the Unionist party, but also the Gladstonian party is much divided. It is, indeed, a policy which a political observer, to whatever party he may belong, is fully justified in criticising, without being suspected of disloyalty. No one has given more conspicuous example of political independence, where party ties and conscientious scruples have been found to clash, than Mr. Chamberlain himself; and, unless we altogether mistake his character, he would be the last man to deny to his political followers the right of freely expressing their dissent from a course which, to some of them at all events, appears at once impracticable and impolitic. No apology therefore, we are sure, will be required for the liberty of criticism which we propose to allow ourselves in the following pages.

The proposal for mitigating the sufferings of destitute old age by some stroke of statecraft was undoubtedly popular, and  
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in many quarters deemed practicable. The Government, for its part, was committed to other designs, and moreover laboured under the responsibility of office. They dared not negative this or any other agitation, and to refer the question to a Royal Commission seemed to them a happy way of shelving an inconvenient subject of controversy. The policy of making old age a public charge is a matter of principle rather than of fact. As to the principle, a Royal Commission could add nothing to the arguments already obvious to every educated man. The avowed object of a Royal Commission is, of course, judicial and impartial enquiry; but the proposition, that some or all men shall be permitted to supplement their own savings for old age out of the rates and taxes of the country, is not a matter for enquiry, but rather for argument, and the character of the Report makes it clear that the Commission has argued about it with considerable heat.

Not content with remitting to the Commission a reference in which lurked a speculative question of this highly controversial nature, the Government indulged in the very humorous freak of putting on this *quasi*-judicial bench all the principal litigants in the suit. It is not therefore surprising that the proceedings of the Commission have been anything but harmonious; and for this reason, if we wish to appraise the value of the various reports and memoranda arising out of the enquiry, it is necessary to subject the list of signatories to a careful analysis.

First in logical order after the majority Report, which we propose to consider later, comes the Memorandum of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. With that due regard to constitutional practice which always distinguishes him, his Royal Highness has not set his signature to the majority Report, 'as the subject,' he feels, 'has now to a considerable extent become one of party controversy.'

The procedure of a Royal Commission (unlike that of select parliamentary committees) does not permit the publication of the original draft of the chairman's Report. We can readily, however, believe that it was the consistent though moderate document to be expected from the mature wisdom and conciliatory character of the late Lord Aberdare. In the explanatory Memorandum added by Lord Playfair, who presided over the Commission during the illness and after the death of its original chairman, the following passage occurs:—

'In the prolonged consideration of the Report, numerous alterations were made in the original draft; and, as there was a strong desire to obtain a unanimous Report, various paragraphs and sentences were accepted by the Commission from members whose  
signatures

signatures are not attached to the majority Report, some of which are expressed in language not altogether in harmony with the general spirit of that Report.

The same complaint is made by other signatories of the majority Report; and, indeed, this document bears on its face many marks of the stress of controversial weather through which it has passed. The tactical skill of the minority has, without doubt, considerably damaged its literary form and logical consistency. It is certainly ingenious that a minority should have succeeded in foisting 'unauthorized programmes' into the recommendations of an unwilling majority, but the alleged inconsistencies have, we think, been exaggerated: the interpolated passages are easily recognized, and indeed are indicated by the memoranda of partial dissent put in by members of the majority. When these elements are withdrawn, the Report of the majority is a clear and consistent piece of reasoning, confirming (as every other enquiry into this subject has done) the principles of Poor-law administration laid down by the Report of 1834, assuring us of the steady progress of working-class independence at all periods of life, and setting out in firm but courteous language the impolicy and impracticability of the several State-pension schemes proposed by Mr. Booth, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Hunter, members of the Commission, and by other witnesses. The meaning of the majority Report is perfectly clear; it may be right or it may be wrong, but it is idle to obscure its significance by dwelling on the minor tactical successes gained by a controversial athlete like Mr. Chamberlain over the octogenarian peer whom circumstances had made the protagonist of the majority.

Leaving, for the present, the majority Report, it will be convenient to dispose of the dissentient reports and qualifying memoranda put in by the different members of the Commission. The appointment of a Royal Commission may be regarded as in itself proof that its subject-matter was one for enquiry. Various proposals, very influentially supported, were, admittedly, attracting some favour with a section of the public. The duty of the Royal Commission was to enquire how far these popular aspirations were wise and practicable. The complaint contained in the minority Report, signed by Mr. Chamberlain and others, viz. 'that it (i.e. the award of the majority) does not proportionately represent public opinion on the subjects remitted to us,' does not seem, therefore, altogether relevant. The Commission was appointed because, rightly or wrongly, Parliament in this matter distrusted public opinion, and wished to have a more or less judicial enquiry into the subject. The desire, thus

displayed by the minority in the forefront of their Report, to gauge, not the scientific aspects of the question, but merely the attitude of popular and uninstructed opinion, is, to our mind, proof of the superior wisdom shown by Lord Althorp and his contemporaries in excluding the political element from his board of enquiry. He remitted the question for consideration to an absolutely independent body, and, as a result, he obtained a unanimous Report, a remarkable State document, which even to the present day still holds the field as the most complete and unanswerable treatise on the whole question of Poor-law administration.

The Report of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends goes on to complain

‘that, while this Commission has been well constituted for the purpose of investigation and criticism, its composition has been far from favourable to the work of construction. For such a task its numbers seem to us too great, especially as being largely composed of members who have become publicly identified with opinions widely divergent on some of the most important subjects submitted to us.’

There is some truth in this, for it was not to be expected that Mr. Booth, Mr. Hunter, and Mr. Chamberlain himself were in a position to judge impartially of the principle underlying the question of State-pensions, or of the various schemes of which they were the parents. This, however, is probably not the meaning of the minority. They appear to us to have assumed that the Commission was entrusted with a task of construction, and the sentence above quoted is obviously a side-thrust at those who, either beforehand or during the course of the enquiry, had conceived views ‘divergent’ from that held by the party which already accepted the principle of a State-provision for old age. There is, however, no warrant for this in the terms of the Commission. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be well to give the exact text of the reference :

‘Whereas we have deemed it expedient that a Commission should forthwith issue to consider whether any alterations in the system of Poor-law relief are desirable, in the case of persons whose destitution is occasioned by incapacity for work, resulting from old age, or whether assistance could otherwise be afforded in those cases.’

Impartial persons will probably agree that, in an enquiry of this nature, it was absolutely necessary to have upon the Commission one or two members well acquainted with the practical work of Poor-law administration. Witnesses, it was well known, were to be called arraigning the law and its administration, and it was obviously desirable to have the assistance

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of persons able to cross-examine and to test the accuracy of such evidence. The selection of Mr. Henley, Mr. Loch, and Mr. Pell to represent this aspect of the question seems unexceptionable. Admittedly these three gentlemen have as large an experience of the question as any other three of her Majesty's subjects. Their natural bias would probably, though by no means of necessity, be in favour of the principle that underlies the present system, and, if their views had received no independent support, those who differed from them would have been justified in drawing attention to the fact.

In the actual circumstances the objection raised by the minority, if we rightly interpret it, is merely the not unnatural expression of disappointment raised by a party of projectors whose schemes had been considered and found wanting by their colleagues. The minority Report is signed by the three authors of Pension schemes,—Mr. Booth, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Hunter,—and by Mr. Ritchie and Sir Herbert Maxwell. Mr. Booth, the only non-political signatory, in a separate Memorandum dissociates himself, with some emphasis, from his colleagues who had not thought it inconsistent with their duty to pose as apologists [for out-relief. He recognizes here, as well as in his published works, the bad effects of outdoor relief. 'In my view,' he says, 'the only safe motive for increasing the amounts given is to be found in the probability that the total number of cases will then be decreased' (this view, we may remark in passing, is precisely that put forward by those whom it is the fashion to call Poor-law experts); 'but I am not satisfied,' Mr. Booth continues, 'to move in this direction until a substitute for out-relief to the aged is found; and with this substitute I should hope to find the means of abolishing all except medical out-relief.'

Mr. Booth's view is perfectly logical and consistent. If the country will adopt his scheme of providing for all, rich and poor alike, a maintenance for old age, he is prepared to advocate the abolition of out-relief with the exception of medical relief. Beyond this indirect reference, Mr. Booth has not thought fit to put in any memorandum or report approving of his own scheme. He is content on this occasion to join forces with Mr. Chamberlain, and to say generally that he is dissatisfied with the rejection of all State-pension proposals by the majority.

Recommendation of Mr. Booth's scheme of universal endowment of old age, without any direct contribution from the annuitant, is left, singularly enough, for Mr. Broadhurst. Mr. Broadhurst was formerly best known to the public as one of

the stalwarts of the Old Trade Unionist party. When he was ousted from his seat in Parliament by a Conservative coal-owner, who expressed his willingness to vote for a compulsory 'eight hours' day, a proposal to which Mr. Broadhurst was then strenuously opposed, he was followed into his retirement by the sympathy and respect of many who did not share his general political views. Mr. Broadhurst's opinions, however, were not sufficiently robust to survive the cold shade of parliamentary neglect. According to a footnote in Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's '*History of Trade Unionism*,' 'he has reconsidered his position on the legal limitation of the hours of labour, and is now (1894) one of the most advanced members of the parliamentary Committee' of the Trade Union Congress. The Report handed in by Mr. Broadhurst bears witness to the completeness of his conversion to Socialism. It is couched in language which by many of its phrases as well as by its glibness and facility reminds us of the essays of the Fabian Society. There is to us something terrible in the pessimistic attitude now taken up by Mr. Broadhurst, who, once at all events, believed in the independence and competence of his fellow-workmen.

'With regard to the financial basis of an old-age pension scheme, I have,' he says, 'arrived at a strong and definite opinion. I object to the proposal that the necessary funds should be raised, either wholly or in part, by contributions collected from the people themselves. I am, therefore, opposed in principle to all contributory or insurance schemes, such as those of the Rev. Canon Blackley and Mr. J. Chamberlain. It has, in my judgment, been conclusively proved by witnesses of all shades of opinion' (Mr. Broadhurst, in the margin, here refers to admissions made by Mr. Blackley and Mr. Chamberlain), 'that any voluntary scheme of National insurance or contributory pensions would benefit only those who could afford to make the contributions, and would leave unaffected the great majority of the aged poor whose wages have been insufficient, or whose work has been too irregular, to allow them to save. The grant of any aid to such a scheme out of the taxes would amount, in my view, to a cruel hardship upon the very poor. The agricultural labourer, the unskilled worker in the towns, and the woman wage-earner—few of whom could ever obtain a pension under an insurance scheme—would be taxed on every cup of tea or pipe of tobacco, in order that pensions might be awarded to the comparatively comfortable class of well-paid mechanics and foremen who were in a position to make the contributions required.'

These criticisms, which are practically those employed by Mr. Booth in his published books against the scheme of his present co-signatory Mr. Chamberlain, appear to us unanswerable.

able. Rejecting this solution, Mr. Broadhurst frankly accepts the dependence of the poorer class as inevitable. Such persons must be provided for by a universal scheme of pensions, and, till that arrangement is made, the practice of giving outdoor relief to the aged should be encouraged, 'no deduction being made in respect of any pensions or savings which, together with the relief given, would amount to a maximum of, say, 15s. a week.' It is hardly necessary to remark that, if Mr. Broadhurst's view is acted on, the universal pauperism of the aged labourer is inevitable. There is a final recommendation in Mr. Broadhurst's Report which seems to us to exhibit the lowest level of that decadence of manhood which Socialism is seeking to introduce into our working-class life. Certain army and navy pensions are paid quarterly, and some few of the recipients occasionally expend their allowances riotously. 'In view of the evil demoralization of character wrought by the present system,' Mr. Broadhurst recommends that these pensions should be paid weekly. Mr. Broadhurst's ideal is indeed appalling—the universal dependence of the aged workman, and the sense of personal responsibility worn so thin and unstable that no aged person is to be trusted with more than a week's maintenance at a time! Happily Mr. Broadhurst is not the only representative on the Commission of working-class opinion. The most important signature throughout the whole of this volume is that of Mr. J. J. Stockall, the accredited representative of the Friendly Societies. He has signed the majority Report, and in addition puts in a memorandum of his own. This document forms so striking a contrast to the above-quoted Report of Mr. Broadhurst, and is in itself so important and admirable, that we are warranted in reproducing it in full:—

'Having signed the Report, with which on the whole I cordially agree, I think it well to express my opinion that danger may arise to a portion of the class who now make provision in some measure for old age for themselves in the various friendly and other thrift societies, should they be induced to depend upon relief from the rates, or a pension from the State, as a part of their subsistence in old age, and to look for it as a right rather than depend upon a provision made entirely by themselves. Such provision, as the evidence brought before us clearly proves, is increasingly being made by the labouring classes. I fear, and believe it possible, a worse evil may be created than any now supposed to be existing under the administration of the present Poor Law, if rate or State aid should come to be received with complacency by any material proportion of those who now provide for themselves. In my opinion, the granting of such aid would lead to entire dependence upon the State of a great number

number of those who now, without the hope of such assistance, are nerved to make provision for themselves, by which process self-respect is gained and character given to the nation.

'I entirely concur in all our recommendations which favour a different treatment to persons of good character as distinguished from that apportioned to the wastrel and drunkard. While holding that the former class are entitled to such consideration as would make their lives as happy as possible, I am not prepared to endorse the view that these deserving poor should be encouraged to look upon parochial or State provision with satisfaction, or as a desirable source of provision for their old age.—J. J. STOCKALL.'

This plain and business-like statement of a preference for the absolute independence of the working class, is characteristic of the great Friendly Society movement which Mr. Stockall so worthily represents. This clear-eyed, resolute recognition, that human wants supply the motive of the process by which self-respect and character are gained, has made England a great nation, and has secured to the working classes of the Anglo-Saxon race a better assurance of liberty and comfort than is within the reach of their compeers in any other nation. By turning to Article VI. in the present number of this Review, the reader may learn some of the latest details of the energy and success of the Friendly Society movement. The Friendly Society is, of course, only one among the many provident institutions of the poor, but without question it is the most popular and most representative. Mr. Chamberlain, in his earlier speeches on the subject of pensions, has more than once recognized the fact that if the Friendly Society interest opposes his plan, legislation will be impossible. When explaining his scheme to the Commission, he was asked (Q. 12,653) by Mr. Stockall—

'But the action of the Friendly Societies during this century has shown that their members desire to be quite free from any State or rate assistance?'—A. 'I think it has been shown that they desire to be free from any State control. I am not certain that they have shown any desire to be free from any State assistance.'

And, in reply to the next question, Mr. Chamberlain added—

'I think the contrary is the case; that is to say, I have never seen a speech directed against State assistance [by a representative of a Friendly Society] which did not give us the reason for the objection that it would infallibly lead to State control, and hence I conclude that the thing they wish to guard against is State control.'

Mr. Stockall's Report reads to us like an answer to this challenge. His authority to speak as a trusted representative of the Friendly

Friendly Society will not be disputed. He distinctly asserts that in his view the right to face the responsibilities of life is a privilege to be preserved, he believes in the capacity of his fellow-members for independence, and he is not afraid to trust the future to the same principle which has stood them in such good stead in the past. Mr. Stockall's verdict on this matter will, we believe, prove decisive. The pessimism which so readily abandons the labourer in his old age to a perpetual dependence on the forced contributions of his fellow-citizens, is not a constructive principle, on which either the contentment or the dignity of human life can safely be based.

The general tenor of the majority Report has already been indicated. The signatures attached to it are declared to be 'subject to the memoranda which are appended.' Lord Playfair puts in an explanatory Memorandum, dealing with certain allegations of the minority Report, which appear to accuse the Commission of acting with undue precipitation. From this Memorandum we have already quoted. Lord Lingen, Mr. Henley, Mr. Pell, Mr. C. S. Roundell, Mr. Loch, and Mr. Stockall (in the Memorandum already given) dissent from certain portions of their own Report, particularly from paragraph 24 of the Summary. This paragraph runs as follows:—

'Having regard, however, to the wide-spread expectation in and out of Parliament that some provision other than that made by the Poor Law should be devised for the assistance in old age of those among the poor who have led respectable and industrious lives, we do not desire that our enquiry should preclude the future consideration of any plan which may hereafter be proposed and be free from the objections which have prevented the adoption of the schemes submitted to us. In any case, we cannot but hope that the facts we have collected, the opinions we have elicited, and the searching examination we have made into those schemes, may be of material use.'

The majority, in consenting to this paragraph, no doubt regarded it as a harmless golden bridge, by which the pension scheme projectors might retire without much loss of dignity. The minority Report, however, notes 'with satisfaction that the Summary recognizes the existence of a widespread expectation,' and goes on to recommend that

'the further consideration of the best means of giving effect to the "wide-spread expectation" above referred to, should be at once undertaken by the Government, or should immediately be remitted to a special Commission, less numerous than ours, and better able to deal with the complicated technical details of the subject in an impartial and scientific spirit.'

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The members of the majority above named not unnaturally sur-rebut on this interpretation of paragraph 24, and declare that they are opposed to the principle of State pensions altogether. Lord Lingen, whose administrative experience will carry great weight, in an admirable little Memorandum reaffirms the common-sense principles of Poor-law administration. 'I do not agree,' he says, 'with those parts of this Report which may be thought to admit into the administration of the Poor Law any title to relief except destitution.' The parts of the Report which seem to point in this direction he interprets to mean, that such relaxation as may be desirable should be brought about 'by the organized action of private charity, or (still better) the systematic development of self-support.' In this general condemnation of the policy of increasing the facilities for the pauper life, Lord Lingen is joined by Mr. Henley, Mr. Pell, Mr. Roundell, Mr. Loch, and Mr. Stockall. The several memoranda signed by these gentlemen seem directed to removing from the Report the compromising concessions to which Lord Playfair has alluded.

In opposition to these supplementary expressions of opinion, confirmatory of the general argument of the Report, there is a Memorandum signed by the political members of the majority, Mr. Humphreys-Owen, M.P., and Mr. Joseph Arch, M.P.; by Lord Brassey; and by Mr. Stuart, M.P., who does not sign the majority Report, but puts in a separate Report of his own. These gentlemen 'consider that the strength of public opinion brought before us on this subject cannot and ought not to be ignored.' They recommend, therefore, further enquiry, and that, in the event of the new body of enquirers

'pronouncing an opinion favourable to an endeavour to provide a system of old-age pensions, it should either itself adopt or prepare a scheme, or should lay down general principles to which any such scheme should, in its opinion, conform.'

It is difficult to understand why these gentlemen signed the Report of the majority, or why they did not unite forces with Mr. Chamberlain. The object of this analysis is to show the folly of remitting a question of this sort to the judicial arbitration of 'working politicians.' Fairness compels us to point out one advantage of such a remission. If the politicians come to the conclusion that the sun goes round the earth, or that two and two make five, the rival parties will not be willing to affirm these propositions in one and the same document. The same remark applies with even greater force to the case of Mr. Stuart, who claims the privilege of a separate Report in addition to this



this jointly-signed Memorandum. This document contains nothing new or noteworthy beyond the politician's general recommendation of outdoor relief. It enables Mr. Stuart, however, to compliment the guardians of his own constituency on their 'cottage-home system for children'—a topic not altogether relevant to the enquiry in hand. The difficulty of including similar irrelevancies on behalf of other Members of Parliament, in a numerously signed Report, will perhaps explain the singular isolation of Mr. Stuart's position.

This somewhat lengthy analysis enables us to appraise the judicial value of the award of the several Commissioners. It will be seen that the dissentient minorities consist of three persons who have been identified with the State pension agitation, and whose verdict in its favour was of course assured, and of four active politicians,—Mr. Ritchie, Sir H. Maxwell, Mr. Broadhurst, and Mr. Stuart. Two members of the House of Commons and Lord Brassey, after signing a very emphatic condemnation of the principle of State pensions, hasten to add a contradictory Memorandum, and thus destroy whatever judicial value their opinion may possess. Avowedly, as we have seen, the verdict of the political members of the Commission, almost without exception, is coloured by their desire to reflect public opinion, and to escape the responsibility of taking up what may prove an unpopular attitude in respect of this question.

Of the political members of the Commission (we exclude from this definition those who enjoy the comparative independence of a seat in the Upper Chamber) Mr. C. S. Roundell, the Gladstonian member for the Skipton Division of Yorkshire, alone seems to have realized the fact that the Commission was appointed for the express purpose of assuming the responsibility of instructing public opinion on this subject. In a clear and straightforward Memorandum he dissents from clause 24 of the Summary, and draws attention to three points which appear to have arrested his attention most forcibly:—(1) The remarkable continuous decrease of pauperism, delayed only by the still prevalent evil of lax administration. (2) The remarkable continuous growth of wages, and of the purchasing power of wages. (3) The remarkable and continuous growth of thrift, and the opportunities of thrift among the working classes. From these postulates he argues that State-aided pensions are unnecessary, and, if unnecessary, detrimental to the best interests of the people. In his opinion, 'this objection to State intervention on historical, moral, and economical grounds, stands separate and apart from the grave financial objections.' We see with regret

regret that Mr. Roundell has not offered himself as a candidate to any constituency at the general election which is now proceeding.

Having thus endeavoured to indicate in general terms the nature of the majority Report, to explain the qualifications subject to which it is accepted by its signatories, to comment on the attitude taken up by the several dissentient minorities, and throughout to suggest a comparison of the conditions under which this Commission has been obliged to pursue its enquiries with the unanimous and statesmanlike attitude of a non-political body charged with a similar duty in 1832, we propose now, in slightly fuller detail, to set out some of the conclusions arrived at by the majority and to glance at the evidence on which they rest.

The opening paragraphs of the Report comment on the subject of the enquiry generally and on the nature of the evidence taken. The Commissioners then proceed to deal: A, with the provision for destitution in old age through the Poor Law; B, with provision for old age independently of the Poor Law. These two leading aspects of the question are further subdivided. Under the first head, the Report deals (1) with the statistics of pauperism and its cost; (2) the conditions of Poor-law relief to the aged; (3) special questions connected with the Poor Law,—*e.g.* the supplementation of Friendly Society benefits from the poor-rate. Under the second head, B, the Commission considers (1) the co-operation of charity, (2) the provision made by the working classes themselves, (3) schemes for the provision of assistance from public funds other than Poor-law relief. The Report runs to 342 sections or 83 folio pages, to which is appended a Summary of 25 paragraphs. Notwithstanding the criticisms of the minority, this synopsis will satisfy the reader that the Commission has given very full consideration to the issues covered by the reference. The general verdict with regard to the part of their reference distinguished as A in the above-quoted synopsis, is thus expressed in the Summary:

‘We are of opinion that no fundamental alterations are needed in the existing system of Poor-law relief as it affects the aged, and that it would be undesirable to interfere either by statute or order with the discretion now vested in the guardians . . .’

As is well known, there is a strong disposition on the part of the so-called Poor-law experts to urge the restriction or abolition of outdoor relief. The Commission declines to remove the responsibility of deciding this issue from the local authority.

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If outdoor relief is to be given at all, they recommend that it shall be given adequately. They urge guardians also to adopt rules for its administration. Both these practices are approved by the so-called experts, who assert that they invariably result in a diminution of out-relief. Such further recommendation of outdoor relief as is to be found in the Report, and even to a certain extent this recommendation, are distinctly disavowed, as we have seen, by Lord Lingen and other members of the majority as well as by Mr. C. Booth, and may, we think, be safely regarded as a part of the 'unauthorized programme.'

In this connection an interesting and important point is raised in section 9 of the Report.

'In their Report for the year 1889,' it is remarked, 'the Poor Law Commissioners, in defending the system then introduced from certain attacks which were made on it, drew special attention to the absence of any measure for compelling guardians to offer only indoor relief to the aged. "We do not," they say, p. 32, "require aged and infirm paupers to be relieved only in the workhouse"; and again, p. 37, "It would appear that the Legislature contemplated the issue of some regulations on our part, or the adoption of some rule on the part of boards of guardians, requiring [aged and infirm] persons to receive relief only in the workhouse. We have, however, in very few instances limited the discretion of the guardians [as] to giving outdoor relief to this class of persons, and it is not our intention to issue any such rule in reference to this branch of relief."'

This expression of opinion has undoubtedly governed the conduct of the Poor Law Commissioners, their successors, the Poor Law Board, and the present Local Government Board. The advice and influence of the Board are exercised in favour of a diminution of outdoor relief, but no Order has ever been issued restricting the discretion of guardians in this respect, except as far as the able-bodied are concerned. At the same time the alleged expectation of the Legislature, that such restraining rules should be issued, seems to us to be entirely in accordance with the argument contained in the earlier reports. There is no escape from the relentless logic of the dictum that the condition of the pauper should be less eligible than that of the independent of the humblest class; that all adequate relief given to a pauper at his own home is inconsistent with this principle; and again, that the only thing which entitles a man to Poor-law relief is destitution, that is, inability to maintain himself without such relief, and further that the only sure test of destitution is the applicant's willingness to surrender his present condition of life in exchange for an adequate and regulated maintenance

maintenance within the walls of some Poor-law institution. The compromise introduced by the passage quoted from the Report of 1839 was designed to disarm, if possible, some of the bitter opposition directed against the refusal of out-relief to the able-bodied. The writer of this article remembers discussing the intention of the Poor Law Commissioners in this matter with the late Sir Edwin Chadwick. His close connection with the earlier stages of the controversy, and the fact that most of the earlier reports were originally drafted by him, give to his opinion an exceptional interest and authority. Sir Edwin was himself of opinion, and, in his judgment, he was supported by the authority of the earlier reports, that outdoor relief should gradually be entirely replaced by institutional relief. He supported his view with regard to the aged by referring to the evidence of the Rev. Thos. Whately, one of the witnesses before the old Royal Commission of 1832, who, through the refusal of out-relief, had, as he put it, doubled the resources of many old people. This pardonable exaggeration only meant that, on the withdrawal of outdoor relief, resources hitherto unsuspected were developed, and that as a matter of fact the old people did not find it necessary to seek shelter in the workhouse. Rightly or wrongly, Sir E. Chadwick was in favour of administering the Poor Law through trained and paid officials, and of reducing the powers and discretion of guardians to the mere task of visiting and inspecting the various Poor-law institutions. This, in his opinion, was the best way of carrying to their logical conclusion the recommendations of the Commissioners.

We do not propose to discuss the wisdom and practicability of Sir E. Chadwick's plan. It is sufficient to indicate that, in the opinion of one who took an active part in these transactions, there was no intention to set aside, by an isolated passage, the logical import of the Commissioners' argument. The end in view was never, for a moment, in doubt. Such difference of opinion as existed among those responsible for the carrying out of the Poor Law Amendment Act, 1834, turned on the advisability of straining the authority of the Central Board, in expediting the adoption of the necessary reforms. The compromise adopted confined the issue of orders prohibitory of outdoor relief to the case of the able-bodied; for the rest, the responsibility was left to the local authority, while the central authority remained free to influence local opinion through its inspectors, and by advice and exhortation. As a matter of fact, Sir E. Chadwick's centralizing proposal has been rejected, but throughout, and more especially since 1869, the central authority has pursued a more or less continuous policy of

of remonstrance against the excessive outdoor relief system pursued by many of the local authorities.

Once again compromise is destined to prevail. The present Commission, while extending a somewhat timid approval to the instances of successful administration brought to its notice, declines to recommend the Legislature to give statutory effect to the view, pressed on it by many of the Poor-law witnesses, that a curtailment of outdoor relief by Statute or by Order would re-create the independence of the pauper at all periods of his life.

Practically, then, the Report leaves the administration of the Poor Law *in statu quo*. If a locality is desirous of restricting outdoor relief, in the expectation that the void will be filled, to the great advantage of all concerned, by an increased development of self-support and, in the last resort, of private charity, it is acting within its legal rights in taking this course. If, on the other hand, the locality is desirous of extending the facilities for relief, it is at liberty to act on this view: in the opinion of the Commission, it is better to endure the known evils which result from an exaggerated adoption of this policy, than to fly to the new, more popular, and on that account more insidious dangers involved in the adoption of State pensions of any kind.

We do not propose to delay the reader with any elaborate review of the statistics; it is, however, satisfactory to notice that pauperism at all ages has decreased steadily from 62·7 per 1,000 of population in 1849 to 25·6 in 1892. There are no statistics available to show the variation of old-age pauperism during the same period. The figures with regard to non-able-bodied pauperism, a class which always has included most of the old-age pauperism of the country, show that in 1862 the ratio per 1,000 was 19·6, while in 1892 it was 12·0 per 1,000. In a special Memorandum on the statistics of the subject put in by Mr. Loch, it is estimated that probably the aged account for about 81 per cent. of this non-able-bodied pauperism. The return, known as Mr. Ritchie's, in addition to the usual day census of pauperism, has attempted to compute the yearly volume of pauperism. Admittedly this attempt has not produced an altogether trustworthy result, because of the difficulty of excluding duplicate entries for the same pauper who has been more than once chargeable to the same or to different unions. The accuracy also of the day count, in so far as it seeks to divide pauperism according to age, has also been called in question. An experienced relieving officer has been heard to assert—with, we fear, too much truth—that the habitual pauper knows the law much better than the ordinary official. It is suggested there-  
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fore that, in statements of paupers concerning age, there is danger of considerable bias, especially as, in view of this agitation and of the general administration of the law, some advantage appeared possible from exaggeration in this matter of age.

It appears, we are told, that nearly 20 per cent. of the total population above the age of 65 receive relief on one day, and nearly 30 per cent. during the year. The yearly count is so obviously untrustworthy that we may fairly disregard it, and confine our attention to the one-day census. The significance of these figures is a question largely of interpretation. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that a number of the aged poor are willing to avail themselves of the offer of outdoor relief in unions where guardians lend themselves readily to this method of administration. This point is brought out with great clearness in the evidence given by the Rev. W. Bury, who for twenty years has been chairman of the Brixworth Union (Q. 4,252 *et seq.*). This gentleman stated that the old-age pauperism among the working-class population over 60 in his union was only 3 per cent. He had seen a statement made, he thought by Mr. Chamberlain, that 50 per cent. of the working population over 60 fell into pauperism. Judging from his own union, Mr. Bury was of opinion that 3 per cent., or even less, was the maximum limit of inevitable pauperism, under an administration where no outdoor relief was given. He attributed the difference between 50 and 3 per cent. entirely to administration. The facts of the case as regards rural unions are indisputable, and entirely bear out Mr. Bury's assertion. In the towns, the statistics are obscured by the increased resort of the poor to the workhouse infirmaries. These institutions since 1867 have been greatly and continuously improved, and without doubt, year by year, attract additional numbers. Further, it is notorious that in the towns a certain section of the pauper class actually prefers the workhouse to outdoor relief. This class, even in unions where outdoor relief is freely given, goes straight to the relieving officer and asks for an admission order, and never makes application for outdoor relief at all. These two causes, which operate only in large towns, have had a tendency of recent years to increase the indoor pauperism.

Still, making all allowance for these disturbing causes, the consideration put forward by Mr. Bury is of paramount importance. If Mr. Bury is right, a change in the administration of the law, such as has been put in force in several unions, will reduce the old-age pauperism of persons over 65 years.



65 years from 19·5 per cent. of the population of that age to 4·6 per cent. In other words, the outdoor pauperism of the population over 65, which is 14·9 per cent., might be entirely removed without any increase to the indoor list.

We are not here pronouncing an opinion as to the practicability of a general application of the policy of the Brixworth Union. We insist, however, on the importance of these facts in interpreting the statistics of the question. No argument as to destitution or inability to provide for old age can be based on the fact that large numbers of the poor are willing to apply for and accept outdoor relief. In conformity with its general attitude on the question, the Commission gives us no authoritative guidance as to how we are to regard the statistics in the light of the argument put forward by Mr. Bury and the other witnesses who support the same policy.

One other point in connection with the statistics is worth notice. The old-age pauperism of to-day is composed of persons who were young forty or fifty years ago. That was a period of lower wages, of higher prices, of fewer opportunities for thrift, of lax Poor-law administration, and of a public opinion which accepted the pauperism of the aged as inevitable. In the old-age pauperism of to-day we are dealing with the result of these social and economic conditions, which have, in a large measure, ceased to exist.

Here we must close our notice of the Commission's Report on the 'Provision for destitution in old age through the Poor Law.' It cannot be said that the evidence on the Report adds very much to our knowledge. We have had repeated enquiries into the administration of the Poor Law, each enquiry nominally confined to one particular class of destitution, but invariably and, as we conceive, unavoidably, the scope has been extended so as to include the whole subject. It is obvious that the tendency of the poor to rely on the rates for maintenance in old age will be largely affected by the attitude taken up by the public authority with respect to crises which arrive earlier in life. If a population learns to seek assistance from the rates, in sickness and want of employment, it is obvious that application to the same source of income will be more certainly looked forward to and more readily made in old age.

The whole question of Poor-law administration is a difficult one, and no Commission of Enquiry that is not absolutely and entirely detached from the influence of party politics is likely to possess the courage and independence of judgment necessary for handling the subject in the bold and uncompromising fashion which it undoubtedly requires. In this respect the  
Report.

Report of the Commission will do neither harm nor good, and considering its composition we may be grateful that it is no worse.

In the second part of its enquiry, that distinguished by the letter B in the synopsis, the Commission breaks new ground. Much of the information elicited as to the provision made by the working classes themselves has been hitherto more or less inaccessible. In its criticism also of the various State-pension schemes, the Commission has abandoned the impossible attempt to please every one, and has given us a very weighty and, in our judgment, conclusive argument against their adoption. Unfortunately the majority have allowed themselves to be driven into an expression of opinion that a new enquiry may possibly be desirable. Members of the majority, it is true, record their dissent from clause 24 of the Summary; but the fact does not remove an appearance of weakness and vacillation which, it is only fair to say, is not perceptible in the clear and decisive argument against the policy of State-pensions.

After recommending an extension of the powers of the Charity Commission for dealing with dole charities, the Report makes some remarks on the question of 'Charity other than endowed.' They approve generally of the co-operation of voluntary agencies with the Poor Law, mentioning specially evidence received from St. Saviour's, Whitechapel, and St. George-in-the-East, London unions, and from Oxford, Brixworth, and Manchester, in the provinces. They are struck 'by the comparatively small importance of the actual money assistance as compared with the personal help and sympathy given.' More important, perhaps, as a reformatory influence on character is the following consideration which the Report quotes from the evidence of a witness from one of the strictly administered East-end unions.

"The poor people think they have a legal right to any rate-supported outdoor relief, and they go in great numbers to the guardians to ask for it, and I think it is almost impossible for the guardians to discriminate; but when that part of relief is transferred to a voluntary agency, the people then do not regard it as a right, and they are extremely moderate in the way in which they press their claims. That is the secret of our success." This honourable reluctance,' continues the Report, 'of the better class of poor to impose on charitable agencies is, we think, a feature of great importance, and needs special consideration in connection with any proposal for the quasi-municipalisation of charity, such as that we shall presently discuss.'

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This proposal was actually made by Professor Marshall, for effecting an object in itself very desirable, viz. that the working classes shall not be excluded from their fair share in the work and responsibility. It is, however, questionable whether this officialising of voluntary effort would really give the working classes a larger influence than they have at present. We are credibly informed that in many of the London Charity Organization Society's offices working men have taken part in the work and rendered services of very great value. It is, of course, very desirable that the confidence of the working class should be secured. They are the most numerous, the most powerful, and, if we are to believe all we hear, the wisest section of the community. Their co-operation is welcome in any enterprise; but if it is to be secured in this matter, it should, we venture to think, be brought about by some means other than the 'quasi-municipalisation' of voluntary charity. The fatal objection to the proposal is that quoted above. The co-operation of charity with the Poor Law is advocated with a view of making it possible to restrict the system of outdoor relief, which is admitted to involve the danger of demoralisation of character among the poor. If charity is municipalised, it becomes in every respect similar to the outdoor relief given by the rates, and it exercises exactly the same enervating effects. We are glad therefore to notice that, while doing justice to the excellent motive of Mr. Marshall's suggestion, the Commission is not blind to the objections, but appears to regard them as outweighing any possible advantage that might arise from an adoption of his plan.

The Commission concludes its remarks on the question of charity, and we cannot do better than follow its example, by

'a few words on the evils of indiscriminate almsgiving, referred to specially by Miss Hill. "I go down into the country," she says, "and I find that the people with half the wages of the Londoners have linen, they have crockery, they have furniture, they have tools; they have, many of them, almost everything for domestic comfort. I come straight up to London, where the wages are double, and I may go from end to end of a poor street, and I hardly find an atom of furniture; there is no linen; if people die, there is nothing to wrap them in; there is no crockery, you could not get a hammer, hardly a thimble from end to end of the street . . . I attribute it very much to the chance charities of London."'

The Commission, we venture to think erroneously, and no doubt inadvertently, seems to imply that Miss Hill's remarks apply to indiscriminate charity as distinguished from indiscriminate legal relief. The context of her evidence make its

plain (10,477-8) that the Poor Law is a factor, and probably the largest factor, in this demoralising influence. Miss Hill's words suggest to us another point of even greater importance, namely, that pauperism, and the misery and degradation which it involves, are very little a question of income, but largely one of individual habit and character.

We come now in our analysis of the Report to the extremely valuable and interesting section which deals with the provision made by the working classes themselves.

The most popular working-class association is undoubtedly the Friendly Society, and the opinion of the representatives of this interest receives, and is entitled to receive, great weight. Mr. Brabrook, the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, states that the funds of Friendly Societies amount to 23,000,000*l.*, a little more than one-tenth of the sum invested in industrial societies of all kinds (including Building Societies and Savings Banks), with which the Friendly Societies' office has to deal.\* The membership is distributed roughly as follows:—Registered societies, 7,000,000 (*i.e.* affiliated societies, 2,000,000; local societies, 2,000,000; collecting societies, 3,000,000). The membership of unregistered societies is probably about the same number.

The position of the Friendly Societies with regard to this controversy is somewhat peculiar. It is admitted that they have not done much to provide by a scientific insurance for the risk of old age. In an irregular sort of way, however, continuous sick pay has been given to a large number of their members who have been disabled by old age, a course admittedly objectionable from an actuarial point of view. They are now, by reason of this agitation, pressing on their members the desirability of subscribing for a pension. We question whether they will ever succeed in overcoming the obvious and legitimate objection which most men, in all ranks of life, feel to the purchase of this class of investment; but these facts, which a

\* The aggregate funds of the institutions supervised by Mr. Brabrook's office amount to 218,374,000*l.* The nature of these may be gathered from the following enumeration given by the Chief Registrar to the Labour Commission: 'Friendly Societies and their branches, benevolent societies, cattle insurance societies, working men's clubs, specially authorized societies under the Friendly Societies Acts, industrial and provident societies, commonly called Co-operative Societies, trades' unions, benefit building societies under the Act of 1836, building societies incorporated under the Act of 1874, loan societies, trustee savings banks, railway savings banks, post-office savings banks, and scientific and literary societies.' These 'represent in the main the savings which the industrial population has accumulated.'—Labour Commission (sitting as a whole), Q. 1227. Industrial Insurance Companies (*e.g.* the Prudential) are under the jurisdiction of the Board of Trade, and their funds are not included in this estimate.

perverse critic might represent as a barren record, do not, in our judgment, invalidate their claim to represent the best opinion of the working class on this subject. The members of Friendly Societies, as shown already in the characteristic Memorandum of Mr. Stockall, value personal responsibility. They are aware that on this basis the great fabric of their associations has been raised, and they believe that the responsibility of old age, whether it is overcome by their aid or apart from their aid, is a risk in the encountering of which their class is destined to rise to a higher level of independence.

If we might venture on a word of advice to the Friendly Societies, as to the conduct of this controversy, it would be that their opposition to State pensions should be based less on their ability to popularise the purchase of pensions or deferred annuities, and more on the indubitable proof contained in the evidence of their representatives that the Friendly Society man—the man, that is, who seriously regards the responsibilities of life—does provide for his old age, and does not become a pauper at the end of his life. We briefly summarise the proof of this statement. The Report (section 233) refers to a return, known generally as Lord Lymington's, issued in 1891, showing the number of persons in workhouses on the 31st March, 1891, who, having been members of a benefit society, had then from any cause ceased to be members.

‘In commenting on this return, Mr. Brabrook points out that if it were correct it would show that for every 10,000 members now in registered Friendly Societies there are in workhouses twenty-six persons who have left their societies, and twelve whose societies had broken up. He thinks, however, that even these low figures give a misleading impression: first, because the answers of paupers on such a matter are untrustworthy, and they may use the words Friendly Society very loosely; and secondly, because societies very often break up for reasons other than financial failure; while, as we have seen, lapses very generally take place a year or so after admission. We agree with Mr. Brabrook and Mr. Wilkinson that this return is very far from showing, as the former tells us it is often used to show, “a failure of Friendly Societies to fulfil their duties to their members”: on the contrary, it seems to us to furnish strong testimony to the success of their efforts in reducing pauperism.’

The same conclusion may be gathered from the evidence of Mr. T. Ballan Stead, permanent Secretary of the Ancient Order of Foresters.

‘He tells us,’ says the Report, ‘that, out of 526,000 English members, to whom the returns he has received relate, 490 only have applied for poor relief during the past five years, an average of under

under 100 per annum; while in Wales, out of 23,000 members, 8 only sought relief in the whole five years. Mr. Stead thinks that even these figures do not fully show the extent to which members have kept themselves independent of the Poor Law, as the courts and lodges from which he received no reply had presumably no cases to report. . . . There can be no doubt, the Report remarks, 'that in general, as Mr. Brabrook says, "The man who practises providence in one direction, and becomes a member of a Friendly Society, is not an improvident man in any other sense of the word, and he looks forward to old age as well as to sickness, and endeavours to provide against it by opportunities independently of his membership of the Friendly Society."' "

This being so, the question naturally arises: Is there any class of labourer so poor that it is unable to avail itself of the benefits of the Friendly Society? Again we quote Mr. Stead as cited in the Report:—

"I should think the only class are those who are not qualified, by reason of their ill health, and those who are too old. We take them up to forty; and they must be healthy. There is no bar to prevent them joining the order, except want of disposition to do it." And again, "No, sir, there is not a class which cannot. Some of our best courts are in the agricultural districts where the wages are lowest. Some of our best courts are in Suffolk, Dorsetshire, Hampshire, and other places like those. I can speak of that from knowledge." And as regards the separate old-age provision to which he looks forward, he has said: "At the younger ages the increase in the provision is so small that it would hardly be felt; and, as I very often put it, when working men thirty years ago could pay their contributions for sick and funeral benefits, surely in these days, when wages are much higher than they were thirty years ago, they can afford a few pence in addition to pay for their pensions." "

This view receives confirmation from the fact that the most remarkable reduction of pauperism achieved by the strict administration so often referred to, has taken place not in a district where wages are high, but in the low-waged agricultural union of Bradfield in Berkshire.

The Commission recommend a slight alteration in the Friendly Societies Act, 1875, with a view of separating sick pay and old-age pay, in a manner more in accordance with the dictates of actuarial science than the present arrangement, and an amalgamation of the juvenile societies with the adult, so as to permit the insurance premiums of the juveniles to be carried on as a nucleus for providing an old-age pension.

We have left ourselves but small space to comment on the Commission's rejection of the various State-pension schemes that were submitted. In principle, this verdict follows, from  
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the evidence that a steady decrease in pauperism is going on under present Poor-law arrangements, and that rapid progress is being made in working-class investments of all kinds; and perhaps still more from the self-evident proposition that there is no more reason why old age should be made a public charge in whole or in part than any other of the risks and disabilities to which human flesh is heir. The Commission has, of course, very solemnly examined these proposals, whereby provision for old age will cease to be a matter of personal responsibility; but, having very plainly shown that there is no necessity for so novel a change, the task of proving the futility of the actual schemes to which its attention was directed, was to some extent a work of supererogation.

The Report, with some dexterity and not a little humour, allows each projector of a scheme to demolish the scheme of his rival. Thus Mr. Booth's plan of giving to every one 5s. a week from public funds on reaching the age of 65 is pronounced by Mr. Chamberlain to lie open

'to one fatal objection, and that is, that the House of Commons would never provide the money for it. I should not myself think that any statesman or any Government would ever be found, in any time that I can look forward to, to propose additional taxation to the extent of twenty or twenty-four millions a year for such a purpose.'

Mr. Blackley calls the proposal 'a gigantic measure of outdoor relief.' Mr. Booth attempts to meet this by insisting that all, rich and poor alike, shall accept the weekly 5s. On this Mr. Grout, a working-class witness, with the sympathy, we venture to say, of the majority of our readers, remarks that to pension a millionaire 'would be simply ridiculous.' Mr. Booth adheres to his view, but admits that if the absurdity of the situation or any other cause produced reluctance on the part of the well-to-do to claim their allowance, 'it would tend to neutralise the advantages of the scheme.' The 'other schemes not requiring direct contribution' are dismissed on somewhat similar grounds. If the pension is universal, they involve a costly manipulation of 5s. a week for a large population of which the great majority does not require it, and Mr. Grout's epithet recurs very readily to the mind. If, by design, or because of prejudice raised against the well-to-do who claim their pension, its bestowal is not universal, then its acceptance becomes a badge of dependence, and the position of the pensioner becomes invidious and precisely the same as that of a recipient of Poor-law relief.

Mr. Blackley's own compulsory scheme is condemned by Mr. Chamberlain, who says it is impossible. The same authority

ality declares himself opposed to any imitation of the German scheme. This, it may be remarked, is not quite in consonance with Mr. Chamberlain's earlier views, nor with those of many of his colleagues on the Parliamentary Committee of the State-pension party. Mr. Rankin, M.P., for example, who is Chairman of the party, has never made any secret of his opinion, that without compulsion a voluntary scheme of assisted pensions would be more or less futile. Mr. Blackley very generously supports Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, but, unlike Mr. Chamberlain, is not in the least anxious to co-operate with the Friendly Societies. He desires to have an absolute State security, which, Mr. Chamberlain very fairly points out, is incompatible with any scheme of subsidising annuities granted by voluntary associations. Mr. Booth seems, for the moment, to be acting with Mr. Chamberlain, for, as already pointed out, he gives no support to Mr. Broadhurst, who has appropriated his, as they appear to us, unanswerable objections to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. Elsewhere, however, Mr. Booth has forcibly argued that an offer made by the public authority to supplement annuities purchased either through the Post Office or through a Friendly Society, would be quite inoperative with the residuum, and that no benefit would arise under the scheme for about forty years. To meet this last difficulty some relaxation of the Poor Law during the intervening period has been suggested; but obviously, if this policy was adopted, the poor would be encouraged to rely on the poor-rate, and it would be impossible at the end of the forty years to return again to stricter methods, or to throw off the burden of pauperism which would inevitably have been created.

To meet the financial liability to be incurred under this scheme, Mr. Chamberlain has suggested that perhaps two millions per annum could be set aside and invested. The accumulation of such a sum for a long series of years under State control raises a problem of great importance. The State cannot find profitable investment for the vast sums contemplated under this and similar schemes. Yet, if it does not so set aside and invest, an overwhelming and inequitable liability would be created for the taxpayers of the future. This proposal to charge the State with the investment of the savings of a large and influential class seems to us to involve a complete misconception of the mechanism of an industrial society. While the industry which enriches this country continues under the control of private enterprise, such investment as is to confer the right of deferred consumption in old age must be left in the same channel. In truth, legislation is not in this or any other matter a constructive

tive social force. The question of old age, like a great many other difficulties of life, must be solved by the voluntary constructive forces inherent in every civilized community. The ties of family; the natural sympathy which obtains between man and man; the persistency by which human wants, whether they relate to manhood or old age, discipline us to effort and self-control; the free and mutual interchange of services which is the best guarantee for adequacy of industrial remuneration; liberty of enterprise; and security of tenure in their property assured for rich and poor alike,—these are the influences which weld together the fabric of human society.

The issue raised in this controversy is whether the problem of old age shall be removed from the operation of these constructive forces and handed over to the ingenuity of the House of Commons. We say the House of Commons advisedly, for this is not a question between parties or sections of parties, but between the House of Commons and the nation. It is idle to deny that the last ten years have rudely shaken the confidence of the country in the wisdom and patriotism of the Lower Chamber, and it is not likely that an impartial consideration of the incidents attending the enquiry of this Commission will do much to restore its credit.

With the removal of the Irish question, a great reconstruction of parties is inevitable. The ashes of ancient controversies have grown cold. A party in favour of sanity and economy in our public administration will draw its strength from every section of the community. It has been so in this case. A common sentiment of opposition to a line of policy of which these State-pension proposals are only a sample, has brought together, as allies, representatives of every section of the community. Friendly Society leaders like Mr. Stockall and Mr. Stead find their views supported by the dry official wisdom of Sir H. Owen, the permanent Secretary of the Local Government Board, and of Mr. Brabrook, the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies; by the restrained and thoughtful benevolence of Miss Octavia Hill, a life-long labourer in the service of the poor; and by the robust but sympathetic commonsense of men like Mr. Bury and Lord Methuen, the one an old Cambridge athlete and hard-working parish clergyman, the other a popular and distinguished soldier, whose onerous duties in command of the Home District have not prevented him from taking, at his country home, an active and useful part in the Friendly Society movement,—truly a formidable phalanx of opinion, characteristic of the many-coloured texture of our English life! The  
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stubborn resistance of the Friendly Societies to proposals to scatter public money in an attack on the principle of personal responsibility is a happy omen. To poor men the temptation, pressed on them with so many specious arguments, was alluring, but the issue, we are thankful to say, is no longer doubtful. The danger comes from another quarter. 'The people,' said Mr. Bright, 'are a good people on the whole; and if those who claim to be their leaders speak the truth to them, all will be well; but if they do not, God help them both.'

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THE

## QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *The Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman.* By W. R. W. Stephens, B.D., Dean of Winchester. Two vols. London, 1895.
2. *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.* By James Anthony Froude. London, 1895.
3. *Lectures and Essays.* By Sir J. R. Seeley. London, 1895.

IN criticizing the manner in which Mr. Stephens has done his work it is not easy to avoid somewhat conventional terms of praise. To say that a biography is sober, impartial, and well balanced sounds suspiciously like a euphemistic description of dulness. Yet, in truth, it does a biographer no little credit when this can be said about the life of one who held many unpopular opinions, who assuredly made no pretence of expressing those opinions in a modified or conciliatory fashion, and whose work even on topics which are not necessarily controversial often gathered about it an atmosphere of controversy. Mr. Stephens has shown no wish to conceal the asperity with which Freeman often expressed his views. He has not done less than justice to the warm sympathies and strenuous love of right which, however warped in their action by prejudices, invariably underlay those views. To a great extent Mr. Stephens has been willing to keep himself in the background. He has allowed his subject, the most copious, the most outspoken and most characteristic of letter-writers, to present himself in his correspondence, while the biographer has, in a great measure, confined himself to the work of selection and explanatory comment. To those who knew Freeman the book may not present many new lights. His mind and character had no inner chambers, no half-revealed recesses. What Mr. Stephens's work will do, we think, is to amplify and illustrate what most of Freeman's friends already know. And there must be many to

whom Freeman was personally unknown, but who, having learnt from him either directly, or indirectly and unconsciously, will take no small interest in tracing the formation and development of views which thirty years ago were original, though they are now commonplaces of historical study.

'The general reader' was a being of whom Freeman spoke with no good will, and probably the general reader will have his revenge by taking no great interest in Mr. Stephens's book. That will not be the fault of the writer. The life of Freeman was not rich in incident; the character was not made interesting by complexities. And yet, while free from complexity, it is a difficult character to sketch in such a fashion as to make it live. It is not easy to bring home to people's minds that curious mixture of wide learning and great mental activity with an almost total indifference to many sides of human life and thought. Mr. Stephens is no doubt right in regarding Freeman as his own best biographer. The letters are a very full exposition of his beliefs, his hopes, his likes and dislikes. They are, as Mr. Stephens says, written with a simplicity and directness which often remind one of a very clever child. And if Freeman was in a sense egotistic, he had no lack of self-knowledge. He could judge himself and his own works as he judged others, by a somewhat narrow and peculiar, but exceedingly definite standard. Yet the allusiveness of the letters, the constant use of phrases not chosen for their expressiveness, but consecrated in Freeman's mind by some peculiar association, will probably make them obscure and even distasteful to many readers.

That capacity for self-judgment of which we have just spoken is well illustrated by an article in the 'Forum,' published in 1892, wherein Freeman sketched his own early life as bearing on the formation and growth of his opinions. The article is an interesting comment on what Mr. Stephens tells us of his hero's childhood. When eighteen months old, he became an orphan, and two years later he was left with no friend and companion save his grandmother and one sister twelve years older than himself. Freeman was not the man to magnify small grievances, or to be disloyal to his own flesh and blood, yet it is very plain that the old lady was exacting and often unsympathetic. Elsewhere he met with kindness and encouragement. Hannah More, as Mr. Masson has pointed out, might have eloped with Chatterton, much to the benefit of both parties, and she declined a glass of old spirits from Macaulay. A *liaison* with Freeman, aged four, has now to be added to the scandalous chronicle.

Under such conditions a quick-witted child, with an unbounded thirst for knowledge and with singular vigour and definiteness



definiteness of mind, could hardly fail to develop symptoms of priggishness. His bent was to theology; at fourteen he taught himself Hebrew, disputed over the translation of the Septuagint, and waxed wroth with a French writer who propounded a theory of Creation which Freeman deemed unscriptural.

As a rule the political views of a schoolboy, if he has any, are determined by a process of reaction and contradiction. The associations of Freeman's house were Tory. His mother, Mary Anne Carless, claimed descent from a Royalist soldier who had shared the retreat of Charles in the Boscobel oak. Freeman, however, was impelled towards Liberalism by something more than the mere negative process of repulsion. His maternal aunt was married to Thomas Attwood, of Birmingham. He is probably best known to the present generation by his projects for paper money—projects which have survived not by their own interest or merit, but as having furnished Mill with an opportunity of annihilating 'currency juggles' once and for ever. Mill, however, in assailing the financier, pays a tribute of respect to the political leader. To the early teaching of Mr. Attwood, Freeman himself attributed that sympathy with the efforts of small nations to maintain their independence which underlay all his political convictions. At fourteen Freeman was sent to a somewhat rough preparatory school at Cheam, in Surrey, where he remained for two years. In his own opinion he gained more than he lost by not going to one of the great public schools. We may agree with the conclusion, without accepting the reasoning by which Freeman arrived at it. 'Would Harrow or Eton, in 1836 or 1837, have set me to read the book which I was set to read in my private school? That book was A. A. Taylor's "History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire and the Foundation of the principal European States." Probably not; nor can we suppose that the reading of this or that book in particular was essential to the formation of Freeman's mind. 'You never will teach the oak or the beech to be aught but a greenwood tree.' Freeman's passion for historical study was too deeply innate to depend on any one bit of teaching. And we can but feel that a great public school might have taught Freeman certain things about his fellow-men which he never learnt, and the knowledge of which would have added a good deal to the effectiveness of his work in life. Yet it is not unlikely that he would have been among those whose after-lives bear witness to one of the worst sides of a public school. Probably he would have been forced from his books into games for which he had no aptitude, clobbered by his fagmaster as an incorrigible toast-burner, and, except when he

was wanted to do verses or give a construe, hunted hatless round the schoolyard as 'mad Freeman,' till a nature, thoroughly kindly and far more sensitive than it seemed to be on the surface, would have been warped and soured.

Whatever doubts there may have been as to the good or bad fortune which governed Freeman's lot in his school-days, there can be none as to the conditions of his University career. He had good grounds for saying that he could never forget that he had been a Scholar and Fellow of Trinity. To a man of Freeman's cast of mind and temper, to have been the dominant spirit of his own society would have been fatal. Hardly less fatal would it have been if he had fallen under the influence of men of narrow views and strong prejudices. For with all Freeman's independence and originality he was throughout life fully amenable to the influence of others. Let him once recognise that a man spoke on his own subject with authority, Freeman would accept him as a teacher on that subject with loyalty and even docility.

It is clear that the scholars' table at Trinity was one of those little intellectual oligarchies which in those days were rendered possible and necessary by the ordinary conditions of a pass-man's life in Oxford. The atmosphere into which Freeman was admitted was one of plain living and high thinking; and, as the career of many of its members showed, it included men of far too much vigour of mind and width of interest to be in any danger of deteriorating into a mutual admiration society.

Freeman came up to Oxford with a bent towards Anglicanism, and Trinity helped to confirm it. But it was only the more vigorous and dignified side of Anglicanism which commanded his sympathy. An austere and intelligent system of moral discipline, methods of church government and teaching which had their roots in the past and could ever justify themselves by a rational appeal to historical precedent, these were the aspects of Anglicanism by which it commended itself to Freeman. One can find no trace of any sympathy with those crudities and absurdities on which Newman heaped contempt in 'Loss and Gain.' Indeed, in Freeman's first published work, the 'History of Architecture,' of which we shall have occasion to speak again, he protests against the irreverent puerilities into which some of his Anglican contemporaries were led by their eagerness to find 'symbolism' in Christian buildings.

And if Freeman owed much to his college, he also owed, and acknowledged that he owed, much to his University. To a mind like Freeman's, diffuse in some directions, narrow in others, the school of *Literæ Humaniores* offered just the  
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necessary mixture of restraint and stimulus. In the domain of history it prevented him from becoming a mere accumulator: it forced upon him those studies bearing on abstract thought for which he was disinclined rather than unfitted. At the same time Freeman's natural gifts of mind and temper saved him from the special dangers of the schools. The ordinary candidate for classical honours who has by nature no special turn for metaphysics or moral philosophy will become a retailer of half-understood formulæ. There was no danger of that with one like Freeman, to whom half-knowledge was of all things the most abhorrent.

How Freeman's mind was widened by his classical reading, and even imbued with a certain artistic sense whereof nature had been none too bounteous, may be best understood from his unfinished work, the 'History of Sicily.' We feel that as the writer is transported back to the field of his early studies, so the habits of mind which these studies required instinctively and unconsciously reassert themselves. The poetry of Pindar furnishes the writer with illustrations. The crudity and ungainliness of style which reached their height in the 'Reign of William Rufus' disappear or are modified.

One incident of Freeman's early life preserved by Mr. Stephens is thoroughly characteristic. Before he was of age he was in love, and as soon as he reached twenty-one he offered marriage and was accepted. Some opposition from Freeman's own kinsfolk seemed the only hindrance to a happy union. But another was created by the sensitiveness of Freeman's own conscience. 'He had expectations of a sufficient income, but it was partly derived from coal mines, and the shocking disclosures recently made respecting the treatment of colliers made him doubt whether he could conscientiously draw an income from that branch of industry until the system was reformed.' There we see the same temper at work which in later days made Freeman throw up a pleasant and lucrative connexion with the 'Saturday Review,' because he disapproved of its foreign politics. His standard of right and wrong might sometimes be perverse, his judgments hastily formed. But seldom has any man lived to whom the call of duty, once made clear, was more absolutely imperative, in defiance of any pleas of convenience or of usage. His action was always in purpose the embodiment of George Eliot's fine lines:—

'Nay, falter not; 'tis an assured good  
To seek the noblest; 'tis your only good  
Now you have seen it, for that higher vision  
Poisons all meaner choice for evermore.'

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The inability of ordinary men to enter fully into that view no doubt often led them to misunderstand Freeman. His own inability to see that a man may fail on one point and yet not be unscrupulous on all, was at times a hindrance to his perception of the attitude of others. Like all enthusiasts, too, he often thought that what convinced him must be self-evident to all men, and charged his neighbours with breaking a moral law when they really denied its existence.

That special type of virtue which one may claim for Freeman does not in a worldly sense bring very much reward. Yet one reward it did earn for him. His was in many ways a life of strife, and he awakened not a few strong dislikes. But we doubt whether his bitterest opponent ever regarded him with a shade of suspicion or distrust.

In 1849 Freeman published his first substantial work, a 'History of Architecture.' Mr. Stephens has been no more than just to the merits of a somewhat forgotten book in the space which he has given to an analysis of it, and in the one extract which he quotes. One defect no doubt the book has. Freeman very imperfectly perceived the truth, which perhaps Viollet-le-Duc alone among architectural writers has fully worked out, that the development of Christian architecture has been throughout determined by structural conditions; that the artistic spirit in its quest for beauty has had almost invariably to work in strict subordination to those conditions; that an architectural *tour de force*, such as St. Urbain at Troyes, is no more than the logical outcome of one or two leading principles of structure pushed to their extreme. It is hardly fanciful to say that Freeman's classification of buildings is to Viollet-le-Duc's as the Linnean system of botany is to that which has superseded it. On one side we have a classification according to visible forms, on the other according to principles of growth, only that in the case of buildings the practical results of the two classifications are largely the same. From its own point of view Freeman's work shows a width of knowledge and a power of generalization which put it in advance of anything written up to that time.

Isolated passages, too, such as that quoted by Mr. Stephens, show Freeman at his very best as a writer. They are not the work of a man who is straining after purple patches; they are the work of a man of vigorous mind and sound though limited literary taste, stirred by real conviction and real sympathy with his subject.

Freeman's Anglicanism shows itself in the whole line of the work, and here and there in a somewhat boisterous attack on  
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the Renaissance. But, as we have said before, he never scruples to take an independent attitude. His historical sense rebels against arbitrary divisions of architecture into orthodox and unorthodox. In one writing under the full spell of the Oxford movement, with its suspicion of everything which savoured of the Renaissance, it needed insight to see and courage to assert the merits of Jacobean Gothic, and to sing the praises of such a church as St. Eustache in Paris. Again, in opposition to most of his Anglican contemporaries, Freeman claims a high place for Romanesque, and largely anticipates one of the best of his later monographs, in which he classifies the various groups and analyses the principles of that school.

With Freeman's marriage began his life as a literary man with a tincture of country tastes and pursuits. The records of his strenuous and overwhelming industry are contained in the ten pages at the end of Mr. Stephens's book which enumerate the bare titles of Freeman's various productions. The letters on which, as we have said, Mr. Stephens has so largely depended are interesting and attractive from their freshness, their directness, their revelation of an exceedingly vigorous mind. They have not the interest which attaches to a disclosure of the growth of convictions or the development of beliefs. In these, as in Freeman's published writings, we always feel that we are watching principles and habits of thought formed once for all and applied to new sets of facts.

There was little chance that the course of Freeman's life would be changed, as it would have been changed, by the fulfilment of his ambition to obtain a seat in Parliament. Most of Mr. Stephens's readers will agree with him in not regretting the failure. The lighter aspects of Freeman's character and the texture of his mind alike unfitted him for the atmosphere of practical politics. A man who is at once self-reliant and shy is almost sure to pass for being willfully discourteous. A man who pours forth copiously and spontaneously allusions to out-of-the-way subjects, with an air which suggests something of contempt for the less learned, is sure to be set down as a pedant, and in a member of Parliament pedantry is the unpardonable sin.

Nor was it only in manner that Freeman would have failed. If a view was distasteful to him, he could not make the attempt to analyse it or even to understand it patiently. He was capable of travestying the opinions of his opponents, and that in all honesty, by talking of their 'passionate hatred for Russia and romantic love of the Turk.' One sees what a gulf sundered him in many of his views from the bulk of his fellow-countrymen

countrymen when one reads such passages as these: 'I believe I hate the British army more than any institution in being,' 'William Rufus is my ideal gentleman,' 'probus miles, preux chevalier, and all the rest of the humbug'; or again, 'If a man takes to gambling at all, I should think he would naturally take to cheating, and after all it is not so bad as selling yourself to the Turk or several other things that are called honourable.'

It is not the question what amount of truth there may be in each of these views. True or false, it is very certain that no man could hold them in that crude and unhesitating fashion and be a power in public life. The much-denounced 'perish India' passage was no doubt really a harmless truism. But a wise man who seeks to influence others does not utter even truisms in such a form that they are certain to be misunderstood and misrepresented. Moreover, whole provinces of human thought and activity which nearly concern every practical politician were to Freeman a blank. Though he abhorred a town abode, he knew but little of the lives of his country neighbours, of how they bought and sold, tilled their fields and earned their bread. For him the life of a community was always a map, never a picture. Thus we find him in 1874 writing that he has become comparatively indifferent to politics. 'Then (in 1868) there were several great questions ahead into which I went heart and soul: now it seems to be all Contagious Diseases, Women's Rights, Permissive Bills, 25th clause, and such like mere nuisances.'

In truth, foreign politics apart, Freeman's views belonged to that rather sterile type of Liberalism which concerns itself very much with political machinery, and very little with the detailed and concrete results which that machinery has to effect.

Moreover, Freeman's habits of mind went far to cut him off from that comprehension of the views of others which is indispensable to a politician. One of the first duties of a politician is to understand half-truths uttered in a confused form. But for Freeman there was no such thing as a half-truth. The doctrine might itself be in the main sound, but if the mode of utterance betrayed ignorance or confusion of thought, woe to him who uttered it! In these days when 'Is not there something in it?' formulates the view with which every person approaches every question, Freeman's attitude is no doubt refreshing and wholesome. But it is not an attitude which can safely be taken up by one who seeks to influence his fellow-men. It weakened Freeman's actions as an outside critic of politics;

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it would have been fatal to him if he had become an actual combatant.

The stronger side of Freeman's mind and character would have been equally fatal to his practical success as a politician. Compromise is the essence of party politics, and compromise was the one thing of which, above all others, Freeman was incapable. He never could have learnt that the practical politician must at every turn be bound in the expression of his views by the requirements of advocacy. In one of the last articles that Freeman ever wrote on practical politics, he pointed out certain obvious and glaring inconsistencies in the attitude of some of his Home Rule allies, and was astonished when his utterance was received in some quarters as a symptom of lukewarmness. He had not learnt that to ask a professional politician whether his argument is logically or historically sound is like asking a salmon-fisher whether his fly is edible.

Two of Freeman's main ambitions in life were a seat in Parliament and a chair at Oxford. The one was never fulfilled; the other came late, and was thereby robbed in his eyes of some of its charm. He went back to an Oxford which to him, in all matters of taste and every-day life the most Conservative of men, was changed in a measure that made it at times unendurable. Freeman, with his exacting and methodical habits of work, his simple tastes and limited pursuits, had little sympathy with modern Oxford, many-sided, receptive, uncritical, strenuous in its organized pursuit of pleasure. One feels too that his rather limited knowledge of the Oxford of the past made him unconsciously unfair to the Oxford of the present. One cannot but see that he judged the Oxford of his own day by the one side of it which he knew—Trinity and the scholars of Trinity, with their severe moral discipline and their high intellectual ambitions. He overlooked what such a book as 'Tom Brown at Oxford' reminds one, that Oxford then had its *passman's* life of idleness and pleasure, with which at least the non-reading or half-reading life of Oxford to-day contrasts favourably.

Freeman felt too, and with some justice, that the immediate requirements of the class list had overpowered all other considerations in an undergraduate's course of study, and the meagre attendance at his lectures, due as he thought to that cause, embittered him. It must be admitted, however, that a good deal of his lecture consisted of the repetition of doctrines which had once in Freeman's mouth been original, but which had by that time become trite. He was fond of quoting and certainly acted on Cuddie Headrigg's principle that 'a gude tale's no the waur o' being twice told,' and he would have despised any attempt

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to give a semblance of freshness to the matter by varying the turn of expression. Yet it would be unfair to speak as if Freeman's professorial career had done nothing for his reputation as a historical teacher. The two published volumes of lectures show some of the best qualities of his work. They show that with all Freeman's taste for somewhat diffuse detail, few men could seize the salient points of a wide period more clearly and forcibly or set them forth more emphatically. No one indeed who is familiar with Freeman's writings will doubt that Mr. Stephens is right in his claim that Freeman could condense when he thought it expedient, and that his work when condensed was at its best.

Freeman's antipathy to the examination system as he found it on his return to Oxford may be taken as illustrating a characteristic side of his mind. Examinations had been unnecessary in his case as a stimulus to study, though, as we have already said, one may believe that they were of value as restraining his studies and giving them definiteness. But as he could work without examinations, so could other men. And with characteristic inability to understand the existence of mixed motives, he argued as if men might be divided sharply into those who read, and in any case would read, from a genuine love of knowledge, and those who only read from the inferior motive of a desire for honours, and who therefore gain little by their reading. He overlooked the large proportion of men who have not enough disinterested love of study to become students for learning's sake, but who, once constrained to work, gradually throw themselves into study with something of real zeal.

Freeman's attitude towards the life into which he found himself cast on his return to Oxford is a good illustration of the indirect effect of those limitations of which Mr. Stephens has spoken, and which formed such a conspicuous and curious element in Freeman's character. Few of his friends can fail to remember some quaint instances where his familiarity with remote things and his ignorance of obvious things came in conjunction. 'That sounds as if it came from Godwin,' was the remark of one who was more familiar with Georgian times than with the eleventh or seventeenth centuries: 'Which Godwin, the Earl or the Bishop?' was the answer.

Freeman's 'limitations' were made all the more conspicuous by his intense honesty, his horror of anything like pretence or half-knowledge. 'I am a very illiterate person,' was the frank confession which once startled some at least of the guests round the breakfast table at Somerleaze. Mr. Stephens makes no attempt to gloss over this side of Freeman's character.

'Outside

'Outside the field of history his knowledge, tastes, and even his capacity were undoubtedly limited. Mental philosophy and political economy were subjects that he could not or at any rate did not attempt to understand, and no department of art had any interest for him with the single and signal exception of architecture. He did not care much for poetry except of the epic or ballad kind; of Shakespeare he was almost wholly ignorant.'

It would be easy to heap up instances from the letters confirming and even amplifying Mr. Stephens's statement. Carlyle 'babbles and blunders,' and is plainly called what the Bible tells us we should not call a brother. There is a lament over Mrs. Ward, who is forsaking the legitimate work of Spanish history to write novels. Some persons, inadequately careful of their own and their neighbours' souls, might perhaps share the regret in that particular instance. But we feel that it would probably have been the same if the work had been not 'Robert Elsmere,' but 'Jane Eyre' or 'Consuelo.'

Freeman's view of metaphysics was delightfully simple and direct:—

'I am not at all convinced that Mansel and that lot know anything that I don't. They seem to me simply to bamboozle one with hard words—I am not clear that the words have any meaning at all. They seem to me to be pure gibberish, which would be just as much to the purpose if you read it backward.'

One is reminded of another West-country worthy, Betty Muxworthy, who, as Mr. Blackmore has told us, 'never would believe in reading or the possibility of it, but stoutly maintained that people just learned things by heart and then pretended to make them out from patterns done upon paper, for the sake of astonishing honest folk, just as do the conjurers.' And it is really painful to find Freeman assailing Matthew Arnold as a 'chatterer,' when he should have seen that Matthew Arnold and he were fellow-fighters in the same battle, upholding the cause of scholarly exactitude and precision against vagueness and flimsiness.

Mr. Stephens hardly sees, we think, how much Freeman's own special work as a historian suffered by this narrowing of his interests.

'But if these limitations were defects, his knowledge of those subjects which he loved was the more thorough, and his work in connexion with them the fresher, because all his interests and energies were concentrated upon it.'

Stronger in a sense it may be, but can one say 'fresher'? What part of human life is there which lies wholly 'outside the field of

of history'? Arnold and Macaulay were names of which Freeman always spoke with great respect. No one ever preached more emphatically than Arnold, no one ever practised more thoroughly than Macaulay, the duty of a historian in making himself familiar with every phase of the life of his own period. Should not a historian know how men thought, how they felt, how they fed and clothed themselves? And can a historian understand those things if speculative philosophy, art, political economy, are all sealed books to him? And we venture to think that if a reader knew nothing whatever of Freeman's mental tastes and habits, these are precisely the defects which he would find patent in his work. What we have said already of his view of politics is true of his view of history. Few writers could describe the corporate action of men in their political character, or even the action of individuals in purely political relations, more effectively. The concrete facts of social and industrial life which are inseparably blended with the political facts disappear.

The indirect loss was perhaps even greater than the direct. To do such work as Freeman had to do, the mind needs to be nourished from those very sources from which he turned away. 'He was *making himself* a' the time,' said Scott's friend Shortreed, of those days in Liddesdale which Sir Walter's staid and more studious friends doubtless thought wasted. All the 'making' that Freeman deemed necessary was the acquisition and digestion of knowledge bearing on a certain limited class of phenomena. There is a characteristic passage in an article on Macaulay where Freeman comments on the fact that Macaulay never wrote a classical article, and says, 'Very little came of all this Greek and Latin reading.'

No doubt, as Mr. Stephens points out, the constitution of Freeman's mind made this limitation of interests less mischievous than it often would have been. The province of history as he saw it may have been in some respects bare, but it was a vast one and abundantly furnished with incident. His papers on towns and places show, even more perhaps than his larger works, how fully he valued biographical details. Nor did his mental narrowness carry with it any lack of moral sympathy. He was full of hearty and affectionate interest in all who had any sort of claim on his good will. His kindliness of nature made him often tolerant in defiance of his theories. Like Bishop Thirlwall, he loved dumb animals, not in the half-hearted fashion of those who 'like them in their proper place,' and they as well as children instinctively recognised in him a friend.

But if these things saved the man, they could not wholly save the

the writer and still less the critic. No doubt Freeman did good service in his protest against those who 'corrupt the language of the nation with long-tailed words in 'osity and 'ation.' But in his own case a limited dialect was able to suffice because it had only to express limited conceptions. The tongue of the Saxon Chronicle may be sufficient or nearly sufficient for the mere description of external facts. It fails when one passes into that world of abstract ideas which Freeman heeded so little. Freeman denounced what he considered the jargon of physical science, forgetful that to all but specialists his own talk of 'Gal-Welsh' and 'Rum-Welsh' sounded very odd jargon indeed.

This applies not merely to choice of words, but to style in its widest sense. Freeman was an enthusiastic admirer of Macaulay's style. He overlooked the fact that a definite, emphatic, uninvolved style is rendered comparatively easy by a limited range of thought. Perhaps one should rather say that Freeman hardly understood what a limited range of thought meant. With Freeman himself, as with John Austin, style was mainly regarded as a machine for pounding definite propositions into somewhat unreceptive minds. At the same time, Freeman's sympathy with his subject, his early training in scholarship,—above all, the resources of a mind intensely vigorous and original, and in certain directions not lacking imagination,—made his practice often very much better than his theories.

But where Freeman suffered most from his 'limitations' was in the part which he sought to play in influencing public thought on practical questions. His range of interests gave him few points of contact with his neighbours. The everyday man, wholly ignorant of Freeman's own class of subjects, was apt to think that Freeman, when they did meet, regarded him with something of contempt and ill-will. That, assuredly, was not so, unless the person were so ill-advised as to affect a knowledge or interest which he did not possess. For Freeman's attitude was somewhat like Swift's:

'True genuine dulness moved his pity  
Unless it offered to be witty.'

But though Freeman had no ill-will towards the average man, he did look upon him as a somewhat unapproachable and unintelligible being. And the penalty which he paid was that the mind of the average man was a sealed book to him.

Freeman's lack of mental width no doubt often made him a harsh critic. Small defects which he could perceive counted for

for more than substantial merits which were wasted on him. And his criticism was, no doubt, sometimes thought not merely harsh, but ungenerous and even jealous. Nothing could be further from the truth. His letters must convince anyone that he could be heartily and even extravagantly appreciative. Nor do they show, any more than his conversation did, the slightest tendency to imply comparisons between himself and other writers. Let a man only show that he had any capacity for what Freeman considered good and sound work in the field of history, and he was certain of a cordial welcome and encouragement. In some respects, as we have seen, Freeman may have been imperfectly equipped for his career as a man of letters, but assuredly in compensation he escaped many of the besetting faults of the profession. He was not one of those who claim to be kept at the public cost in the Prytaneum. In his latter days, during his Oxford professorate, we find some touch of discontent and even querulousness, but that was far more due to physical than to mental and moral causes. For the most part, Freeman was content to march on his way cheerfully and manfully, preaching his own gospel and heeding little of reward or acknowledgment.

In that as in many of the leading features of his character, we find—and who need ask higher praise?—something to remind us of Johnson. There is the same odd mixture of clear-sighted, vigorous common sense and inexplicable prejudice. There is the same contrast between superficial harshness or impatience and a warmth of feeling which never failed when there was any real call for it. The conventional view of Johnson's bearishness is swept to the winds by the kindly courtesy of his letters. So we think the bitterest of Freeman's political or literary enemies would acknowledge the charm of such letters as those in the first volume at page 88, written when real grief called for sympathy, or of his answer at page 372 to a stranger who had written to discuss with him the morality of field sports. They exhibit those excellent things, the tenderness of a reserved man, the courtesy of a straightforward man. And Freeman, like Johnson, was liberal with limited means—liberal, too, with that touch of spontaneity and unconsciousness which raises liberality into generosity. Nor can any one doubt after reading Mr. Stephens's book, if he did not know it before, that Freeman, like Johnson, had his reward in the real friendship of those whose friendship was not given lightly.

We stand perhaps too near Freeman's work to be able to judge fairly of its abiding value and place in historical literature. His reputation will not, we think, depend greatly  
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on the success or failure of attempts to find inaccuracies of detail in his work. No man ever covered so much ground without occasional slips, or dealt with such a mass of authorities without occasionally misinterpreting. In that respect we think that his fame has little to fear. He will be held, we believe, more than almost any other English historian to have laid down a severe and exacting canon of evidence, and to have striven through much toil to maintain it; he will be looked upon as a strictly conscientious interpreter of his authorities, as one who went to them with a honest desire to find out what lesson they had to teach, not as one who sought the confirmation or illustration of any preconceived theory. Nor will it be Freeman's only title to remembrance that he did this himself. He may fairly claim to have so done it as to make clear to all what was meant by sound historical evidence. His notes and appendices, often cumbrous and, from an artistic point of view, detrimental, have that value. They make clear to all men what was the exact nature of the process by which the writer reached his conclusions. Diffuseness, lack of a due sense of proportion, and other defects whereon we have already dwelt, will probably make it impossible for any one work to take rank as a historical masterpiece. Yet we think there is hardly one, if one, which does not contain much that will never be superseded. As Mr. Stephens points out, with all Freeman's diffuseness some of his very best passages are those in which he sums up the characteristics of some special epoch in history. Besides the instances given by Mr. Stephens, we may refer to the sketch of Greek city politics in the Introduction to the 'History of Federal Government.'

Nor is Freeman's influence as a teacher to be measured merely by his solid historical works. In his occasional papers he constantly taught sound habits of historical thought, and made successful war against confusion of mind and slovenliness of speech. The 'Revilers,' to which there are so many references in the letters, were potent influences in indirectly forming the thoughts and language of ordinary men on historical subjects. Freeman's lot as a teacher was not wholly unlike that of one with whom he had himself no great sympathy. Like Ruskin, he preached seeming paradoxes so effectively that at last he appeared to be preaching truisms.

Of Freeman's architectural writings we have already said something. Some of the very best of them, the papers on Welsh Churches, written during his sojourn in Glamorganshire, are buried in the back numbers of the 'Archæologia Cambrensis.' Many of the churches wherewith he dealt have little architectural

architectural dignity or artistic beauty. But they have almost invariably individuality of character, and Freeman's mode of looking at architecture without any pedantic prepossessions in favour of the 'orthodoxy' of this or that period, and his power of classifying buildings according to their principles, and showing the connecting links between them, had here full scope.

Indeed we think it would be generally allowed that his most interesting and attractive work is that where the two sides of his learning, the architectural and the purely historical, were able to work together. He himself, with that characteristic modesty which so often underlay a semblance of self-assertion, used to profess that he had learnt from his friend John Green to look upon a town as a being with an individual character of its own. If so, one can only say that there are qualities in the work of the self-styled pupil of which one can find little trace in the work of the supposed master. Here too, as elsewhere, Freeman's teaching is hardly less valuable in its indirect influence than in its direct lessons. Those who have made themselves familiar with his mode of looking at places, can find in a building, insignificant it may be in itself, in a local name, or a local tradition, illustrations of the principles which have determined the history of the world.

It is scarcely possible to avoid a comparison between Freeman and those two distinguished workers in the same field who have just been taken from us, Froude and Seeley. It would be difficult to imagine three men differing more widely in the original character and constitution of their minds. One point of community, and one only, seems to bind them together. To each of them history was something more than an inspiring and impressive drama. Each fully acknowledged the truth, more clearly perhaps laid down by Arnold than by any teacher who preceded him, that the things of history happened for an example; that it is only by a knowledge of history that the citizen can attain to a clear understanding of the duties and responsibilities which lie about him. But that very point of agreement carries with it as an inevitable consequence wide differences in their historical work: for it would be hard to imagine political ideas or conceptions of national life differing more widely than did those held by Freeman and those of his two contemporaries. It would certainly be of no profit to review in detail the onslaughts of Freeman upon his successor. Freeman's best friends and warmest admirers would probably admit that as a controversialist he was often cumbersome and indiscreet, and not always courteous. They would admit that the professorial chair at Oxford was hardly the place in which

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to carry on what had in the eyes of the public at least resolved itself into a personal contest, any more than it was the place from which to preach a highly controversial doctrine on Eastern politics. But, after all, to say that is only to admit what no one questions, that Freeman was not one of those rare people who can hold very strong and definite convictions without any touch of fanaticism.

One may admit, too, that the whole constitution of Freeman's mind rendered him unfit to do justice to Froude. To Freeman, subtlety of any kind, whether in the good or the bad sense of the word, was repellent. It mystified him as it mystifies a child. And a complex mind like Froude's, with its curious mixture of cynicism and earnestness, scepticism and enthusiasm, was to him a sealed book.

Nor were Froude's special merits—the careful arrangement and just proportion of his work, his keen sense of the need of making his story an artistic whole—qualities which Freeman could duly appreciate. At the same time we think that any one who has had occasion to study in original authorities the periods with which Froude dealt, and to compare his work with them, will make a good deal of allowance for his assailant. It is not easy to read his strange perversion of authorities, to witness the marvellous transformation which a statement often undergoes during its passage from the original writer to Froude's pages, and then to bring to bear on the mere literary merits of his work the mind of a calm and judicial critic.

If Freeman was unjust to Froude, he was perhaps even more unjust to those who admired Froude. In his eyes they were men given over to believe a lie, men who through sheer perversity of mind preferred darkness to light, at best men who were tricked by certain specious qualities with which the true historian had little or no concern. The two sides of men's minds to which Froude's writings appealed, their sense of literary art and their militant patriotism, were in Freeman's eyes either unreal or contemptible.

No doubt the method in which Freeman conducted his repeated attacks on Froude, taste and courtesy apart, tended to create a misconception as to the real issue. He was not confuting this or that detailed error, nor even any particular accumulation of errors. He was, rightly or wrongly, endeavouring to expose a habit of mind and a method of dealing with authorities, which must in its very essence and nature be the parent of errors. And indeed, as we have already implied, it is difficult to read any extensive portion of Froude's work, where one is acquainted with original authorities, and not feel

that, if references are to be thus used, we should be better without references at all. Probably in his heart of heart Froude would have admitted that. Exactitude of detail, he might have said, that exactitude which references are supposed to insure, is hardly to be got; and if it were got, the majority of men would be none the better for it. What a historian should give his readers is not accuracy of detail, but truthfulness of impression. Let a writer once for all, by study of contemporary writers, master the leading principles which determined the history of a period; then let him use his authorities so as to furnish himself with material for effectively and artistically illustrating the views at which he has arrived. We think that those who are qualified to judge will allow that this is not an unfair representation of Froude's attitude. We think too that many who are not insensible to Froude's literary merits will agree that, even if history can ever be dealt with thus, it can only be so dealt with by those who possess a more judicial mind than Froude's and a greater freedom from paradox.

Froude's method, too, is not without its drawbacks from a merely artistic point of view; it begets a constant tendency, from which he is certainly not free, to write in a half controversial fashion, with a sort of underlying reference to supposed opponents. One feels that the writer is not simply telling his tale according to the evidence, but that he is emphasizing certain sides of it, because he suspects that those for whom he writes have a bias in the opposite direction. There is a constant danger that the methods of the historian should give way to the methods of the pamphleteer.

It may sound like a paradox to say that Froude's work suffers from want of imagination; yet, so far as imagination is the power of seeing concrete persons with their individual characteristics, we think it is true. He fails to understand how all generalizations about classes of men are set at nought by individual peculiarities. Monasticism may have been an evil system; the cause of Humanism may have been the cause of enlightenment and progress; but it is a very different thing to hold, as Froude certainly holds by implication, that there is even a presumption in favour of any individual monk being a dull sensualist, or any individual humanist a wise man. One sees this perhaps most where Froude had an entirely free hand, as in his historical novel, 'The Two Chiefs of Dunboyne.' There all that is wise and virtuous groups itself on the side with which Froude sympathizes. Not thus have the great imaginative writers dealt with history. Look at 'Woodstock' and 'Peveril of the Peak'; how Scott with all his Cavalier sympathies

sympathies has resisted the temptation 'to take care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it!' how in 'Waverley' he has brought out the jealousies and meannesses of the Pretender's Court! If Froude had been dealing with the same material from the same point of view, Bridgnorth and Everard would have been snuffling canters, and Fergus MacIvor a wise patriarch living for the good of his people. Take another instance. It is clear enough that Thackeray had no special sympathy with the American cause; if he had ever written a history of the War of Independence, it would have probably had the fate which Washington prophesied for Mr. George Warrington's unpublished work, and would have been 'certain to offend both parties': yet where, in the pages of any American patriot or in any Fourth of July oration, can we find the glory of Washington measured out as it is in a few vivid sentences of the 'Virginians'?

Wide as is the gulf which severs Freeman from Froude, it is not wider than that which severs each of them from Seeley. On one point alone do the three agree. Each, as we have said, acknowledges what one may call the didactic view of history. None of them would be content with mere literary brilliancy nor with mere antiquarian correctness. Each of them accepts for the historian the duties and responsibilities of a political teacher; but if the goal be the same, the paths by which it is sought are widely divergent. Freeman is content for the most part to lay before the reader a clear and careful record of events, and then leave him to draw his own moral. With Froude, as we have said, the events are so grouped as to illustrate clearly and effectively a preconceived moral, while at the same time the writer's sense of dramatic effect and his artistic instinct at times keep his directly didactic purpose in the background. Seeley is of all the three the most definitely and avowedly didactic. There are passages in which he seems virtually to lay down the doctrine that no historical learning is of value unless it bears directly on the practical problems of the present day. Nor is this merely an ultimate end to be aimed at. It is to be the guiding principle of even elementary historical study. Here the views of Seeley and Freeman respectively at once stand out in direct opposition to one another.

'It is,' says Seeley, in his inaugural lecture at Cambridge, 'most desirable that studies should have an object not merely good but visibly and plainly good. Compare in your own minds the student who studies politics in the living time and him who studies them in the mirror of remote history. . . . That the history of the past is useful the student takes upon trust; that contemporary history is

useful must needs be palpably evident to him. It is useful, like past history, for the lessons it gives, the principles it illustrates: but, unlike past history, it is also indispensable to the politician for its own sake. He who studies contemporary history therefore at the same time masters the principles and becomes familiar with the age, while he who studies the past learns only the principles and remains a stranger to the age. . . . And this advantage being felt from the beginning cannot fail to give the student of contemporary history an ardour and an interest in his work which the student of the past must want.'

And the lecture ends with the declaration that, 'If I succeed in any measure, I hope to do so by the method I have now indicated, by giving due precedence in the teaching of History to the present over the past.' Surely to all this there is an obvious answer. It might be sound doctrine if the Professor and his audience could be transplanted to some happy region where there were no elections, no leading articles, no Union debates, no Palmerston and Canning Clubs. How in the world is a lad of twenty to apply the methods of scientific enquiry to problems which as soon as he has begun to think about them at all have been enveloped in an atmosphere of passion and controversy, where at every turn his prejudices are being stimulated by a machinery created for that special purpose? One would have thought that the very instances by which Seeley illustrates the change of teaching at which he aims would have brought home that truth to him.

'We read in one sentence of the distress of the Roman peasantry and of the agrarian law by which Tiberius Gracchus tried to relieve them; and few readers pause to consider what were the possible solutions out of which Gracchus made his choice. Surely it is much more stimulating to the intellect to consider, as we have been doing for some months, the distress of the Irish peasantry, and to conjecture the provisions of the agrarian law by which Mr. Gladstone yesterday evening proposed to relieve it.'

It seems astonishing that Seeley should have overlooked the obvious truth that if University teachers worked on the lines he suggested, every professor would be regarded as an endowed electioneering agent. The view might be unfounded, but the suspicion would be only less bad than the reality.

To that danger Freeman was fully alive, perhaps for the very reason that political partisanship had far more temptation for him than it had for Seeley's judicial and scientific mind. As we have seen, when Freeman did touch on a controversial question, he did not wholly succeed in keeping clear of party issues; but he at least saw plainly that, if history is to be of value



value as an educational instrument, it must be kept free from political controversy, and that it must therefore steer clear of those periods which are of necessity fertile in controversy. Seeley was, as it seems to us, too apt to trouble himself with the views of imaginary or insignificant opponents. He was haunted by the dread of certain persons who valued the study of the Middle Ages, not because of their connexion with modern history, but because of a supposed 'romantic' or 'picturesque' contrast to it. Freeman in his inaugural lecture at least purged himself wholly of any such charge by his defence of the study alike of so-called 'ancient' and of mediæval history. 'We must proclaim that the real life of the history of those times lies not in its separation from the affairs of our own time, but in its close connexion with them.'

Freeman was probably unconsciously drawn towards mediæval history because it seemed less likely to entangle him in those social and economical issues with which, as we have seen, he had little taste or aptitude for dealing. No doubt, too, the class of questions on which the direct connexion of ancient, mediæval, and modern history depends are just those which attracted Freeman and wherein he was strong. The outward form of political institutions and the relations of nation to nation have their roots far back in the past, and these were the matters which interested Freeman more than the 'Expansion of England' or Irish Land Bills. But he also had a belief, and we think a well-founded belief, that the man who has had a historical training in the non-controversial periods will be the best fitted to deal with the controversial periods. We quite agree—who can fail to agree?—with Seeley in the view that scientific political teaching is sorely needed. People ordinarily do not seem to perceive how great a danger it is that nine-tenths of our political teaching comes from men who are professedly and legitimately advocates; that such training as our instructors can give us in the science of government and the duties of citizenship has at best to cloke itself under the guise of some practical exhortation to voters; that when a writer does deal with practical politics and yet detach himself from party issues, as did the late Mr. Bagehot, his voice sounds strange and meaningless to an audience for which politician and advocate have become synonyms. But so far as the remedy lies, and we believe it largely does lie, in historical teaching, we think that the longest way round will prove the shortest way home, and that more is to be hoped for from the methods advocated by Freeman than from those advocated by Seeley.

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To say that is a very different thing from disparaging Seeley's own work as a teacher. It would be difficult to praise too highly such a piece of work as the 'Expansion of England.' It is not an epitome in the ordinary sense, but the condensed production of a man whose mind was fully stored with detail. How Seeley would have fared if he had ever tried to produce a continuous historical work on a larger scale one may perhaps doubt. His mind turned of choice almost entirely to general views of history. To expend literary effort or to concentrate the attention of his readers in the telling of isolated events would have been a violation of his own principles. His 'Life of Stein' also shows that while Seeley did not lack insight into character, the individual and biographical side of history had no great attraction for him.

A very hearty admiration for Seeley's own historical work is not inconsistent with dissent from some of the canons which he lays down as to the teaching of history. We have already touched upon his views on that point. They are further set forth in two addresses to a Historical Society at Birmingham, which were republished in 'Macmillan's Magazine,' and in their most definite and strongest form in the opening of the 'Expansion of England.' Seeley's teaching on this point illustrates, we think, what Freeman's also illustrates in a slightly different fashion,—the truth of Coleridge's doctrine, that men are generally right in their assertions, but wrong in their denials. No one can doubt the importance of that side of history for which Seeley pleads. We may doubt whether we can afford to lose all those sides of history which he by implication condemns. It is not altogether easy to formulate Seeley's views on this point, because they are largely couched in the rather baffling shape of attacks on certain undescribed and undefined opponents. And certainly, unless the critic were constructing dummies for the purpose of bowling them over, he had been singularly unfortunate—or shall we say, fortunate?—in his experiences. Two persons are supposed to deliver themselves with what Seeley not inappropriately calls 'quaint candour' in this wise :

"I was quite disappointed in that book," says one, "for I was told it was of first-rate infallible authority, but not at all. All I can say is, I found it so dull that I could not read fifty pages." "That book," says another, "gave me quite a surprise. I had been warned against it as utterly untrustworthy and unsound, and did not intend to read it, but taking it up by accident I found it most delightful, really quite like a romance, and now I recommend it to every one I meet."

One is tempted to say, like the rector addressing his curate, who had just preached a controversial sermon on the evidences of Christianity: 'Very good, Mr. Jones. But next time get a better infidel.' Such people may exist. Mr. Collins may have become a widower and married Mary Bennet, and Seeley may have met some of their descendants. But if so, why could he not let them go and thank God he was rid of a fool?

The real truth is that Seeley's mind was so dominated with the importance of one side of history, that he almost brought himself to see in every other department of history a dangerous rival to be discredited and extirpated. In all his general criticisms on history as it has been written, there is in his tone something of 'I alone serve the Lord.' Take such a passage as this in one of the Birmingham addresses: 'It' (history) 'is supposed to be romantic and concerned only with remote times, because literary historians for the success of their books choose romantic subjects and dress them in poetical diction, and affect remote periods in which they can escape from political controversy.' Does that fairly describe the attitude of Gibbon, of Arnold, of Grote, of Thirlwall, of Sismondi, of Ranke? And if not, is not the critic tilting at windmills?

At times indeed Seeley fails to distinguish friend from foe. He quotes, as a leading instance of the perverse conceptions of history which exist, a familiar passage in which Thackeray claims for the 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator' the position of historical authorities, and declares that the real life of the time is to be found in them, not in so-called history.

'Out of the fictitious book I get the exposition of the life of this time, of the manners, of the movement, of the dress . . . The old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?'

What is that more than a humorist's characteristically paradoxical statement of the truth that historians have concerned themselves too little with the facts of social and economical life? A man must have read 'Esmond' and the 'Virginians' to very little purpose who does not see that Thackeray's real conception of history was something very much higher than a chronicle of gossip and upholstery.

Nor is it quite easy to see what Seeley meant when he told his hearers that 'English history as it is popularly related not only has no distinct end, but leaves off in such a gradual manner, growing feebler and feebler, duller and duller, towards the close, that one might suppose that England, instead of steadily gaining in strength, had been for a century or so dying  
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of mere old age.' If historians have dealt inadequately and imperfectly with the history of their own times, it is largely because they felt, and we believe felt rightly, that history must stand clear of the immediate and personal issues of politics, and that it could not be written until it was evident that the historian approached it judicially and not as a political partisan.

In another point, we venture to think, exception may be taken to Seeley's views. Like Freeman, he was too apt to measure the wants of other men's minds by the peculiarities of his own. 'I cannot,' are the words with which the 'Expansion of England' closes—'I cannot make history more interesting than it is except by falsifying it; and therefore when I meet a person who does not find history interesting, it does not occur to me to alter history,—I try to alter him.' Is not the lecturer here, somewhat like another distinguished Cambridge professor, 'damning the nature of things'? It may be perfectly true that the main interest of history lies, not in episode nor in character, but in the sequence and causation of events. But it does not follow that the desire to have such episodes as have to be told told graphically, and such persons as necessarily cross the stage drawn vividly, is otherwise than wholesome, or that a writer sacrifices, as Seeley would seem to imply, the real utility of his work by gratifying that wish. Macaulay no doubt forfeited much in his determination to be popular at all hazards. But is it not a very distinct triumph of art to have given the living interest which he has given to a subject so apparently unattractive as the recall and re-issue of the silver currency? Take writers of a far more austere and restrained type than Macaulay. Is not Arnold's account of the Second Punic War all the more effective for such a passage as that in which he tells of the death of Marcellus? Does Mr. Gardiner's work gain or lose by his vivid presentment of the complex character of Strafford, or by that effective use of details with which he has painted such a graphic picture of Montrose's great campaign?

Surely, too, there are times when it is the proper province of the historian not merely to inform the intelligence of his readers, but to appeal to their emotions. It will be a bad day, we think, when Napier and Kinglake are unread, and when a historian no longer deems it part of his task to 'praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.'

- ART. II.—1. *The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth.* Edited by Augustus J. C. Hare. Two vols. London, 1894.
2. *The Novels of Maria Edgeworth.* Twelve vols. London, 1893.
3. *Castle Rackrent and The Absentee.* By Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Chris Hammond, with an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. London, 1895.
4. *Ormond.* By Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Carl Schlosser, with an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. London, 1895.

IN recent years much has been written on Maria Edgeworth, both in England and America. Yet Mr. Hare's two volumes of her letters still possess, not only the attraction of an unconscious autobiography, but much of the charm of novelty. Many persons associate with her name the buckram dignity of a schoolmistress, the matter-of-fact primness of a woman who, without appealing to higher motives or deeper feelings, inculcated a selfish prudence and illustrated the utility of virtue. They may remember that she herself was, in her childhood, placed for hours in a machine to increase her physical stature, and they suspect her of advocating similar mechanical contrivances to promote the moral growth. They think that, formed upon her own teaching, the real Miss Edgeworth must have been a stiff personification of morality, resembling the lady-mother in 'Don Juan':—

‘A walking calculation,  
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,  
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,  
Or "Coeleb's Wife" set out in search of lovers.’

Those who have formed any such conception of Maria Edgeworth will be unprepared for the treat which her letters afford. It might be expected that as a correspondent she would be shrewd, observant, sensible, practical. But the surprise exists in the almost rollicking sense of fun, the power of light and humorous description, the width, generosity, and warmth of her literary appreciations, the artlessness of her enthusiasms, the variety and multiplicity of the topics in which she was keenly interested.

In yet another point of view the letters make an unexpected revelation. Those who only know Maria Edgeworth through her 'Parents' Assistant' or her 'Moral Tales' picture her as  
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leading a humdrum life in the seclusion of Edgeworthstown, paying rare visits to Dublin under the watchful eye of some female dragon, or as the prim chaperone of her younger sisters, debarred from any literary companionship except that of her clever, conceited father, separated from her nearest neighbours by Serbonian bogs and impassable roads, engaged in teaching her numerous brothers and sisters, in keeping estate accounts, or in copying, in a characteristically careful hand, her father's letters of business. They open the volumes expecting to find pedantic plans for female education, precise instructions in the art of darning stockings, sensible rules for young, middle-aged, and elderly housekeepers. Such a picture and such expectations present only one side of her active, useful career, and it is a side which is practically kept out of sight in her correspondence. Her letters, with all the truth of an unconscious self-revelation, present her in another aspect. In the course of her eighty years of life she knew, and won the genuine regard of, most of the people who were best worth knowing in England and America; she lived through stirring scenes of Irish rebellion and French invasion; she travelled more than most of her contemporaries, and had mixed in some of the best society in Paris; she was not only a literary lion in London, but her mingled modesty and brilliancy made her a welcome guest in innumerable country-houses in Ireland, England, and Scotland.

Maria Edgeworth's letters should be read by everyone who is interested in a very gifted woman who holds a distinguished place in the literary world. The perusal of them brings to the reader so rich and varied a reward that they have already gained a wide circulation, and we feel relieved from any obligation to review their contents. It is, however, only just to Mr. Hare to say that he has most wisely abstained from overloading his book with additional matter. His good taste has shown him that the letters themselves are jewels of such value as to require only the simplest setting. Our purpose in the following pages is rather to estimate the value of Miss Edgeworth's work as a novelist, to weigh her claims to be considered as the founder of national fiction, and to indicate the position which she holds at the interesting stage when the older novel-writers were giving place to a more modern school. Such an attempt is the less inappropriate as there are not wanting signs of her continued popularity. In 1893 Messrs. Dent issued an edition of her novels which is dainty in its printing, its illustration, and its external appearance, and only fails from the omission of 'Castle Rackrent.' This want has been supplied by the excellent edition which Messrs. Macmillan have published



lished in the present year of three of Miss Edgeworth's Irish stories, prefaced by graceful introductions from the pen of Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie.

In the hands of the greatest masters the manner and the method of handling the materials of fiction always approximate. Fielding is, in a sense, the contemporary of Thackeray. But, speaking generally, the differences between novels of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are scarcely less marked than the contrast between the peach-coloured coat of Goldsmith and the evening dress of the society of to-day. The distinction is made up of many details, but the broad effect is most shortly stated in the difference between accumulation and growth. Early forms of romantic fiction show little or no constructive skill. They pile incident upon incident, patch description to description, string adventures together like beads upon a thread, and introduce episode after episode in the style of the Spanish novelists and their imitators. In this work there is room only for accumulation; there is no space for growth or development. Heroes and heroines spring on to the stage as paragons of virtue or monsters of iniquity; they have reached maturity in their faultless excellence, or else are full-blown in their vices. Born into the world demons or angels, they cannot develop in character. The fact that they love or hate is relied upon to interest the reader in the plots and counter-plots which assist or retard the catastrophe. But the interior of their minds remains a sealed book; the working of motives is hidden; external events produce only outward results. Early writers of fiction never endeavour, stroke by stroke, to execute a picture of the mind, or seek to develop a study of character by means of the action of their plot.

The spirit of the modern novel is growth and development rather than mere accretion and accumulation. The interest still turns upon a struggle, but the sphere of action is changed from without to within; and the dramatic representation of character, rather than the introduction of incidents, occupies the principal place. 'This mystery within us which calls itself I,' to use Carlyle's phrase, absorbs increasing attention. Men pry more and more into

'This main miracle that thou art thou,  
With power on thy own act and on the world.'

We pass from ideal characters—that is, from personified vices and virtues—to real character as we see it in ordinary men and women. As the feeling of personality expands, its expansion creates a growing desire to understand our relations to persons  
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belonging to other nationalities, to those who occupy a different class or rank in society, to members of other trades or professions, and finally to individuals. Gradually mental and moral dispositions are studied and analysed in the spirit of modern science, and an attempt is made to map out the whole field of human nature. Mademoiselle de Scudéri's 'Carte du pays de Tendre' becomes the experimental science of realistic novelists.

The progress of English fiction is thus marked by the same stages which appear in the growth of a human being. Fiction passes from the childish love of incident to the romantic sentiment and passion of youth; it leaves ideal extravagances for the realities of life, as it accumulates the experiences, and garners the wisdom, of active manhood; in the meditative spirit of age it exercises its brain on cold psychological analysis; and, to complete the metaphor, it returns in its dotage to the tastes of its childhood, and once more riots in blood-curdling tales of wild adventure.

At the close of the eighteenth century the novel had left behind, in the enchanted forest of Broceliande, the knights-errants, the four-handed giants, the distressed damsels, the dwarfs, and white palfreys of chivalrous romance. The princes and princesses who masqueraded in the dress of shepherds and of shepherdesses, bedecked with ribands and seated on green hillocks, had also passed away: they now only inhabited Arcadia or survived in Chelsea china. The minute realism of Defoe, the laboured pathos of Richardson, the broad humour of Fielding, the farce of Smollett, the sentiment of Sterne, had banished the extravagant incidents of chivalry, as well as the idealism of the school of D'Urfé and Scudéri. Fiction was henceforward condemned to the possibilities, if not the probabilities, of real life. The period ends with an outburst of passion, imagination, poetry, and sentiment, which, in one of its many-sided aspects, represented the violence of the recoil from the matter-of-fact realism of the century and the intensity of the reaction against an exclusive appeal to the senses. The movement bore two cherries on one stalk—the wild, romantic fiction of Mrs. Radcliffe and the sickly sentimentalism of the English followers of Rousseau. The sign of the one is the dagger; the symbol of the other is the cambric pocket-handkerchief.

The influence of Mrs. Radcliffe was, not undeservedly, great. She displayed little insight into the human heart, and little observation of human life. But in the region which excludes the real world she reigned supreme, the mistress of the indefinable,

definable, the magician of obscure and visionary spells. Her followers reproduced her machinery without her imagination, her poetry, and her descriptive power. False in taste and puerile in fancy, their imitations threw ridicule upon her method.

'A novel now is nothing more  
Than an old Castle and a creaking door,  
A distant hovel,  
Clanking of chains,—a gallery,—a light,—  
Old armour,—and a phantom all in white,—  
And there's a novel.'

These forced, exaggerated, melodramatic representations of life were, it will be remembered, the food on which Shelley fed his youthful mind at Sion House School, the models which he imitated in his own 'Zastrozzi.' Walter Scott never wholly emancipated himself from the influence of the romantic school; to the very last he painted his heroines with a touch which recalls the manner of Mrs. Radcliffe, and his occasional misuse of the supernatural may be plausibly traced to the same source.

Maturin, the author of 'Montorio,' who died in 1824, was perhaps the purest representative of the decadent followers of Mrs. Radcliffe. His appearance and his character write the epitaph of the extinction of the school to which he belonged. When engaged in composition, he placed a black wafer on the centre of his forehead as a sign that he must not be interrupted. Often in pecuniary difficulties, he once borrowed fifty pounds of Lady Morgan. He spent the money in a reception to which he invited all his friends. At the end of a large, empty, hired room was placed a dais surmounted by a crimson canopy, under which sate Mr. and Mrs. Maturin. Bewick, who visited him at Dublin in the early part of the present century, has left a graphic picture of his appearance. He found Maturin dressed to receive him,

'pacing his drawing-room in elegant full-dress, a splendidly bound book laid open upon a cambric pocket-handkerchief,—laced round the edges and scented with *eau-de-cologne*,—and held upon both hands; a stylish new black wig curled over his temples, his shirt-collar reaching half-way up his face, and his attenuated cheeks rouged up to the very eyes.'

But the world of fiction was not peopled only by the nightmares of Mrs. Radcliffe. A castle, a ghost, an improbable villain, an impossible hero, a distressed heroine, and a harp were the stock-in-trade of the Minerva Press. The ingredients of the sentimental novel were more simple :—

'Take

'Take some Miss of Christian name inviting,  
 And plunge her deep in love and letter-writing,  
 Perplex her well with jealous parent's cares,  
 Expose her virtues to a lover's snares,  
 Give her false friends and perjured swains by dozens,  
 With all the episodes of aunts and cousins;  
 Make parents thwart her and her lover scorn her,  
 And some mishap spring up at every corner;  
 Make her lament her fate with "ahs" and "ohs,"  
 And tell some dear Miss Willis all her woes.'

Indifferent to probability, untruthful to nature, novels of this class read at their best like inferior imitations of *La Motte Fouqué*; at their worst they belong to the highly-scented *Rosa-Matilda* school, in which Edwin loves Adelina in an atmosphere of perfumed moonshine. All the players tread the stage in sock and buskin; the pivot of the story is seduction, successful or frustrated; the morality is beyond the reach of poor humanity, or below its average standard; the circumstances are strained; the heroines are of impossible beauty, sweetness, and sensibility; the heroes out-Grandison Sir Charles, and overpower their mistresses with chaste aphorisms till they no longer resist their criminal advances. The general effect of such novels is that of vague, sickly, languishing prose-poetry, without any individuality of character, temperament, or scenery. They are generally interspersed with verses composed by the heroines. But it is rare indeed to find any lines of such merit as the sonnet on 'Hope' in Miss Williams's '*Julia*' (1790). From a favourable specimen readers may imagine what is the work of inferior artists who work with the same colours.

'Oh, ever skill'd to wear the form we love,  
 To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,  
 Come, gentle Hope! With one gay smile remove  
 The lasting shadow of an aching heart.  
 Thy voice, benign enchantress, let me hear;  
 Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom!  
 That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,  
 Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.—  
 But come not glowing in the dazzling ray  
 Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye!  
 Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way  
 The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.  
 Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,  
 That asks for happiness, but longs for rest!'

Beckford in '*The Elegant Enthusiast*,' written under the pseudonym of The Right Honourable Lady Harriet Marlow, describes

describes the interesting emotions of Arabella Bloomville. The book is an amusing burlesque upon the lackadaisical, sentimental novel, interspersed with sonnets and stories of beauteous and melancholy strangers. The following passage is scarcely an exaggeration of the style which it parodies:—

‘As the matchless Amelia uttered the foregoing enthusiastic rhapsody’ (on love) ‘with almost superhuman energy, so it suddenly overpowered her weak nerves, and she again fell senseless to the floor, while the sympathising Arabella wiped a lambent tear from her finely suffused eye, with a clean cambric pocket-handkerchief, and then again administered her benign relief to the fair evanescent stranger.’

Such outpourings of sentiment seem intolerable at the present day; yet it must be remembered that fiction at that time not untruly represented the false tone of the fashionable world. These were days when people flocked to the play to weep over ‘The Stranger,’ when ladies were painted leaning on columns bearing the inscription, ‘Sacred to friendship,’ when languishing portraits of fashionable beauties were engraved by Bartolozzi, when the severest poetry tolerated in Mayfair was that of Hayley, and when society had supped so full of the horrors of the French Revolution that it was devoted to elegiac measures.

But though the melodramatic marvels of Romantic fiction and the sentimentalism of Rousseau formed the staple product of novelists at the close of the eighteenth century, they were not the only forms which fictitious literature had assumed. Novels of sentiment, combined with pictures of society and manners, dribbled by the score from the pens of such writers as Francis Lathom, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Parsons, and Miss Roche, whose ‘Children of the Abbey’ (1798) still holds a place in provincial circulating libraries. The ‘Chapel Castle’ of the last-named writer may be thought to deserve passing notice, because it contains a female prototype of Mr. Easy. Aunt Judith is a disciple of Gall and Spurzheim, and believes that the only requisite for the training of her nephew and niece is a metal cap so constructed as to depress or to raise the bumps which respectively denote bad or good propensities. The historical novel was already in existence. Modern men and women, hampered by irrelevant and unaccustomed garments, and carrying an assortment of implements of doubtful authenticity, could only be recognised as belonging to past ages by the mediæval flavour of their oaths. Fiction was already the vehicle for political satire or for the propagation of social theories. Sensational events of contemporary life, like the murder of Miss Ray, were seized upon as the centre for plots. Moralists taught  
their

their lessons in the garb of fiction ; religion did not disdain to use its mask, and even Dr. Dryasdust invited the assistance of an amatory accompaniment. Novels were used to convey information respecting foreign countries, to spread the scandals of contemporary society, or to gratify personal animosity towards public personages. Already Sir Egerton Brydges had founded 'The Silver-Fork School' of a later date, and inculcated the lesson that there exists no virtue except among those who ate their meals with the aid of plate. In a word, few of the objects for which contemporary fiction is now employed were not anticipated by the novelists of the eighteenth century.

At all periods of transition it is difficult to mark the exact line of division. Night changes into day in a broad belt of twilight where it is hard to distinguish the one from the other. Mrs. Radcliffe stands midway between Clara Reeve and Sir Walter Scott. In the same way Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald, and Charlotte Smith precede Miss Austen in the novel of social life. A crowd of novelists flourished at the conclusion of the eighteenth century, who, belonging in some aspects to their own period, yet are connected by other qualities with the fiction of the future. Among them, Charlotte Turner, better known by her married name of Charlotte Smith, deserves some detailed notice, though the distinction is rather due to the absence of glaring faults than the presence of commanding merits. Born in 1749, she died in 1806. To escape from a step-mother she married, in 1765, a lad barely out of his teens. Her husband lost his fortune, was imprisoned for debt, and seems to have been a foolish, dissipated, self-indulgent man. Compelled to write for bread, Mrs. Smith composed her books too rapidly for permanent fame. 'Emmeline; or, the Orphans of the Castle,' appeared in 1788; 'Ethelinda; or, the Recluse of the Lake,' in 1789; 'Celestina' in 1791; 'Desmond' in 1792; 'The Old Manor House' in 1793. These books were followed by a series of other novels, translations, poems, and tales. 'Emmeline' is in great part autobiographical. Like Mr. Stafford in the novel, her husband wasted his fortune in fantastic plans for the improvement of agriculture on his estate, though he probably drew the line at the endeavour to mend his land with old wigs.

The names of the novels indicate the insipid influences under which they were composed, and class them with the sentimental fiction of the day. The stories themselves leave the impression that Mrs. Smith's powers were never matured; but for this immaturity, as well as for the querulous tone by which they are pervaded, an explanation may be found in the unhappy circumstances of her life. In two respects her novels, which are distinguished



tinguished rather for pathos than for power, deserve attention. Mrs. Radcliffe increased the effect of her scenes of terror by natural descriptions which resemble the vaguely impressive visions of a dream, and from their very vagueness derive some of their suggestive power. In the same neglected field Mrs. Smith worked with keener observation and greater accuracy of detail. Her use of landscape is essentially modern. Her 'Elegiac Sonnets' are filled with weak yet pleasant pictures of the softly swelling downs, the oak woods, and flowering banks of Sussex, and throughout her novels she employs her descriptive touches as a means of heightening the sympathy that associates our mental moods with natural scenery. Apart from this feature which marks an artistic advance upon the general work of the novelists of the eighteenth century, she approaches modern methods in her presentation of character. She gives us womanly pictures of female heroines. Richardson painted the pathetic figure of Clarissa Harlowe; but Fielding and Smollett only depicted women as embodiments of beauty or objects of desire. Where such masters comparatively failed, their imitators fell more conspicuously short of success. In the hands of Cumberland, for example, little remains but the coarseness. Mrs. Smith, on the other hand, introduces us to heroines who are not merely ideals of beauty, virtue, and sensibility, but are faded likenesses of refined and accomplished gentlewomen.

The publication of her 'Ethelinda' produced something of a sensation. Scott remembered well its appearance, and calls it 'a tale of love and passion, happily conceived, and told in a most interesting manner.' It is impossible not to be struck by the resemblance of the scene in which Sir Edward Newenden pleads his cause with Ethelinda, and is overheard by her lover Montgomery, who is supposed to be dead, to that in which Henry Morton hears Lord Evandale urge his suit upon Edith Bellenden. But 'The Old Manor-House,' which she read aloud to Hayley and Cowper, is her best-known work. We are still among the ruined chapels, winding-stairs, turrets and ghosts of Mrs. Radcliffe's romance, and the characters here and there suggest the Rosa-Matilda school of sentimentalism, though the author expresses her scorn for their extravagances. Yet in Mrs. Grace Rayland, the last of the three co-heiresses of Sir Hildebrand Rayland, she has drawn an admirable character. 'Old Mrs. Rayland,' said Scott, 'is without a rival'; and the sentiment of the old lady who determines to show General Tracy what an old English breakfast-table is like, without the aids of kickshaws and French frippery, is worthy of Lady Margaret Bellenden.

Mrs. Smith's novels indicate the direction in which literary tendencies were turning at the close of the century. Romantic incidents and sentimentalism were products of a revolt from coarse realism or an exclusive appeal to the senses. By their extravagance and exaggeration they in turn produced a reaction; but this time the reaction took the shape, not of a recoil into some contrary extreme, but of a compromise. The new masters of fiction did not fly off at a tangent in some different direction, but blended in one the elements which their predecessors had contributed. On the one side, a new impulse was given to the realistic novel of social life and manners; on the other, the growth of the historical romance was fostered, and poetry and imagination found a more legitimate scope than in the improbable creations of a vapid sentimentalism. The new school of novels and romances is broadly distinguished from earlier forms of fiction because it no longer relies for interest on the mere accumulation of incidents, or paints allegorical beings in the midst of ideal circumstances. Its creations cease to be specimens of the human race, known to us only as actors in events, or self-described in autobiographies or letters. They become individuals of the English, Irish, or Scottish races, distinguished by their national characteristics, and dramatically represented by their conversation and by the internal effects of outward events.

Scenic power, artistic plots, symmetry, order, and arrangement are now considered necessary elements in that phoenix of literary zoology—a perfect work of fiction. Yet these merits were not incompatible with the productions of the Minerva Press or the Rosa-Matilda school. In all these subsidiary merits fiction made considerable progress. But the most important change lay elsewhere. The essential difference between the novelists and romance writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries lies in the development of character. Hence it is that the rise of the national novel indicates a distinct line of demarcation. Hitherto, if an Irishman or a Scotchman appeared on the stage, he was represented by the exaggeration of all the most salient characteristics of the race concentrated in a single person. A different method was now pursued, which aimed at the delineation of character rather than the accumulation of characteristics. Distinctions of national character are the easiest to seize, and were the first to be portrayed. In national novels fiction, so to speak, doffs its jacket and ‘goes into tails.’ Ireland and Scotland were painted by Miss Edgeworth and Sir Walter Scott. Miss Austen, with still more modern methods, but more unconsciously and on a more sectional

sectional scale, worked up to the highest finish her pictures of the rural squirearchy in England. Wales also found its national novelists. Earle's 'Welshmen: A Romance' (1801), and 'Welsh Legends' (1803), and Robert Evans in his 'Noble Cambrians' (1801), seemed to be the precursors of a Welsh school of fiction. From these racial distinctions the novelist passed to class peculiarities, to urban, rural, professional, social, or local differences, and finally reaches the stage of metaphysical analysis, by which individuals, placed in the midst of similar surroundings, are distinguished through subtler gradations of personal temperament. Even in the last stage of excessive analysis, modern novelists aim at a higher art than most of their eighteenth-century predecessors. Those are the greatest masters of fiction who, from their insight into the workings of the human mind, add to our knowledge of human nature by a dramatic representation of character through harmonious action and appropriate speech. The hesitating guilt of a Macbeth, or the perplexity of a Hamlet, strikes a deeper note than the most ingenious accumulation of thrilling incidents.

When, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Miss Edgeworth struck upon an unworked vein in national novels of social life, a definite stage is reached in the growth of fiction. To work the virgin mine, different methods of treatment were rendered necessary, fresh powers were called into play, a new standard of excellence was created. From the very nature of its being, a national novel, or a romance of national history, depends, for some at least of its effect, on the perception of contrasts, more or less subtle, in social conditions, local surroundings, racial peculiarities. Complete success in either field of fiction cannot be attained without imagination; but the very attempt to succeed can scarcely be made without observation and accuracy. Pictures of real life, whether in the past or the present, demand truth of drawing, as well as appropriateness of grouping, and harmony of colour. Faint, indeterminate outlines thrown on a neutral-tinted background, and shadows moving across a dimly-lighted stage, might serve the purpose of the novelist or romancer, whose object was the outpouring of sentimental idealism or the accumulation of improbable, if not supernatural, incidents. But such methods were incapable of so presenting actual facts as to produce a vivid impression of particular truths. In depicting scenes and characters of Irish life Miss Edgeworth struck a new vein of material for fiction. As the discoverer of an unworked mine of wealth, which could only be developed by new methods and new powers, she holds a distinct place in the history of fiction. In this sense the

publication of 'Castle Rackrent' in 1800 constitutes an era in the growth of the novel. Thus interpreted, the language of Sir Walter Scott in the Postscript to 'Waverley' was not a mere compliment, and the 'admirable Irish portraits drawn by Miss Edgeworth' were in truth the inspiration of the Waverley Novels, as they also were, on his own admission, of Tourgenieff's pictures of the Russian peasantry.

That Miss Edgeworth should have earned this distinction is at first sight strange; at a second glance the strangeness seems partially to disappear. The true Irish novelist, says O'Leary, in 'Florence Macarthy,' perhaps with a touch of self-laudation, is bound to be 'Irish body and soul; Irish by birth, by blood, and by descent; Irish every inch of her, heart and hand, life and land.' Had Miss Edgeworth fulfilled these conditions, had Irish manners and customs been the familiar surroundings of her childhood, she might possibly have overlooked the material of which she became so close an observer. She had many predecessors and contemporaries among writers of fiction who came as near as herself to fulfilling the conditions demanded by Lady Morgan; yet they were blind to the vein which she was the first to discover. Goldsmith, Henry and Charlotte Brooke, Regina Maria Roche, for instance, were of Irish origin. Mrs. Hamilton, who in the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie' drew the first picture of Scottish rural life, was born at Belfast. The Misses Porter were the daughters of an Irishman, though they lived in Edinburgh and celebrated 'Scottish Chiefs.' These writers of fiction preceded, or were contemporary with, Miss Edgeworth; but the credit of creating the national novels of Ireland belongs to a woman, who, in mind and character, was the least national of all the gifted writers to whom Ireland has given birth. Her books are not racy of the soil; neither are they emerald-green from cover to cover. But she paved the way for her immediate successors—for the patriotic enthusiasm of Lady Morgan, the passionate genius of Griffin, the gloomy but often exaggerated realism of John and Michael Banim, the more sunny yet not less truthful pictures of William Carleton. In her train have followed a host of more remote descendants. A chasm of years separates her from the gifted writer who, we believe, may yet prove to be the Irish magician, with the power and the will to cast over Ireland something of the same spell which the Wizard of the North has thrown upon Scotland. Yet Maria Edgeworth, though the steps in descent may have been forgotten, is none the less the literary ancestress of Miss Lawless.

Born in 1767 at Black Bourton in Oxfordshire, the daughter  
of

of a mother who, on the father's side, was of German origin, and living in England throughout the whole of her childhood, Miss Edgeworth never saw Ireland till she was fifteen years old. In 1782 her father, taking his family with him, settled at his ancestral home at Edgeworthstown, near Mullingar. The clever schoolgirl, carefully educated at Bath and in London, accustomed to the literary society of Lichfield, instructed during the holidays by the eccentric author of *'Sandford and Merton,'* was suddenly plunged into a new country, and introduced to strange surroundings. Everything combined to heighten the vividness of the contrast, for in Ireland she practically became her father's agent, and was brought into daily contact with the Irish peasantry. She could scarcely have felt the difference between her old and new surroundings less acutely than did Lady Juliana in *'Marriage,'* when she first visited the Scottish relations of her husband. It is a contrast often insisted upon by Miss Edgeworth, and it is an experience which she allots to Lord Glenthorn in *'Ennui,'* and Lord Colambre in the *'Absentee.'* The comparison which was forced upon her as a quick-witted observant girl was the parent of her Irish novels. It gained her the fame of creating national fiction; it imposed upon her limitations which she never overcame. She writes of the Irish as an alien rather than a native. She paints realistic, one-sided pictures of Irish life, drawn with the acute but superficial observation of a foreign resident, and coloured with the amused but unsympathetic deliberation of an Englishwoman. Her *'Essay on Irish Bulls'* is now chiefly remembered for the fact that, in the growing enthusiasm for farming improvements, it was ordered by the Secretary of an English Agricultural Society. It contains some excellent stories; but the person who could sit down to compose it was scarcely the woman to write a national novel of Irish life.

*'Castle Rackrent'* is, in our opinion, the most successful of her Irish novels, though it contains no creation so striking as that of King Corny in *'Ormond.'* The narrative of Thady O'Quirk, the old steward, who recounts the fortunes of the successive baronets—the drunken Sir Patrick, the litigious Sir Murtagh, the fire-eating Sir Kit, the lie-about Sir Condy—has the easy flow and sublime unconsciousness of a country gossip's history. Its brevity saves it from becoming wearisome, and its construction obviates the necessity of a plot, in which Miss Edgeworth always conspicuously failed. In her other Irish novels she draws many of her humbler characters from life. Her King Corny, Sir Terence O'Fay, Ellinor O'Donoghoe, Nicholas Garraghty, Father Jos, and Larry the Postilion, are

not

not clothes-horses, but living human beings. So shrewd and accurate an observer could hardly fail in giving vitality to such creations. Yet, even with the best of her characters, unless we except King Corny, they are the result of superficial observation of externals rather than of sympathetic insight into character.

It is a saying of Proudhon's, '*Je suis convaincu que pour bien connaître une société, il faut en connaître les romans.*' Of Miss Edgeworth's Irish novels the saying hardly holds good. 'Do explain to us,' wrote Sir Walter Scott, 'why Pat who gets so well forward in other countries is so miserable in his own.' She herself gives, in two different passages, the reasons which induced her to cease drawing from the materials supplied by humble life in Ireland. 'Realities,' she says, 'are too strong, party passions too violent, for them to bear to see or care to look at their own faces in the looking-glass. The people would only break the glass and curse the fool who held the mirror up to nature.' Elsewhere she gives another explanation: 'The modern peasantry have been drilled into thinking about what they cannot understand, and so have become reserved and suspicious.' Both reasons were doubtless true. But the fact, as it seems to us, was that Miss Edgeworth knew herself to be unfitted for the task which Sir Walter Scott wished to impose upon her. She never seems impelled in any of her writings, her judgments of her contemporaries, or her criticism of her friends, to go below the surface. To a woman of her sensible, practical temperament, with her talent for truth rather than for invention, holding her passion and her imagination under firm control, the Irish peasant was a sealed book, beyond the cover of which she scarcely attempted to look. A gulf was fixed between her and a people that are creatures of impulse, credulous as children, leaning on any arm but their own for guidance and support. Accustomed to obey appeals to reason, she did not comprehend the Oriental fatalism of their disposition. She enters but half-heartedly into their intense nationality. Of their language she was wholly ignorant. She notices with amusement the ludicrous inconsistencies into which they were betrayed by the conflict of self-interest and attachment to their feudal retainers; but she is impervious to the pathos of their fidelity, as she is apparently blind to the savage ferocity of which they were capable.

Miss Edgeworth herself used to say that she did not know the Irish peasant till she had read William Carleton. Always generous in her appreciation of other writers, she also speaks in high praise of the work of the two Banims. 'Have you seen,'



seen,' she asked in 1827, 'the "Tales of the O'Hara Family"—second series? They are of unequal value; one called "The Nowlans" is a work of great genius.' With this verdict on John and Michael Banim most people will agree. Yet cartloads of blue-books and columns of parliamentary speeches will hardly reveal so much of the character of the Irish peasantry as may be read in the pages of those two brothers, and of William Carleton—three writers who were themselves peasant-born and peasant-bred, and represented their class from different points of view. Nothing more clearly shows the superficiality of Miss Edgeworth as a painter of Irish life than a comparison with the pictures drawn by men who were familiar with every thought, feeling, and passion of the Irish peasantry.

If the opportunities which Miss Edgeworth enjoyed of studying the Irish peasant are compared with those which fell naturally to William Carleton, we are prepared for the relative superficiality of her pictures. His parents, who occupied a small farm of fourteen acres in County Tyrone, were miserably poor but exceptionally gifted. From his father Carleton gathered an inexhaustible store of native tales and legends, while his mother was famed far and near for her skill in giving the *keen* and in singing Irish airs. He was himself intended for the priesthood; but the money required for his education was not forthcoming, and his own tastes and temperament were unsuited for the profession. The scenes which he describes were genuine transcripts from his own experiences; his characters are drawn from the life among his associates or acquaintances. Himself taught in a *Hedge School* by a prototype of Mat Kavanagh, himself once a *Poor Scholar* on his way to Munster, himself, like Denis O'Shaughnessy, rejoicing in sesquipedalian words of dubious Latinity and tags borrowed from the Greek Testament, himself a Lough Derg pilgrim, he had attended every wake, dance, fair, or merrymaking in his neighbourhood. The shebeen was as familiar to him as the cabin, and he knew as his own associates the groups that he assembled under the roof of Ned M'Keown at the Cross Roads. He shows us the Irishman of every humble class—from the warm farmer to the tattered cottar—and he gathers round him the family groups of husband, wife, and children, pigs and poultry, beggar, beggar's dog, and wandering priest. He paints an illiterate, ignorant, superstitious, yet droll, quick-witted, impulsive, and even poetic peasantry. Nor is he blind to the other side of the national character—to the cunning and ferocity which have stained the Irish name with paroxysms of  
frightful

frightful crime, and seem to render the peasant himself a mass of contradictions and incongruities.

Writing as Roman Catholics, the two Banims paint companion pictures of the Irish peasantry which serve to correct, and are in turn corrected by, those of Carleton. They exhibit in their writings the tendency to caricature and exaggeration, the want of repose, the inclination to melodrama, the excessive predilection for horrors, which are the besetting sins of Irish novelists. Yet when every deduction has been made, the picture that they paint of their own class, as peasants and Roman Catholics, is sufficiently startling. Whoever entertains any lingering doubt of the vindictiveness of the Irish peasant, of the cruelty, cunning, and treachery of which he is capable, should turn to the features that are traced in these novels. But there is always a brighter side to his character. There are finer feelings on which to play and nobler instincts to which to appeal. Even the most savage desperado is in some sense redeemed from utter reprobation by the circumstances of his first indiscretion.

It is in describing the conditions which made the Irish peasant what he was that Carleton makes common cause with the Banims. Here again the difference between them and Miss Edgeworth is instructive. She lived in the midst of Thrashers, Whiteboys, Heart-of-Oak-boys, White-tooths, Defenders, and other offspring of agrarian and political discontent. With her usual good sense, she refused to allow the disorders around her to disturb her equanimity, and quietly pursued her usual tasks. 'I cannot,' she says, 'be a captain of dragoons, and sitting with my hands before me would not make any of us one degree safer.' Not anxious to probe very deeply the cause of the discontent around her, she offers as her one panacea a resident landlord. But though absenteeism was the parent of numerous evils, it was not the only curse of Ireland. The more truly national writers laboured to bring home to the English nation the abuses which taught the Irish peasant to consider himself at war with the law of the land, to regard a treacherous assassination as a successful ambush, to treat the murder of tithe-proctors as the extinction of noxious vermin, to see in the violent removal of land-agents the hand of beneficent providence. They endeavour to explain why Captain Rock appeared to the Irish peasantry as a second Rob Roy, why lawlessness was confounded with patriotism, why resistance to authority was inculcated as a virtue and submission scouted as cowardice, why fidelity to a secret league was treated as the highest point of honour, and treachery regarded as the one ineradicable brand of Cain.

While

While we deny to Miss Edgeworth the title of being a national novelist at all, we believe that she rightly enjoys the reputation of founding the national novel. Perhaps, as has been already suggested, the dissimilarities between her own and the Irish character, together with the contrast of her new and old surroundings, revealed to her observant eye the rich vein of material which lay at her feet. It is to this discovery that Miss Edgeworth owes her place as one of the founders of the modern school of fiction which discarded the mere accumulation of incident for the gradual development of character in and through action. In all other respects Miss Edgeworth belongs to an age of transition.

Moral teaching was Miss Edgeworth's first object; literature, or the interest of her tale, came only second. To this cardinal defect she is indebted for most of her faults as a novelist. Her plots are improbable, and her characters become dummies. If she does not avow her didactic purpose so clearly as Hannah More or Mrs. Sherwood, she is not satisfied, like Miss Austen, to leave her characters to convey their own lesson. She seems more intent upon erecting moral sign-posts for the convenience of future travellers than of accomplishing her own journey with rapidity and success. Nor is her teaching of an elevated kind. Its pole-star is enlightened selfishness. As her pattern children are always rewarded, so her heroes and heroines are sure to prosper, to discover themselves the inheritors of great fortunes, and to marry into the peerage. Small space is allowed in her system for imagination, passion, or religious enthusiasm: the internal struggle which their strength creates would only have disturbed her simple balance between right and wrong. Previous novelists had based morality on feeling: she ascribes it to the understanding. She allows no amiable weaknesses, no sudden impulses, no uncontrollable emotions. Even Cupid, king of men, is elbowed from his throne, and, in exchange for his kingdom, is offered a sinecure as the keeper of Nonconformist consciences. A large tract of life is, in fact, to Miss Edgeworth a *terra incognita*, of which she knows nothing, because she feels nothing.

Two great defects are the result of this distorted conception of the novelist's art and this partial insight into human life. In the first place, her principal actors, though they are not sent into the world as matured saints or full-blown criminals, are labelled with some particular vices or virtues which they are expected always to illustrate. She offers us pictures of one prominent characteristic, brought into the strongest relief by the suppression of the nice gradations which give play and variety to

to character. If her heroes or heroines are good, they are so prudent, so well-intentioned, and so unromantic that they fail to excite interest : if there is one flaw in their composition, we know, from the outset, that this defect will lead to their ruin, or, if corrected, will ensure their happiness. She refuses to allow her actors to be overmastered by impulse or passion : they only act upon the nicely calculated motives of a well-balanced reason. To give interest to her stories Miss Edgeworth is, therefore, driven to violate nature a second time, and to make her plots unnatural. Her events are not, as in real life, connected one with the other, neither do they lead consecutively by a simple chain of cause and effect to the final catastrophe. On the contrary, the framework of her stories is distorted to heighten the moral lesson. The incidents, like the characters, are forced to serve the cause of morality at the expense of probability.

In the presentation of character and in the construction of her plots Miss Edgeworth has not emancipated herself from the influence of the period in which she lived. She does not, like Miss Austen, make her principal actors behave like real men and women in ordinary life ; nor do her stories, like those of her English rival, turn on common events from which, with strict regard to probabilities, romance and the unforeseen are excluded. She has not her keen appreciation of the absurdities of human foibles, nor does she possess her quiet power of ridicule, which, without verging on caricature or exaggeration, brings out their ludicrous side with felicitous irony and sprightly satire tinged by female cynicism. Miss Edgeworth's methods are much more rude. Her heroes and heroines are personifications of particular vices or virtues ; they are distinguished from the crowd by some staring cockade, the obtrusion of which obviates the necessity of more detailed delineation. Her incidents are not impossible, but they are unnatural, because they are highly providential ; and a string of fortunate coincidences or a series of unlucky catastrophes is made, with unrelenting purpose, to spring from some predominant virtue or folly. The moral lesson, always uppermost in her mind, leads her to distort truth and probability. Her conscientious regard for her duties as a teacher betrays her into other minor faults, and is responsible for her didactic manner, her wearisome repetitions, her elementary discussions, and her officious obtrusion of moral instruction.

Yet, in spite of such grave defects, Miss Edgeworth's novels live, and deserve their prolonged vitality by their real merits. Written in a simple easy style, full of shrewd observation, abounding, if not in humour, at least in fun, they never  
entirely

entirely fail to amuse. The secondary characters, who are not immediately connected with the didactic purpose, are often admirably drawn, and include such creations as King Corny or Lady Delacour. The byplay is generally brisk and full of movement. The conversations, which in the hands of Miss Edgeworth's contemporaries consist of outpourings of autobiographical details or stilted rhapsodies on love, are often bright, animated, natural, and full of smart and pungent sayings. A novel like '*Belinda*,' though it displays all the faults of the author, though the heroine is a stick, the hero a prig, and the sequence of events providential, ought always to find readers, not only as a curious picture of English society at the close of the last century, but as a dramatic presentation of character and, in spite of many defects, a powerful work of fiction.

It would be out of place in the present article to speak of Miss Edgeworth's merits as a writer of tales for boys and girls. The present fashion decries them; but those who, like the present writer, were brought up on them, may be excused the confession that they can still read her stories with more pleasure than most of the works which have since been written for the same purpose. As a founder of national fiction, and as the pioneer of Sir Walter Scott, she has laid all lovers of novels and romances under the deepest obligation. Nor must it be forgotten that no writer of her own time exercised a wider influence for good than Maria Edgeworth, and that, whatever opinion may be held as to her talents, no figure in our literature is more deserving of respect. If she sacrificed, as we think she did, her natural gifts as a novelist to the object of moral teaching, she conferred by so doing a boon on her own generation, which her contemporaries appreciated with generous warmth, and the results of which have doubtless descended to ourselves.

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- ART. III.—1. *M. Tullii Ciceronis Libellus de Optimo Genere Oratorum*. M. Tullii Ciceronis Opera ed. J. G. Baiter. Vol. II. Leipsic, 1860.
2. *Petri Danielis Huetii de Interpretatione Libri duo, quorum prior est de optimo genere interpretandi, alter de claris interpretibus*. Paris, 1661.
3. *Preface to the Translation of Ovid's Epistles*. By John Dryden. London, 1680. *Preface to the Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies*. By the Same. London, 1685. *Dedication of the Third Part of Poetical Miscellanies*. By the Same. London, 1693.
4. *L'Iliade d'Homère*. Traduite en François par Madame Dacier. Preface. Amsterdam, 1712.
5. *The Iliad of Homer*. Translated by Mr. Pope. Preface. London, 1715.
6. *On Translating Homer*. Three Lectures given at Oxford by Matthew Arnold, M.A. London, 1861. *On Translating Homer: Last Words*. A Lecture given at Oxford by Matthew Arnold, M.A. London, 1862.
7. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*. Transcribed by Robert Browning. London, 1877.
8. *Essays Speculative and Suggestive*. By John Addington Symonds. London, 1890.
9. *The Dialogues of Plato*. Translated into English by B. Jowett, M.A. Preface to the Third Edition. Oxford, 1892.
10. *Die Kunst des Uebersetzens fremdsprachlicher Dichtungen ins Deutsche*. Von Tycho Mommsen. 2<sup>te</sup> Auflage. Frankfurt am Main, 1886.
11. *Die Grenzen der Uebersetzungskunst*. Von Julius Keller. Karlsruhe, 1892.
12. *Euripides Hippolytos*. Griechisch und Deutsch von Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf. Vorwort, Was ist Uebersetzen? Berlin, 1891.
13. *Die Kunst des Uebersetzens*. Ein Hilfsbuch für den lateinischen und griechischen Unterricht, von Paul Cauer. Berlin, 1894.

**‘TRADUTTORE, traditore,’** says an Italian proverb. ‘He occupied himself with that most lazy of all modes of dealing with the classics, that of translating them.’ So wrote somewhat splenetically one famous Oxford scholar of the last generation about another. ‘Never translate! Translation is the death of understanding.’ Such was the dictum of a great German philologist of the same era, often repeated and enforced upon successive generations of his pupils.



In all these utterances there is a grain of truth, in the last more than a grain. Yet all are absolutely opposed to the apparent faith and certain practice of mankind. To this false, this indolent, this fatal pursuit, high talent and unsparing industry have again and again in all ages been devoted.

‘Never translate.’ But the world has always been translating. Our own time is often described as an age of this, that, or the other. Whatever it is or is not, it is certainly an age of translation. Almost all our poets from the beginning of the century have experimented in the art. Byron translated on occasion. Shelley was notoriously a professed translator, both in prose and verse. His *Cyclops*, his *Hymn to Mercury*, his *Symposium*, his *Prologue to Faust*, are and will probably remain among the most successful efforts ever made to transfer poetry and prose from one literature to another. Keats, with his very moderate Latin and no Greek, cannot be added to the list of professed translators; but what is not generally known, he translated for himself the entire *Æneid* of Virgil, and it may be noticed that his famous sonnet on Chapman’s Homer is perhaps the most eloquent tribute to the value of translation ever penned. Scott translated. The Lake Poets, despite their appeal to Nature at first hand, were no less translators. Southey translated. Coleridge’s renderings from Schiller are part of his very best work, and among the best translations of any time. Wordsworth himself, though he passed such trenchant strictures on Dryden’s Virgil, produced a version of two books of the *Æneid* far flatter and far more conventional than the flattest parts of Dryden. With the poets nearer to our own day the same is the case. Rossetti and Browning translated much, Matthew Arnold occasionally; Tennyson in a few noble specimens showed what he might have done in this field had he chosen. Of his friend Fitzgerald we shall speak anon. Clough and George Eliot toiled at the task of translation. Mr. William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Robert Bridges, Sir Theodore Martin, Sir Stephen de Vere, Mr. Frederick Myers, Mr. Ernest Myers, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Gosse, and a host of others, have given us translations of the highest order; while, perhaps, if we consider the range and variety of his efforts, the most accomplished and skillful translator of his time was the late Mr. J. A. Symonds. These are all poets as well as prose writers, but the same is the case with those who are more purely writers of prose,—with Carlyle and his brother, with Mr. Froude and Mr. Goldwin Smith, Professor Max Müller, Mr. Pater, Mr. Blackmore, Mrs. Ward. In other countries the same phenomenon presents itself. Goethe and Schiller translated;

lated; Heine, most passionate and spontaneous of poets, the Catullus of Germany, like Catullus himself surprises us with specimens of this laborious, unspontaneous art. France supplies many examples, and the best known, if not the best, of American poets is among the best known of translators.

Nor have the scholars of our own day paid any more attention to the warning voices of Pattison and Haupt than the men of letters. On the contrary, they have been unusually diligent as translators. Some, like Jowett, have given to it the major part of their effort. Most of the best have practised it—Conington, Kennedy, Munro, Jebb, Ellis, Campbell, Butcher, Leaf, Verrall, Dakyns, Welldon, Mackail, Morshead, Whitelaw, and more. To the scholars may be added the men of practical life, lawyers like Lord Brougham and Lord Bowen, divines like Dean Plumptre, statesmen like Lord Derby or Lord Carnarvon, and finally, and above all, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone has always been a translator. As a young man, he published versions from and into Greek and Latin. His Latin and Italian renderings of hymns are well known. His first freedom has seen him returning to his first loves.

All this when massed together seems surprising, yet in all this our own Victorian Age stands only in the same relation as in other matters to the ages of the past. The fact is, that great ages of pure literature have always been ages of translation, in Italy, in France, in Spain, in Germany, in England. Such in England was the great age of Queen Anne. Such more strikingly still was the greater age of Elizabeth. What our poets are now that they have always been,—Gower and Chaucer, Lydgate and Surrey, Marlowe and Spenser, Ben Jonson and Milton, Fairfax and Harington, Denham and Cowley, Dryden and Pope, Addison and Johnson, Gray and Cowper. The Elizabethan Age was also full of prose translations; the versions of North and Florio, Holland and Fenton, Sylvester and Shelton and others, are still memorable; while it should never be forgotten that the Authorized Version of the Bible, as its quaint but fine Preface reminds us, belongs to the era of Elizabeth and James I.—to the era exactly, that is, of Shakespeare.

The scholars, of course, at this period and earlier translated into Latin, which was still thought the most elegant and artistic medium. Of this practice More and Lyly are English examples, as Erasmus and Ficinus, or earlier, Petrarch and Boccaccio, are foreign. The public demanded translations, and so did the publishers. Salmasius, Milton's great opponent, was a victim to the demand. His edition of the Palatine

Anthology

Anthology was not given to the world, and the book remained inedited for two hundred years, because he died before he could finish the Latin 'crib' which was to introduce it to its modern readers.

There is a common view of translation which regards it as naturally and necessarily a task for inferior minds, capable of being performed adequately by them and unworthy of any great or good ability, a fit employment for those who are essaying or those who have failed in literature. Much translation doubtless is produced by hacks, and it is obviously poor enough. But such production is in reality only like the other hack or journeyman work which fringes true and living literature. Translation worthy of the name has its proper place, and that no mean one, in the hierarchy of letters. Nay, rather what is noteworthy is not that so much translation is done by inferior writers for gain and as a trade, but that so much is done by men of ability for love and for little hire.

What is the strange fascination which induces men again and again to undertake tasks arduous from their length or their intrinsic difficulty or from both? Why this constant succession of translations of authors already again and again translated? The whole of Homer, the whole of Virgil, of Dante, of Cervantes, of Camoens, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, the Odes of Horace, Goethe's Faust, the songs of Heine, these are tasks men seem never weary of imposing upon themselves. Something there must be in the nature of translation itself, as a function and exercise of human faculty, which underlies this strange phenomenon. What that nature is, and what is the true natural place of Translation in literature, are the questions which these pages are an attempt to determine.

Now, considering the important part that translation has played in the intellectual and spiritual history of the human race, both in the widest sense and also more particularly in pure literature and in education, it is extraordinary that so little attention has been definitely or deliberately given to its nature and principles.

It is not too much to say that the translations of the Scriptures alone have had an incalculable effect, not only as regards their matter but also as regards their style, upon the languages and literatures of mankind. It is only necessary to recall the broad fact of the influence of the Septuagint, the Vulgate, and the Authorized Version in its various stages, severally upon the subsequent history of Greek, of Latin and the derived tongues, and of English, or of the similar if more confined influence of the French and German versions.

Through

Through them not only the thoughts, the religion, the morality of the Hebrews, but their words and their turns of expression, have profoundly and for ever affected the style and expression of the Indo-Germanic races. There are no translations which can compare in importance with these, yet Amyot's and North's Plutarch, the German translation of Shakespeare, Dryden's Virgil, and Chapman's and Pope's versions of Homer have contributed appreciably to form and inspire the literatures to which they have been added.

Yet, for all this, little or nothing has been written systematically on the Art of Translation. There is no recognized Philosophy of Translation. Aristotle did not include it in his *Encyclopædia*; there is no lost work on Hermeneutics or Metaphrastics to be recovered from an Egyptian grave. The reason of this is not far to seek. The Greeks, in their great age at any rate, though they borrowed something, perhaps much, from Persia or Egypt, had for literary purposes no need or temptation to translate. There are no Attic translations.\* The fortunate Greek boy found no foreign languages standing between him and literature. All his classics, including specimens of excellence in every kind, were in his own tongue. In this respect Greek literature holds an unique position among the literatures of the world. It appears, like Melchizedek of old, without father or mother. It is what the Athenians themselves claimed to be, autochthonous, without models, a law to itself.

With the next great literature of antiquity the case is absolutely different. Latin literature proper begins in translation and imitation, and as it begins so it continues. From Livius Andronicus to Seneca, from Seneca to Boethius, the Latin writers are translators, or, if not translators, imitators; and it is noteworthy that the great authors of the Golden Age are more rather than less imitative than those of the Silver and subsequent periods. Catullus, the most spontaneous of Roman writers, is a translator. Cicero is a professed and wholesale translator. Virgil and Horace are full of adaptation and imitation which may be said to imply translation, and sometimes to include it. On much of Ovid's extant work the same criticism may be passed, while of his lost 'Medea' it would doubtless be still more true. But, more than this, there was a mass of definite Roman translation which has perished. A poem, for instance like that of Aratus on the signs of the heavens and the weather, which, though it does not appear to us of very commanding or

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\* Hanno's 'Periplus,' whatever it is, is hardly an exception.

conspicuous merit, had a singularly extended vogue in antiquity, was at four different epochs of Roman literature translated by four writers—all names of note, and two very memorable—Varro Atacinus, Cicero, Germanicus, and Avienus. The Romans translated, too, at a fairly early period from the Carthaginian. But the Romans, while they were great translators and good grammarians, were not, in the true sense, philosophers. Such philosophy as they were capable of borrowing they borrowed from Greece. Critical they were, of course, but their professed literary criticism is also derived mainly from Greek sources, and though they translated much they did not attempt to write the philosophy of translation.

In one point the Romans broke ground. They set the example of the Translator's preface. It is significant that almost all translators have thought it necessary to write a preface. The practice was perhaps begun by Cicero. His remarks in his '*De Optimo Genere Oratorum*,' which was written as a preface to his translation of two speeches of Æschines and Demosthenes, are at any rate among the earliest and among the best of the kind. In English literature the first important example is probably that of Chapman. Following Chapman, we have a long series from the famous prefaces of Dryden and Pope to those of our own day, the last and best of which is Mr. Jowett's Preface to the third edition of his noble version of Plato. It is from these translators' prefaces that the 'critic' of translation, the analysis of its principles, the classification of its rules so far as it has any, must mainly be collected. To them, of course, must be added Mr. Matthew Arnold's Lectures, well known, but still hardly as well known as they ought to be, on translating Homer. On the art of translation, on certain rules and precepts which may be laid down about it, these authorities have a good deal to say, and a good deal in which they are agreed, and which has therefore the weight of their agreement. But no one of them, it may fairly be said, enters at all systematically into first principles. Indeed, from the nature and occasion of their writing, there is no need for them to do so. Some beginnings of a philosophy of translation may be found in Mr. Symonds's '*Essays Speculative and Suggestive*.' There is Bishop Huet's curious and erudite treatise; there are also various French and German *brochures*, such as those whose names head this article. But these, again, are rather tentative and occasional.

On the other hand, on the question of the relation of language to thought, much has of course been written by both

philosophers and philologists,\* and it will be seen that in considering the limits or the possibility of translation this famous and difficult question is at once raised. For the first step towards a philosophy of translation is to define translation. What is translation? It is the expression of one man's thought as conveyed in one language generally, but not necessarily, by another man, in another language. If there were so many precise and different thoughts present, or capable of being present, to the mind of an average civilized man, and if in each great language of civilization there were a word for each of these thoughts, the problem would be simple enough. It would be a mere question of substitution;  $a=x$ ,  $b=y$ ; substitute  $x$  for  $a$  and  $y$  for  $b$  wherever found, and the result is attained. Such a process would be indeed an indolent mechanical task, unworthy of the powers of an able man. Such a process there is. But its value is confined within very narrow limits. It extends as far as the very lowest function of the courier or interpreter. It is obviously limited by the number of ideas or concepts which are absolutely common to mankind. Now in one sense these are fairly numerous, in another they are very few. There is even a sense in which there are none at all. Whatever sway 'Collectivism' may achieve in the social or political realm, in the philosophical domain Individualism must always retain the first importance. The individual man is the feeling and the thinking unit. And no two units feel or think exactly alike.

'Minds on this round earth of ours  
Vary like the leaves and flowers.'

We fancy we are thinking the same thoughts, we use the same words to express them. But if we looked closely enough into the matter, we should find that there is an intransferable, untranslatable individuality about our thoughts themselves. In the same way, though we may have a common national or provincial accent, or a common family intonation, still there is a peculiar individual *timbre* and tone about every individual voice and mode of pronunciation, and an individual manner too, born of circumstance or education. And naturally, the higher we get in the scale of originality and of education combined, the greater is this multiplicity of these *nuances* of difference. We do in effect translate the language of our friend into our own, when we endeavour to explain his ideas or his communication in our own words, and we experience

\* *E.g.* Schopenhauer, 'Ueber Sprache und Wörter, Parerga und Paralipomena,' Kap. 25. Professors Jowett and Max Müller have also handled this theme.



occasionally the underlying difficulty, nay impossibility, of translation in so doing.

Roughly speaking, however, and for purposes of translation, we may say that there is a certain number of ideas common to mankind, and a somewhat larger number common to that part of mankind which falls under the sway and definition of Western Civilization. But the number is much smaller than is generally supposed. The simple facts and factors of nature, father, mother, child, young, old, earth, air, water, fire (which, as Aristotle says in the *Ethics*, burns alike in Persia and in Greece),—these are common, though even here the individuality of mankind and of groups of mankind has introduced associations, colours, haloes, which cling to the idea and are conveyed by the national word for one nation and cannot be translated into the language of another. The only words which are really translatable are those which hardly require translation, the names of things essentially international and cosmopolitan: an international railway ticket, telegraph, sleeping-car, postage stamp, these can be absolutely translated, for the same things pass from land to land. So again the terms of natural science, where they do not happen to be identical, have generally an exact scientific equivalent as between civilized countries. But wherever any thing or idea has a national character it cannot really be translated. To take a very simple example: the English dictionary equivalent for the French *maison* is 'house,' and for practical purposes no one would hesitate to translate *maison* by 'house' and 'house' by *maison*. But anyone who has once seen a French house knows that *maison* suggests and calls up something as distinct and different from an English house as France is from England. Here the 'Never translate' of Professor Haupt has its value. Professor Freeman complained when a distinguished brother professor translated the Greek *πόλις* by the English 'State': he was right that the word 'state' conveys something very different from, something larger than, the Greek *πόλις*, but the words 'city' and 'town' which he might have used convey something as different and smaller. Nor does it help to say that 'city' or 'town' once meant something more like what was meant by *πόλις*. Approximate words in different languages do not cover exactly the same area. They are, as Schopenhauer said, not concentric circles, but intersecting circles with different centres. And if this is the case as regards the translation of mere simple words expressive of definite things or relations, what are we to say of the combinations of these words in increasing degrees of complexity, with a larger and larger admixture of national and individual idiosyncrasy?

What are we to say not only of the simple expression of ideas in words but of the highly artistic expression in prose or still more in poetry, when the choice of words and their arrangement with its resulting alliteration and assonance, its mutually affected sound and colour, value and suggestion, go to make up the most complex and subtle presentment of a whole bundle of perceptions, selections, reasonings, affections, loves and hates, it may be, of a most unusually developed mind? It is obvious that the difficulty is increased a millionfold, and that what was in a sense impossible in principle becomes impossible too in detail. A line like Virgil's '*Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt*' is, and must remain, untranslatable.

Dante indeed, in an interesting passage in the '*Convito*,' pronounces that all translation of good poetry is impossible. The wonder is then that translation appears so possible, and that in a sense it is so possible.

We have been laying stress on the dissimilarity of human beings; but though they differ so much, they are compounded of common elements, and there is almost no limit to that human sympathy to which nothing human is alien.

'The world but feels the present's spell;  
The poet feels the past as well,  
Whatever men have done might do,  
Whatever thought might think it too.'

There is a phenomenon to the marvel and the significance of which sufficient attention has never been paid: it is the schoolboy's Latin and Greek verses. That a sharp small boy should be able to arrange the comparatively few Greek or Latin words he knows in a tolerably simple pattern, the Chinese puzzle verse, is not so astonishing. But a clever sixth-form boy, or an undergraduate at college, will do something very different from this. With little or no experience of life or of the world, with no profound original poetic talent or insight, with a limited stock of Latin or Greek at his command, he will yet enter apparently into the heart and secret of the style of the unapproachable masters of the ancient world. He will give you Virgilian Hexameters or Sophoclean Iambics to order. He will be more Thucydidean than Thucydides, more Tacitean than Tacitus. If the style is the man, he will throw himself with the skill of a consummate actor into the character he wishes to reproduce. But more than this, he will translate the masterpieces, the most characteristic passages of a great modern, of Shakespeare or Milton or Tennyson, into something which the best judges of ancient letters have to confess, though they may detect

detect a flaw here or there, bears the very impress of the ancient nation and author into whose style he is translating.

There are, of course, yet higher flights, where a special master like Jebb or Ellis 'from out the ghost' of Pindar or Catullus in his bosom 'rolls an Olympian,' or indites hendecasyllabics that read like a beautiful original. But these higher flights, being as they are exceptional, are not perhaps such striking evidence of that strange human *solidarité*, that strong intellectual telepathy which thus enables men, across the gulf of the ages and of widely differing civilizations, to imitate and reproduce the manner, the accent, the style, the very informing spirit of a vanished personality. Perfect translation, then, is impossible, yet translation has infinite possibilities. Perfect sympathy with the original is impossible; perfect reproduction in a new medium is impossible. But in both there are infinite degrees of approximation.

And herein lies the explanation of that phenomenon noticed above—the multiplication of translations. Every age feels the original in its own particular way, every age has its own manner of expression, and the same is true of every individual. Therefore it is that they want translations of their own, and are satisfied with no other. Therefore they are willing, nay eager, for small recompense or none, to try again and again that experiment in which they see so clearly that others have failed.

'The song is to the singer and comes back most to him.' The song is the singer's imitation, his version of nature and passion. Even more truly is the translation to the translator, and gives him a satisfaction which it can give to no one else, for no one else can look through his eyes or speak with his voice.

Especially is this the case in dealing with the ancients. Speaking in the large way, the great classical masterpieces of antiquity remain the same from age to age: scholarship may do something to furbish them up a little, their text may be purified, fragments may be recovered and restored, excrescences may be removed, but on the whole they present the same general semblance and character as when they were dug from their resting-places in monastic lumber-rooms by Poggio or Boccaccio. It is with them as with the great artistic remains—

'Gray time-worn marbles  
Hold the pure Muses:  
In their cool gallery  
By yellow Tiber  
They still look fair.'

But successive generations of scholars and *virtuosi* look at  
both

both with different feelings. The eye sees what it brings with it the power of seeing. Different ages have different sympathies. The Romanticist finds Romanticism in the classics; the Impressionist, Impressionism; the Realist, Realism. An age like our own, which sympathizes by turns and in varying degrees with all these, will find something of them all. Sympathy is partly a matter of culture, of the education of the taste and feeling, partly a matter of knowledge. The old translations are not quite accurate grammatically. Still more are they not quite accurate as regards understanding of the relation in which the originals stand to their own time, the reason, the significance of their colour or *genre*, the meaning of their allusions. As to all these points, philology makes, as Mr. Jowett said, a slow but subtle advance, and new and more accurate renderings are called for. But the old versions, like the originals, are regarded with different feelings from age to age.

Our time is in sympathy with the Elizabethan, and the merits of the great Elizabethan versions have been rediscovered, and we are grateful to the editors and publishers who put them once more within our reach. On the other hand, the present disregard of the poetry of Dryden and Pope is undue, nor can it be doubted that the pendulum will swing again in their direction, and that the real merit which underlies the mannerism of their versions, as of their original pieces, will be again appreciated.

It is clear then that that age, that nation, and that individual will produce the best versions whose sympathies are most comprehensive, whose appreciation is most just, and whose language is most various.

So far from translation being a lazy task for second-rate minds, it is a task which tries the best powers of the best. It is only the best ages of literature and the best writers that can produce really excellent translations. The reason why they do not oftener give themselves to the task is partly that they are naturally pre-occupied with their own creative effort, partly the difficulty, the insuperable difficulty, of the task; and therefore its inherently unsatisfactory character. Occasionally, of course, there is to be found a mind first-rate or almost first-rate, which is fastidious and critical, to which creation comes with difficulty. Such a temperament, the temperament of the great executant or scholar or copyist, is, as is well known, nearly if not quite as fine, but also nearly if not quite as rare, as the temperament of the composer, the poet or the painter. Such a temperament may express itself in translation. The poet Gray—whether owing to his age or to his own nature, who shall say?—was very largely such a temperament. Fortunately he was something more,

more, and he gave us a handful of poems *βαίᾳ μὲν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα*. But had he been no more, Gray the critic, Gray the scholar, might have expressed his poetic self in translation. The specimens he has given us of Statius are, probably, as near perfection as it is possible for translation to come.

It being admitted then that a perfect translation is impossible, and perhaps that a final good translation is impossible, a good translation according to our times—good not absolutely, but as Aristotle would say, for us—may be, nay, obviously is, quite possible, often most useful and sometimes too most delectable. What are the canons of excellence of such a translation? What are the rules which the translator should follow?

Translation has been already defined as the expression, in another set of words generally by another man, of the thoughts of one man already expressed in one set of words. It is possible of course for a man to express his thoughts first in one set of words and then in another in one language, as for instance when he explains himself in simpler language to a child or a foreigner, or an uneducated person.\* This is a kind of translation. It is possible also for a man to translate from one state of a language into another. Thus Dryden calls his modernisations of Chaucer translations, and certainly the difference between the modes of thought and expression of Chaucer and those of Dryden amounts to the difference between two languages. Again, a person who commands perfectly two languages or three, if that be possible, may translate his own thoughts from one into the other. But all these are rather subtleties and refinements. The translation which requires discussion is something more than these processes. It may perhaps be called literary translation, and by translation what is ordinarily meant is literary translation. Now, in literary translation, there is something more than the bare meaning to be conveyed. There is the whole impression. Perhaps, strictly speaking, the bare meaning cannot really be separated from the whole impression; that is to say, the whole living meaning is an inseparable whole, and what is called the bare meaning, if it could be separated, would be a lower organism altogether, not a part of the higher. But be this so or not, the whole impression is what the translator has to transfer from one literature to another. What then are the canons of good translation, and what are the reasons of those canons? There is one proposition on which all translators seem practically and naturally agreed. *The aim of a translation should be to*

\* So Madame Lafayette wittily compared a bad translator to a blundering footman delivering a pretty message for his mistress, adding, '*Plus le compliment est délicat plus on est sûr que le laquais s'en tire mal.*'

*produce*

*produce an impression similar, or as nearly as may be similar, to that produced by the original.*

This is the first and fundamental proposition. To it is sometimes added a further appendage, more especially in the case of the ancient classics; namely, *an impression similar to that produced by the original on its original hearers or readers.* But, said Mr. Matthew Arnold, we cannot possibly know what impression Sophocles or Horace produced on their contemporary hearers or readers. Matthew Arnold perhaps a little exaggerated the difficulty. Some faint general idea or conception of this original impression may be gathered from sundry sources, even if it does not help us very far. The ancient criticisms of the classics agree, on the whole, very remarkably with the most considered and final of those criticisms which express modern feeling. They may therefore give us confidence that our impressions, making allowance for all that separates us, are not different or alien in kind from those received by the ancients, and they emphasize for us the importance of what will be seen to be the most important matter of all in translation, the reproduction of the essential and differentiating character of the original author. A translation which did not represent Æschylus as grandiose, at times almost to tumidity, or Euripides as rhetorical, would not have commended itself, could he conceivably have known and understood it, to Aristophanes: a translation which does not reproduce as a main characteristic of Horace 'studied felicity' or harmonious rhythm would not have commended itself to Petronius or Ovid.

It is not easy, it is difficult—some acute critics, like Mr. Hamerton, say it is impossible—exactly to know or feel how a foreigner is affected by the masterpieces of his own literature. But here the intervening gulf, if it cannot be abolished, may be narrowed and bridged. The opportunities of mutual interchange and explanation are many, the possibilities of knowledge are great. From this first proposition follow most of the others on which translators are agreed.

A good translation should read like an original.\* Why? Because the original reads like an original. It might be amusing to ask, what about a translation of a translation? Of this of course there are some very notable examples, such as North's version of Amyot's version of Plutarch, to which Shakespeare owed so much. Shelley first read Plato in an English version of a French version. But it is obvious that such versions

\* 'Ut opus *αἰσθητός*, non alieni Interpretatio credi possit' (Huetius, 'de Optimo Genere interpretandi,' p. 79).



are not to be judged by the ordinary standard. They may serve a useful, even a great purpose, but they can hardly satisfy the requirements of the best translation.

And to read like an original a translation must be idiomatic in the language in which it is written. Thus, as Mr. Jowett says, 'The first requisite of an English translation is that it be English.' This is the canon which is most frequently transgressed by translators. It is the non-observance of it which at once separates off and condemns the mass of inferior translations. All who have any large acquaintance with translations are familiar with what may be called 'translation English,' a language which is neither English nor Greek nor Latin, French nor German, but something between the two. The grosser forms of it do not need to be pointed out. 'Pigeon English,' 'English as she is spoke,' these we all know; as again all teachers know the 'translation English' of the fourth-form boy. The subtler, less obvious forms of it are just those which distinguish inferior translations. How often, when we read a translation, do we not feel that no one could write thus unless he had been translating?—a feeling which at once *pro tanto*, if our canon be good, condemns the work.

Now if a translation is to be idiomatic, since the idioms of different languages differ, it is obvious that a literal translation is at once condemned. Here as elsewhere the letter killeth, the spirit giveth life. A really good translation should be not so much exact as faithful. It should not be free, but it should be, what is the same thing with a difference, liberal. It should be, in the language of Painting, not perhaps exactly Impressionist, but rather Impressionist than Pre-raphaelite.

That the best translation should be not literal but liberal, all the best translators are agreed. This canon is laid down by Cicero, in the passage already alluded to, and by Chapman, who laughs as he says at translators with

'Their word for word traductions, where they lose  
The free grace of their natural dialect.'

It is to Dryden, however, that the credit must be given of having first drawn this out with careful analysis and examples. Dryden is sometimes called the first great writer, the 'father' of modern English prose. He is more certainly the father of English criticism. An excellent prose writer he certainly is, nervous, clear, free yet firm, and a shrewd critic, and his critical pieces are excellent reading. But unfortunately Dryden in his prose as in his verse was hasty and somewhat reckless. The torrent of his genius hurried him on and extricated him only

only too easily from every difficulty. We may not take seriously the gibe of Swift :

‘ Read all the prefaces of Dryden,  
For those our critics much confide in,  
Though writ at first only for filling  
To raise the volume’s price a shilling.’

But Dryden confesses himself that he wrote them, as he confesses that he wrote many things, ‘in haste.’ Yet, hasty as they are in composition, they are full of sound sense and discriminating judgment.

The fullest analysis of the art of translation will be found in the Preface to his rendering of the Epistles of Ovid.

‘ All translations,’ he there says, ‘ I suppose may be reduced to three heads. First, that of *Metaphrase*, or turning an author word by word and line by line from one language into another.

‘ The second way is that of *Paraphrase*, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense, and that too is admitted to be amplified but not altered. An example of this style is Waller’s Fourth *Æneid*.

‘ The third way is that of *Imitation*, where the translator (if now we have not lost that name) assumes the liberty not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion, and taking only some general hints from the original to run division on the groundwork as he pleases.’

The examples given of this method are Cowley’s Odes of Pindar and the same author’s rendering of Horace.

Having distinguished these three modes, Dryden proceeds to discuss their relative advantages and disadvantages. The whole discussion is too long to quote, but the main points may well be given.

‘ Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution :

“ Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus  
Interpres.”

Too faithfully is indeed pedantically. It is almost impossible to translate verbally and well at the same time. Such translation (in the case of poetry) is like dancing on ropes with fettered legs : a man may shun a fall by using caution, but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected.

‘ Imitation is the other extreme. It is the endeavour of a later poet to write like one who has written before him on the same subject, not to translate his words or be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern and to write as he supposes that author would have done had he lived in our age and in our country.’

It may be justified, says Dryden, in the case of Cowley's Pindar—for Dryden, be it noted, seems like Horace to have had the idea that Pindar was a most irregular poet, above or without law, one who

‘Per audaces nova dithyrambos  
Verba devolvit numerisque fertur  
Lege solutis’;—

but not in the case of a regular and intelligible poet like Virgil or Ovid.

To state it fairly, he concludes: ‘Imitation is the most advantageous way for a translator to show himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead.’ He then proceeds to advocate the middle course of ‘Paraphrase’ or ‘translation with latitude.’

Like Dryden, we may perhaps dismiss ‘Imitation’ as not really translation at all. At the same time he seems to admit that it is a process which may produce very fair poetry, and it should be noted that Dryden all along is really thinking and writing of poetical translation. Certainly a process tending very much towards ‘Imitation,’ in which the ‘latitude,’ at any rate which the translator has allowed himself, is very large, has given us one of the most remarkable and individual poems of our time, the ‘Omar Khayyam’ of Edward Fitzgerald:—

‘Your golden Eastern lay,  
Than which I know no version done  
In English more divinely well;  
A planet equal to the sun  
That cast it, that large infidel  
Your Omar.’

Mr. Fitzgerald's method avowedly contained a good deal of ‘Imitation.’

Chapman's Homer again is really, as Mr. Swinburne's discriminating eulogy on it shows, rather an Imitation than a Translation. ‘By the standard,’ says Mr. Swinburne, ‘of original work they may be more fairly and more worthily judged than by the standard of translation.’ We may compare, too, Coleridge and Lamb, who say the same thing. And some of the best reputed and certainly happiest modern versions of the classics into English undoubtedly err on the side of ‘Imitation,’ such as Frere's Aristophanes or Morshead's Agamemnon. Indeed a moderate use of ‘Imitation’ is hardly distinguishable from Dryden's own ‘Paraphrase’; and it may be noted that this very word ‘Paraphrase,’ which Dryden uses to denote the middle course, is ordinarily used to imply something certainly much nearer to  
imitation

imitation than to literal translation, and, indeed, that Dryden himself, as will be seen both by practice and precept, supports such an application.

There can be little doubt that this middle course is the true 'golden mean,' the true course for the translator to pursue, whether we call it 'Paraphrase,' which, as we have indicated, may be to modern ears misleading, or 'translation with latitude,' or, as we have suggested, 'liberal' as opposed to literal translation. The question will be as to the amount of latitude permissible. One main consideration which should determine this will, if what was said at the outset be correct, at once appear. The latitude must be sufficient, but not more than sufficient; it must be the minimum which will suffice to make the translation idiomatic and natural in the language into which it is made. The skill of the translator will be found in reducing the quantity as nearly as may be to this minimum.

But another consideration affects this latitude,—a consideration the enforcement of which is perhaps Dryden's chief merit,—a consideration which many even of the very best translators have overlooked. *It is the preservation of the individual differentiating character of the original.*

The language of Dryden should here be quoted *in extenso* :

'No man,' he says, 'is capable of translating poetry who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of the author's language and of his own; nor must we understand the language only of the poet, but his peculiar turn of thought and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate, him from all other writers.'

'When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thoughts either the same turn if our tongue will bear it, or if not to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the mere outward ornaments, the words. Every language is so full of its own proprieties that what is beautiful in one is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense, in another. There is therefore a liberty to be allowed for the expression, neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of the original. The senso of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. *If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches, but I rejoine that a translator has no such right.* When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter his features and lineaments under pretence that his picture will look better, perhaps the face which he has drawn would be more exact if the eye or the nose were altered, but it is his business to make it resemble the original.'

What Dryden says well but briefly here, he has enforced and somewhat

somewhat amplified in another piece, the Preface to what is called the Second Miscellany, including translations from Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. This Preface is exceedingly characteristic of Dryden, and contains some criticisms thrown out by the way which are of interest and instruction, beyond the province of translation.

'There are many,' he says, 'then, who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English tongue are known to few. To know them,' he adds, 'requires not only learning but *experience of life and good society*. Most of our ingenious young men take some cried-up English poet for their model and imitate him.

*'It appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother tongue before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue and absolutely command his own.*

*'So that to be a thorough translator he must be a thorough poet.'*

'Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English in poetical expressions and in musical numbers; there remains a yet harder task, and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. *It is the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret.*'

He then complains that the translators have not preserved the difference between Virgil and Ovid, but have confounded their several talents, and compares them to Sir Peter Lely, who 'drew many graceful pictures, but few that were like, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him.' 'In such translations,' he says, 'I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish one poet from another.'

The sum and substance of Dryden's remarks then is, that the best translation is translation with reasonable latitude, not mechanically or servilely reproductive, but loyal and faithful both to sense and style, not literal but liberal. And this is the view of all the best translators. It is true that an eminent poet and translator of our time, Mr. Robert Browning, in the Preface to his version of the 'Agamemnon,' holds a brief for *literal* as against *liberal* rendering. He maintains that a word-for-word translation gives the best notion of the original, and that if the reader wants embellishment he can put it in for himself. Mr. Browning was a genius, a poet of originality, and a masculine thinker, and anything he advances seriously should be seriously

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\* Compare Chapman's Preface to his translation of the Iliad.

considered.

considered. But in this case he put himself out of court. His love, his passion for the great writers of Greece, does credit to his heart rather than his head. His biographer tells us that he refused to admit the pretensions of even the best of them to be masters of style, and wrote his 'Agamemnon' partly to expose the folly of those pretensions.\* In other words, he does not appreciate in them that of which as a poet he was most in need, and which they could have given him; namely, artistic form. The result is an 'Agamemnon' reflected in the distorting mirror of Mr. Browning's manner. That there is vigour and fire in his version is of course true, as there must be in everything he touched. But if he says that Æschylus is obscure, he has given us *obscurum per obscuriorem*, and the scholar who said that he could just make it out with the aid of the original had reason as well as wit on his side. It is true that a perfectly literal translation may be best for two persons,—for him who knows the original, and for him who, without knowing the original, is himself a man of great creative imagination, and can reclothe the dry bones with flesh and blood and beauty. But a translation is not meant only or mainly for such readers, and Mr. Browning is not consistent. He does not give us a really literal version. He throws it into a certain form, but it is the form not of Æschylus or anything resembling Æschylus, but of Mr. Browning.

Further, against the great authority of Mr. Browning may be quoted the authority, far greater in this matter, of the master to whom he owed so much, Mr. D. G. Rossetti. Mr. Rossetti was one of the most practised and unfailing translators of his own or any time. No one probably was ever more highly sensitive to the impression he wished to convey, more passionate in the desire to convey it. Arbitrary, wilful, he, if any ever did, formed his opinions for himself, and they may be trusted to be sincere. What does he say then on this point? In the Preface to the first edition of 'Dante and his Circle,' he writes:—

'The life-blood of rhythmical translation is this commandment, that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one. The only true motive for putting poetry into a fresh language must be to endow a fresh nation as far as possible with one more possession of beauty. Poetry not being an exact science, literalness of rendering is altogether secondary to this chief law. I say literalness, not fidelity, which is by no means the same thing. When literalness can be combined with what is this primary condition of success, the translator is fortunate, and must strive his utmost to unite them. When such object can only be attained by paraphrase, that is the only path.'

\* 'Life and Letters of Robert Browning,' by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, p. 308.



Such is the canon of the translator of the 'Ballad of Dead Ladies.\*' And what Rossetti says of rhythmical translation is of course equally good in principle of all translation of artistic style, whether in poetry or prose.

It is indispensable then in translating, whether from poetry or prose, that the translator should preserve the essentials of the style and character of the original. And to do this it is obvious that he must be careful first of all to consider what in each case these are. The critic, as Dryden saw, must precede and underlie the translator. This is what Mr. Matthew Arnold, a consummate critic, saw so clearly, and brought out so forcibly in those delightful Lectures on translating Homer, alluded to already, lectures which everyone who aspires to translate should, to use Horace's phrase, 'thumb night and day.' He begins by laying down four main characteristics of Homer, all four of which are so essential that the translator can neglect no single one; and he then points out how, by neglecting one or more, the various translators of Homer have failed so far in various ways.

But, as appears in the course of Mr. Matthew Arnold's disquisition, in translating poetry it is not enough to preserve the style; there is yet another consideration of the highest importance, the consideration of the *form*. This is the point on which, as we saw, Dryden is weakest, partly because his time was weak in form, partly because it was limited. From the large freedom in spirit and expression of the Elizabethans, from their spacious time and its melodious bursts, English poetry gradually declined, nor did it expand again until the dawn of the Romantic movement in the early years of our own century. Gray felt and struggled against the restrictions with the feeling he has well expressed in the 'Stanzas to Mr. Bentley.' Dryden perhaps did not feel it, for Dryden was Titanic not Olympian, a giant not a god; but he was limited by it. For those who feel it, and in proportion as they feel it, form must always be one of the great problems and difficulties of the translator. It is the superadded difficulty which makes any translation of poetry often so hopeless. It is a barrier set between language and language, between literature and literature. All forms are not congenial or even possible to all languages. Even when the same forms are common to two or more languages, they are common, but with differences. The Latin Hexameter, the Latin Pentameter, the Latin Alcaic and Lyric,

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\* And also that of the translator of 'Omar Khayyam'; see Edward Fitzgerald's Preface to his version of the 'Agamemnon.'

even when a great Latin artist attempts to minimize the difference, are felt by us to be quite different from the Greek.

Now form is of the essence of much, nay of most, poetry. *Die Kunst ist nur Gestaltung*, says Goethe. Art is only the giving of Form. Although for certain reasons it is a common and in some ways commendable practice to translate poetry into prose, no one doubts that an enormous loss is at once involved by that process. What then is to be done with form by the translator? The perfect translation undoubtedly requires that the form, as well as the style and sense, should be transferred. This is the first and best method. And there are some languages as between which and cases in which this transference can be effected fairly adequately. Form can often be transferred from German into English, and English into German, though the absence of terminations in English and the consequently more monosyllabic character and deficiency in double rhymes of English constitutes a difficulty with which every translator is familiar. Again the heroic couplet, with a difference, is common to French and English. Boileau can be translated into the style of Dryden or Pope and *vice versâ*. So again the Sonnet borrowed from Italian has been naturalized in England, and Italian Sonnets can, allowing for differences of ending and rhyme, be sufficiently rendered into English.

But the cases in which the same form and mould are naturally common to two countries and languages are very limited. The next question is, can exotic forms be naturalized? To some extent this can perhaps be done. In the first place many, perhaps most of the forms which seem native and indigenous have originally been imported. It is an experiment always worth trying. The result will often be beautiful, even if it is not absolutely what is aimed at. Tennyson's Alcaics and Hendecasyllabics and Galliambics—be they, as is disputed, syllabically and prosodically exact or not—cannot be said to produce just the same effect and impression as the similar metres used by Catullus and Horace, but have a charm of their own. The exquisite metrification, too little appreciated, of the Jubilee Ode does not even suggest to many ears the rhythm of 'Collis o Heliconii,' on which it is based, but it is a beautiful addition to English metres. The same may be said of many of Mr. Swinburne's marvellous and brilliant experiments. There is then always much to be said for attempts to translate into the 'metre of the original.' Such a careful and conscientious volume as Professor Robinson Ellis's renderings of Catullus, done in this manner, not only aids the English

English reader to form an idea of Catullus, but discovers new possibilities in the English language. But for perfect translation, it is necessary not only that a form be possible, but that it be natural, and, if not familiar, at least so congenial that it may hereafter become familiar. Here again the first canon of translation has its force: 'A translation must read like an original.' That being so, then it is almost imperative for the translator to adopt a form which is already familiar, and perhaps this rule might be laid down, that no form or metre can be happily used in translation in which a master in the language of the translation could or would not naturally write an original poem. Translation metres are no more permissible than translation English.

A crucial instance of the question of transference of metres is the Hexameter. Is the Hexameter an English metre, and can it be used to translate the Greek and the Latin Hexameter? The history of the attempts to acclimatize the Hexameter in England is very interesting, but too long to be recited here. A pleasing though not great poem has been written by Longfellow in English Hexameter, and some beautiful, though not quite commandingly or convincingly beautiful, effects have been there attained. Clough used the metre with more strength and better result. But neither Longfellow's nor Clough's \* Hexameters, nor again Kingsley's, recall or suggest the general ring or any single rhythm or combination of rhythms of either Homer or Virgil. They do not echo either the 'surge and thunder' of the Iliad or Odyssey, or the 'stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.' Unless then something very different, something much more, can be made of the Hexameter in English than has yet been made, the Hexameter cannot be used to translate the Greek or Latin Hexameter. It is possible that a great artist may yet arise and enormously develop the capacities of the Hexameter, and it may then be used. Matthew Arnold thought it might be made a possible metre. The beautiful but too brief fragment of translation he quoted from Dr. Hawtrey, seemed at first sight to justify this faith. But Matthew Arnold's own attempts are, it must be confessed, failures.

The Germans claim to have succeeded better with the Hexameter. Perhaps it may be allowed that they have succeeded slightly better. The Hexameter has now at any rate this advantage in Germany, that a thoroughly popular poem by a poet and artist of the first order has been written in it. German, moreover, would appear to be a language

\* Cp. Clough's 'Letters of Parepidemus,' No. II.

which lends itself to translation. It is plastic: like the sculptor's clay, it takes the mould of any form, and in setting and becoming itself does not necessarily break. The structure of French, on the other hand, is essentially crystalline. It must arrange itself in a few mathematically determined patterns. It has an admirable lucidity and brilliance, but no plasticity. And this plasticity of German applies to metre as well as to sense. It would perhaps be unfair to say that the literary standard in Germany is not so high as in England or France, considering the excellence reached by Goethe or Heine, but this may perhaps be said that, according to the capacity of the German language, the Hexameter has been more successfully adopted in German than in English. But the German Hexameter would certainly seem to be nearer to the English than it is to the Greek, and the English Hexameter should of course be used for translating a German Hexameter poem such as 'Hermann und Dorothea.'

The case of the Pentameter in English is much the same as that of the Hexameter, excepting that perhaps even less attempt has been made, and with less success, to naturalize the Pentameter, and the whole matter may be summed up in the well-known lines of the late Laureate—

'Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us,  
Barbarous experiments, barbarous Hexameters.'

If then a metre, a form cannot be transplanted or transferred without losing more than is gained, what is the translator to do? He must do what he had to do with the words and style. He must try to find what is on the whole an equivalent. He must consider what are the main and essential characteristics of the metre and style of the original, and what metre in his own language will on the whole best contain and give back those characteristics. And he will be helped here as elsewhere by considering analogies, by considering what authors and what pieces, in his own language, generally resemble his original, and what have been the forms adopted by them.

He may further, in an analogous though different metre, preserve much of the essence of the form of the original, its movement, its alliteration and assonance. On this point it would be difficult to find better precept or example than those of that consummate master of translation and composition in English, Latin, and Greek, Mr. C. S. Calverley. As his biographer points out, in his renderings both into and from the ancient languages, where it was possible, he preserved, with extraordinary skill and fidelity, form for form, cadence for cadence.

cadence. When it was not, he showed wonderful tact in selecting a form which was analogous and sympathetic.

A consideration of this point would have saved translators from many deplorable errors at the outset of their work. It would have saved us from what Matthew Arnold so well calls the detestable dance of Dr. Maginn's Homeric Ballads:

‘And scarcely had she begun to wash  
Ere she was aware of a grisly gash’;

and from the not detestable but deplorable mistake which led so good a scholar and man of letters and translator too in other fields, as Professor Conington, into thinking that the stately grace, the melancholy majesty of Virgil could possibly be preserved in a rattling imitation of Scott. Scott has a music, a music cheerful, breezy, martial, noble. It is capable of a sadness and of an elevation of its own, but it is no more like that of Virgil than a pibroch or the strains of a drum and fife band are like a funeral march of Chopin rendered with a full orchestra.

The metre of Homer and Virgil must remain a difficulty for the translator, but more may probably be done with blank verse, the recognized English vehicle of the Epic, than has yet been done. Lord Tennyson's two experiments with Homer, more especially the second and less known piece, ‘Achilles over the Trench,’ show this. Not even this has all the qualities of Homer, but it has many. It is as a discriminating critic, Mr. H. W. Paul, pointed out in a review not long after the poet's death, astonishingly faithful, even literal. But the secret of it lies in the inimitable choice of words and combination of words, and in the management and variation of the rhythm. Lord Tennyson's view about Virgil was that, if translated into English, he ought to be translated into Miltonic blank verse, and he used to quote certain passages of ‘Paradise Lost’ as being eminently Virgilian in their movement.\* Of the characteristics of Virgil he has of course shown, in his exquisite poem ‘To Virgil,’ that he was a most sympathetic lover and judge, and it is to be profoundly regretted that he did not include among his experiments at least one or two translations from that author.

Meanwhile the many experiments made in translating both Homer and Virgil are singularly instructive to the translator. In the case of these consummate authors it is now recognized that a final translation can hardly be expected. Different translations bring out different sides and portions of their excellence: Dryden the virility and rhetoric of Virgil, Mr. William

\* Compare Wordsworth's letter to Lord Lonsdale, Feb. 5, 1829. (‘Memoir of W. Wordsworth,’ by Chr. Wordsworth, vol. ii. p. 70.)

Morris the romance and glamour, Lord Bowen the majesty and rolling harmony, and so on. This point has been well put by Mr. Frederick Myers in his *Essay on Virgil*,—for its length one of the most suggestive and original criticisms of Virgil ever written. He has himself given some specimens of translation from Virgil in the Heroic couplet, if that can still be called the Heroic couplet to which he has given an entirely new and original colour and character. In some renderings printed now a long time ago, but never we believe published, he achieved perhaps an even greater success, and one very curious and instructive. Few would imagine or ever believe that it would be possible to translate Virgil successfully into the metre and stanza of Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women.' But those who know Mr. Myers's renderings will admit that an astonishing degree of success has been attained. The lesson probably is, that while the general form of the metre is much, a great deal may be done by the employment of the secrets of poetic sound and diction within the general form of the metre. Of these secrets Mr. Myers is a special master, and it is much to be desired that he should give us some larger and longer specimens of what he could accomplish by applying them to the rendering of Virgil. The success of Dryden—not always, and especially not now, sufficiently recognized—is due in the same way to what is done within the metre. The Heroic couplet, as we said, is trammelling and unsuited to the rendering of Virgil, but a careful study of Dryden's Virgil reveals unsuspected degrees of labour, art, and resulting beauty in his individual phrases and combinations.

But there are places where the Heroic couplet is suitable, where it helps and does not hinder the translator. It is suited, as Dryden discovered, and Pope still further displayed, for epigram, for rhetoric, for argument, for balancing and pointing antithesis, and so for satire or criticism, or again for conveying a certain urbane, modish artificiality, as of brilliant but not quite heartfelt or natural conversation. Hence it translates, and translates well, two different styles and metres,—the Elegiac of Ovid, and the Hexameter satire of Horace or Juvenal. The conclusion of the couplet within itself in the Ovidian Elegiac is admirably represented by the same conclusion within itself in the Heroic couplet, while there is the same opportunity when required of breaking through and carrying on. It would not be difficult to press this parallelism and correspondence further. There is of course considerable flexibility in the Heroic couplet, and it may be noted that Professor Conington, who failed so conspicuously with Virgil owing to his choice



choice of a metre, more than balanced his failure by as great a success in his rendering of Horace's Satires and Epistles. The preface in which he explains the peculiar character of Horace's satiric style is for any who care for these niceties most excellent and valuable reading.

That for the purposes of translation, where the metre cannot be absolutely reproduced, much may be done with an approximate or correspondent metre, is shown again conspicuously in the case of the Iambic. The Iambic beat is of course common to Greek, Latin, and English, but the uses made of it and the effects produced in practice are somewhat different. The great Greek Iambic line, the line of the dialogue of Greek drama, is of course the Senarian, consisting of six Iambics or their equivalents. The corresponding line in English contains only five. The Greek line is therefore a little longer than the English, and, considering that translation tends to be longer than the original, it is difficult for the translator to reproduce line by line. Yet by manipulation this may often be done. But, what is far more important, the movement, what Dryden calls the 'breakings,' the stresses, and pauses may be so reproduced and followed that the difference in the length of the line is hardly felt. Some of Mr. Swinburne's lines in such 'imitative' poems as 'Atalanta' or 'Erectheus' ring with an absolutely Greek echo. As a specimen of translation, where the form of the original is followed as closely almost as it is possible, Mr. Symonds's rendering of the famous *tirade* of Medea, given in his 'Studies of the Greek Poets,' may be cited.

To go through other metres would be wearisome and unnecessary. Suffice it to say that now after the great continuous effort that has been spent from the beginning of our century upon technique and metrification, including the return to and revival of the Elizabethan modes, and the adoption of certain foreign styles, the English translator has or may have at command a greater wealth of diction and music, of vocabulary and metres, than he ever had before. Every poet who, like Coleridge or Shelley, Keats or Tennyson, Swinburne or Bridges, really enlarges the music and colour of the English tongue, adds to the translator's possibilities not only by making him more susceptible to tones and *nuances* unnoticed before in the music and colour of the great models of other tongues, but by furnishing him with the appropriate medium in which to reproduce them. To adduce a single instance, there are few more entirely successful pieces of translation than Professor Jebb's poetic rendering of Catullus' lovely little lyric, 'Dianæ sumus in fide.' It is not, perhaps, to be called exactly Swinburnian, yet  
could

could it have been written before Mr. Swinburne's influence had been felt?

Before we leave the topic of poetic translation a word ought perhaps to be said about the much-vexed question of rhyme. Rhyme has, if anything ever had, the 'defects of its qualities.' It is an undoubted beauty, but it is an undoubted fetter. It does not exist in Latin and Greek. Is it natural, is it necessary to introduce it in translating from these languages? The answer would appear to be that it belongs to what is called the genius of the English language. It comes in under the head of idiom and equivalent, and, subject to the consideration stated above, should be used as such. So far only a few rhythms in English have proved to be really successful or really pleasing without rhyme. Among them, it is true, is the greatest, namely, blank verse. It is an advantage for the original poet and the translator that it is free from this trammel. But blank verse can only be used, as we said above, for certain purposes. In the lyric, rhyme seems almost necessary to counterbalance the loss involved in forsaking the form of the original Latin or Greek. Certainly the few undoubtedly good specimens we have of verse translation from Latin and Greek lyrics or elegiacs—such as those by Ben Jonson, Dryden, Shelley, or Rossetti, or Mr. Cory's 'They told me, Heraclitus—they told me you were dead'—go far to justify the use of rhyme. This last piece does more: so far as it goes, it thoroughly justifies the liberal as against the literal method. It is not literal. It does not follow the form of the original exactly, it does not exactly follow the words; yet it is not mere imitation—it is successful translation. It gives the value and the spirit of the words, the value and the soul of the form. It is true and moving poetry, the work of one who was a poet. And the last word on translation of poetry is Dryden's, 'To be a thorough translator of poetry a man must be a thorough poet.'

It remains to say a few words about prose translation, and especially about the translation of poetry into prose. To-day, when the feeling for style and technique in language is widespread, it is perhaps not so necessary as it would have been a short time ago, but for the completeness of the argument it is necessary to state that writing prose is a fine art as well as writing poetry, and that prose differs from poetry in degree rather than in kind. Yet even now this is not always properly appreciated. We speak, it is true, in the schools of 'Prose Composition,' but we forget the full significance of the word 'composition,' and most persons fortunately, like M. Jourdain, speak and write prose all their lives without knowing it. The masters of language at all times  
have

have understood it. Dryden in a most happy phrase speaks of running his thoughts into verse or giving them 'the other harmony of prose.' The ancient masters, the Greeks and Romans, understood it, the Greeks pre-eminently. They laboured their prose composition as carefully as their verse. Isocrates spent ten years over a single Panegyric; Plato in his eightieth year was still touching up his Dialogues,—readjusting their *coiffure*, as the Greek phrase has it. After his death tablets were found on which he had experimented in the order of words,—exercises like the pencillings of the great Italian artists. Style is hardly less, perhaps more, a characteristic of prose than of verse, and no one who is sensitive to style, who feels the quality of the prose style of Plato or Cicero or Livy, Bossuet or Buffon, Addison, Sir Thomas Browne, Burke, Gibbon, Goethe, or again of those nearer our own time, De Quincey, Newman, Ruskin, Froude, Pater, will need to be told that the secrets are as subtle or as many as those of verse. But what is important is that they are for the most part the same as those of verse. Order, rhythm, alliteration, assonance, the choice of words, and the combination of words, the grouping of phrases and sentences, of paragraphs and periods, these are among them. The skilful 'joining or introduction, or setting, the *callida junctura* which makes an old word new, or prevents a new one from jarring or startling, belongs as much to prose as to verse. It follows then that, where there is style and form in a prose original, that style and form must be preserved in a translation. In consideration of what has been said on these points with regard to verse translation, it is enough to indicate this. It follows, too, that in translating poetry into prose much may and must be done in this direction.

The translation of poetry into prose is necessarily somewhat of a *pis aller*. It involves a large and certain loss; but it brings, too, some gain. The freedom of the 'other harmony of prose' enables the translator to follow more closely and faithfully the detail and the inner and incidental movement of many originals than he could do if trammelled by a set form, and where the form of the original cannot be preserved this becomes so much pure gain. In proportion as sensitiveness to the minutiae and the differences of the originals has grown, and with this sensitiveness the despair of reproducing them, this practice has gained ground. As we noted above, the best scholars have given themselves to it. Prose renderings, like those of Butcher, Lang, Leaf, Myers, and others, often rise to high literary beauty, and are felt to be not only the most useful, but the most satisfying translations available.

When

When this modern style of prose translation of verse really began, it might be difficult to say. Goethe suggested to his own countrymen, as a new thing, that it would be well to translate Homer into prose. But this had been successfully done and defended by Madame Dacier in French a century earlier. And there is one much older version of poetry, the most successful of all, with which we are all familiar; so familiar that we often forget to think of it as a specimen of translation at all. It is, of course, the Authorized Version of the Bible. Large portions of the Old Testament are definitely poetic in form, and perhaps the larger portion of the whole is essentially poetic in character and structure. The poetic character has certainly not been lost, but shines through in several of the more famous versions, in the Vulgate, in the Lutheran German, in the French, and not least in our own version. It is to be seen of course most sustainedly in the Psalms (the Prayer-book Version usually, though not always, shows it most) and in the Song of Songs, in Job and in the lyrical pieces contained in the other books,—the Song to the Well, the song of Deborah, the lament of David, and so on; but it is not less striking in the Prophets, or even in much of the historical and philosophical books,—Genesis, Ecclesiastes, and parts of the Apocrypha. A Scotch minister, it is related, once lost his pulpit by preaching on the lyrical beauty of the Psalms, but it will now be held not impermissible to use this example and to say that of the possibility and possibilities of translation of poetry into prose, of the lines on which it should go and the canons it should observe, there is no greater proof or monument, and none fortunately which has had greater influence, than that afforded by these versions of ancient Hebrew poetry and especially by our own.

Such are some of the main features, conditions, and principles of the Art of Translation. To draw them out into rules or suggestions for practice would not be difficult, but this would be better done in a separate article. That it is really an art, and a fine art, full of difficulties, yet full of possibilities, enough has perhaps been said to show. That it has had a considerable, nay a great, influence on all the great Aryan literatures but one, is clear.

Nor in this regard ought the Semitic literatures to be forgotten, with their immensely important versions of the Scriptures and the Arabic renderings of Jewish and also of Greek authors, especially Aristotle and Plato, the range and influence of which extended from Spain to India. But translation has had another very important influence, one never perhaps

perhaps more important than at the present, one still likely to increase,—namely, in education. That translation is one of the best, perhaps the best, of literary exercises, whether it be as the self-imposed discipline of the young writer or the set task of the schoolboy, is beyond a doubt. In the teaching of the classics, as they are called in this country, nothing has been more striking than the growth in importance of written translation. Whereas the original composition in Latin especially, the original copy of verse or the Latin essay—‘Latin writing,’ as it was significantly called—was at the beginning of the century the prevailing exercise and translation the exception, now the latter is the rule, the former a mere survival. ‘Translation is the death of understanding.’ That may be true for the last stage and for the finished scholar; but that translation is the beginning, the quickening of understanding, is the universal belief on which the modern system of education is based. In Germany the new Prussian code has given it a larger place than ever. Both in Germany and among ourselves it is being recognized that real translation, literary translation, not mere literal word-for-word construing, is what is truly educational. At the present moment, as applied to Latin and Greek, it seems to have reached the highest possible pitch, and there can be little doubt that it is the secret of the efficiency as an educational method of the so-called classical training. One of the reasons why the same mental training is not attained through the modern languages is that the difficulty of translation from them is necessarily less; the other, that the experiment has never been tried in the same way. If the same effect or anything like what has been attained through Latin and Greek is to be attained through French and German, the present system of translation must be greatly expanded. It is not enough to make the student translate ordinary colourless exercises or letters commercial or otherwise in English into the same in French or German. He must be made to distinguish, to appreciate, and to copy the various styles, generic and individual,—the style of the orator, the historian, the philosopher, the poet, of Bossuet or Vergniaud, of Buffon or Béranger, of Goethe or Heine, of Kant or Von Ranke, of Machiavelli or Leopardi.

Then, and only then, will the student trained in modern languages learn the gamut of these tongues and of his own.

ART. IV.—*The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria.* Edited by Stuart J. Reid. *William Ewart Gladstone.* By George W. E. Russell. *The Earl of Beaconsfield.* By J. A. Froude. London, 1892.

A SUFFICIENT interval has now elapsed since the death of Lord Beaconsfield, and since the withdrawal of his still surviving rival from political life, to justify some slight estimate of their permanent contributions to, and their abiding influences upon, the parties which respectively they led. Such an enquiry will be neither practically premature nor perhaps wholly without profit. Widely different, indeed, are the legacies bequeathed, by the statesman who till, as it seems, quite recently was Prime Minister of the British Empire, and his lifelong opponent, whose remains during fourteen years have slumbered peacefully in a Buckinghamshire churchyard. Acute and unintermittent was the mutual antagonism of personal temperament, social environment, and political creed in which the two men had been placed. Even so, analogies are not wanting between certain circumstances of their competitive careers in some well-defined points and at several distinct periods.

The contrast between the social experiences and training, the intellectual education and discipline of the two men during their earlier years seems, indeed, strikingly complete. Yet, apart from his own pardonable pride in the antiquity of his Semitic descent, openly avowed at all stages of his life by the author of 'Coningsby,' Mr. Disraeli, like Mr. Gladstone, as ordinary Englishmen account, was born into the same section of the upper middle class, whose earliest contribution in the way of Premiers to the country is Sir Robert Peel. Had articulate destiny proclaimed to the parents of the future Liberal leader the necessity of training him for the highest honours of Downing Street, there would have been no deviations from the curriculum which was actually adopted for him. Had some Cassandra at the cradle-side of the two infants, afterwards to become so illustrious, predicted that the Anglo-Jewish child, soon to develope successively or simultaneously into the lawyer's clerk and the extravagantly-dressed fop of an inferior quality, was, in the fulness of time, to become the parliamentary leader of the English peerage and gentry, the prediction would have been scouted as the vision of a disordered brain. Had she added that the other infant, brought up from the first under the shadow of the mighty name of Canning, the pride of Eton and of Oxford, would begin life as the enthusiast of the existing *régime*, but, after the best part of a manhood spent

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in its service would, before his active day was over, contribute more to the precipitation of an ecclesiastical and civil revolution than any other of his contemporaries,—the prophetess would have been disbelieved not less entirely than was her classic prototype in the fated Troy. It is further possible to detect something more than a fanciful resemblance between the manner and degrees in and by which Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone divested themselves of those political associations and sympathies with which at the beginning of their course they were identified. There is, however, a fundamental difference between the two transformations. The youthful Disraeli's keen sense of the miseries of the masses, and genuine disappointment with the social and industrial results of the first Reform Bill, caused him at one time to imagine he was a Radical. The juvenile Gladstone's attachment to the ecclesiastical element of the Constitution, in which accidentally he resembled Disraeli, who, as Mr. Froude justly says, was a born theocrat, caused the expositor of 'Church Principles in their Results' actually to be for years an uncompromising Tory.

The philosophic maxim known as *corruptio optimi pessima*, found first in Plato's 'Republic,' may, perhaps, when properly applied, serve to explain the later deviations of Mr. Disraeli in the first place, and of Mr. Gladstone in the second, from those tenets which at the first they were thought absolutely to espouse. No portion of the biography of his leader, by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, is more interesting and instructive than that in which he traces Mr. Gladstone's progressive divorce from the strait ecclesiasticism of his earlier Oxford record. Those convictions of his adolescence had caused him to leave Sir Robert Peel's Government on the 'Maynooth Question.' Under the same influences he subsequently expresses, in his celebrated letter to Dr. Hannah, views which contained the germs of a Disestablishment policy. After this he moved uninterruptedly onward or downward in the same direction, until he became fully and finally identified with the modern Liberalism of Lord John Russell. Apologists of Mr. Gladstone might plausibly contend that this distinguished man has never recanted in theory, or renounced in practice, the doctrine that the ascendancy of the ecclesiastical element is, under an ideally perfect state of things, the most consonant to the higher principles of human nature, and the most conducive to the nobler expediencies of human life. The Greek disciple of Socrates admitted that, owing to human imperfections, the form of government which was theoretically the best was likely to become in effect the worst, both as to its influences upon the whole community and upon individual

vidual examples, like Alcibiades. So the holder of a brief for Mr. Gladstone might argue that the augmenting depravation of the ecclesiastical polity, in the only circumstances in which we in this fallen state can know it, does logically involve the possibility that the Gladstonian may find no alternative in daily life but to denounce the system of which abstractedly he is the champion.

In the same way, after his evanescent outburst of youthful Radicalism, and directly he showed any settled convictions at all, Mr. Disraeli held the system best suited to the genius and the necessities of English life to be that handed down to us from our forefathers, always providing that each member of the complex organization and each department of the political machinery thoroughly performed those functions historically allotted to them. As a matter of fact, by each part of the body politic, is fulfilment of their duties, by each part of the body politic, is impossible. According, therefore, to Mr. Disraeli's conception of society, the obligation to maintain the old order, which is sacred, if all the details of our polity are working well, ceases entirely when their action is faulty, or they seem to come short in the discharge of their ideal functions. It follows, therefore, that by these principles Mr. Disraeli was absolved from the charge of inconsistency by contributing, through the electoral Reforms of 1867, to the realization of a democratic era, notwithstanding his own earnest warnings a little before against the dangers of democracy. For could he not have pleaded that neither the aristocracy nor the middle class were discharging the duties expected of them by the Constitution?

Again, in 1868 Mr. Gladstone disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland. Five-and-twenty years later, he pledged himself and his party to a similar measure for Wales. From the method of reasoning now under consideration, the 'old parliamentary hand' was, it would seem, doing nothing contradictory to the positions indicated in his discourse on the best form of civil and secular polity. Let it be granted that there is some insuperable difficulty in realizing practically the blessings or benefits which should or may flow from a religious establishment in the one case, or from a predominating aristocracy in the other. On this assumption the apostles of social privilege in the State, or of a vital alliance between the religious and secular organizations of the realm, are free to declare that, while as much as ever the councillors of social or ecclesiastical perfection, they are, as sensible men, bound to accept existing circumstances, and, in the discharge of that duty, to renounce practical adhesion to their still cherished theories. In the case of Mr. Gladstone, as  
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Mr. Russell, at page 148 of his interesting volume, shows, not less acute an observer than the late Lord Clarendon, to instance one of several previously even to Dean Mansel, foresaw the inevitable goal towards which the future Liberal leader was advancing. Some years before he entered Lord John Russell's Cabinet, the old diplomatist declared 'Mr. Gladstone to be moving towards a democratic union with Bright, the effect of which will be increased Income-tax, and lowering the Estimates by giving up the defences of the country.'

As might be expected from the organic differences between Mr. Gladstone's mind and that of his rival, no processes of such delicate subtlety need be looked for in the political evolution of Mr. Disraeli. However much at the outset he may have been inclined to gravitate in the direction of the Radicals, he never made any *rapprochement* towards the Whigs. He gave an early parliamentary vote for considering the Chartists' Petition, because, as he said at the time, the real evils and abuses underlying the alleged grievance demanded investigation, and ultimately must receive redress. Even before this he had publicly proclaimed that he would support any party which was for extending the political rights of citizens to a nation of unenfranchised serfs. After the repeal of the Corn Laws, the Peelites became undistinguishable from the Whigs. Independently of the personal exigencies and opportunities of his own career, Disraeli did then exactly what might have been expected of him, in joining the anti-Peelite Tories, nor is there the slightest reason connected with political consistency or moral rectitude why a politician of Disraeli's antecedents and sympathies should not, as the author of household suffrage, have developed ultimately into the leading spirit of a Conservative Cabinet. What is really noteworthy in the course of this remarkable man has nothing to do with what is called political consistency, or its opposite. In this regard, Disraeli was not singular. Much has been said, and more written, about 'the moral continuity' of the political life and character of Disraeli's illustrious chief, the penultimate Lord Derby; but that great statesman was an active member of Lord Grey's first Reform Cabinet, and subsequently was among Sir Robert Peel's colleagues before he found his true level as one of the Tory chiefs. The really remarkable point in Lord Derby's successor is, that he should have mastered the widespread prejudices against himself, excited less perhaps by his nationality than by his personal appearance in youth, costume, and manner, strongly repulsive to English ideas of taste and breeding as in his 'salad' days these were. So completely did he overcome these prejudices that

that he ultimately became not only one of the most powerful, but one of the most popular leaders whom the House of Commons has ever known, besides being the acknowledged political chief of the titled and untitled *noblesse* of this realm.

Unlike Mr. Gladstone, Disraeli, amid the vicissitudes and disillusionings of his long life, retained to the last that which at the beginning had been the cardinal article in his socio-political creed. He did even more than this, for he took some highly successful steps towards translating it into practical expression. If Mr. Gladstone has given us in a pamphlet, explaining or vindicating his Irish Church policy, an interesting and conspicuously well-written *apologia pro vitâ suâ*,\* Disraeli, so to speak, began his autobiography with 'Coningsby' in 1844, and only finished it with 'Lothair' in 1869, or it may even be said, with 'Endymion,' some few years later. Nothing can be better than Mr. Froude's lucid analysis and terse explanation of the plot, motive, and meaning of the all but final fiction in the long and familiar series. Perhaps, however, even Disraeli's latest biographer does not quite exhaust the exegetical comment needful for a full understanding of that romance of statesmanship and society which, now just a quarter of a century since, entertained and fluttered the polite world.

From one point of view 'Lothair' may be interpreted as the appeal of its astute and brilliant writer to the British patriots to abandon their too exclusive devotion to the pomp of pleasure and the luxury of pastime. Even amid the tournaments of doves at Hurlingham, the processional splendours of Hyde Park, the grouse campaign on North British moors, time ought to be found for pondering the supreme political and religious problems pressing for solution on every side. But of the novel now referred to, more, we think, than this may be fairly said. In the history of the son and daughter of Julian Ferrars, some ingenious critics have found the allegorical portrayal of the hidden nature and concealed emotions of the mysterious author, less in the eponymous personage of the book than in his more passionate and magnetic sister Myra. There is better reason, perhaps, to think that the central personage of Disraeli's penultimate novel—around whom are grouped the glittering phantasmagoria of the 'Putney Gileses,' 'St. Aldegondes,' 'Pintos,' 'Hugo Bohuns,' 'Gaston Phœbuses,' 'Cardinal Grandisons,' 'Monsignor Catesbys,' 'Theodoras,' 'Corisandes,' and others, with the agents of anti-papal secret societies, Fenian generals, as stage supernumeraries

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\* 'A Chapter of Autobiography' (London, 1869).

—is the personified image of England herself at the point where so many roads meet, hesitating and embarrassed between the conflicting claims and the competing offers of all which is most august in tradition, or most attractive and startling in liberty, licence, or untrammelled freedom, both of expression, action, and thought. Now, if Mr. Froude correctly interprets the romance of 'Lothair' as the trumpet-note to higher duties sounded in the ears of the brilliant society whose idol he had become, its author may be said, with perfect truth, to have illustrated, in the exercise of his duties as statesman in power, the same moral which he desired to enforce with the irresponsibility of the romancer's pen. Among the Conservative leaders of to-day is to be found at least one conspicuous instance of the encouragement patriotically administered by the author of 'Lothair' to the golden youth of his day, in the hope of appealing to their statesmanlike ambitions first, and of demonstrating the still surviving political utility of their social order afterwards. That is a beneficent and enduring enterprise likely long to survive its author. The credit of initiating the patriotic movement belongs especially to Disraeli. And here it may be observed, not incongruously, that this distinguished exemplar of social and political achievement in the greater world of London and England, resembled the most accomplished teacher of the arts for obtaining such success who has ever adorned the smaller and more tranquil life of Oxford University.

The warm friendship and reciprocal appreciation that for many years existed between the sometime Prime Minister of England and the late Master of Balliol have been misinterpreted grotesquely and disingenuously. In the eyes of any one who knows the facts, the acquaintance admits an explanation perfectly simple and intelligible, as well as equally creditable to Disraeli and to Jowett. In the late Master of Balliol the writer of 'Coningsby' beheld the most experienced and highly prospered enforcer of the Disraelian aphorism, that the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity. In the Conservative statesman the Oxford professor saw the man who, before all others of his generation, had embodied with triumphant splendour, throughout all the searching episodes of his career, those cardinal virtues of good and great citizenship which Mr. Jowett devoted his energies to impressing upon his disciples. Nor is it irrelevant to remark that all the political traditions of the college presided over by Mr. Jowett were Conservative, and therefore likely to be gratified by Mr. Disraeli's success.

The truth is, that such phases of political Liberalism as  
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Oxford may have experienced during this century have been, without exception, transient, accidental, and directly due to the influence of distinguished individuals, chief amongst whom is, of course, Mr. Gladstone himself. It may indeed be questioned whether the late Regius Professor of Greek, politically speaking, was ever a Liberal partisan. From Socrates he had learned the value of individual character and effort in the corporate fulfilment of the duties of a State by its subjects; like Socrates, too, Jowett was, as in his contribution to the once famous 'Essays and Reviews' he calls himself, 'a searcher after truth.' For a season possibly, the opposition encountered by Professor Max Müller at the hands of the Conservatives, to say nothing of the ungenerous treatment which, in the matter of his professorial stipend, he received from a limited section of Oxford non-residents, may have resulted in Jowett's ephemeral identification with the Liberalism of Mr. Gladstone. But in finally relinquishing it, as during the later seventies he did, the late Master of Balliol was not deserting to a stranger and an enemy, but was reverting rather to an ancestral and antecedent allegiance.

Among the various incidental analogies suggested by a retrospect of the course of the two statesmen whose influences upon their party to-day are now under review, we may proceed to dwell upon another point of rather exceptional, and, so far as we are aware, as yet absolutely unnoticed interest.

That Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone are both equally entitled to a place among the greatest of our parliamentary chiefs will be admitted universally, but the celebrity and power of the two men in this capacity are strikingly unlike. They may almost be said to be based upon distinctly opposite conditions and causes. Mr. Gladstone has been a great parliamentary chief because he has been so often a prime power in the country. He has been able to control the House of Commons, because he has been known to have the constituencies at his back. Mr. Disraeli led the House of Commons successfully when he could not boast a majority inside its walls, and lacked the sustaining consciousness of assured support outside them; he was, in fact, a successful parliamentary captain because he had been a patient student, and had become a consummate master of human nature. Acting upon the Baconian maxim, *Natura nunquam vincitur nisi parendo*, the author of the 'Adventures of Ixion,' in many respects a prototype of himself, had reduced to a fine art the management and conciliation of the foibles and weaknesses, the littlenesses and the emotions of the parliamentary units whom he first began,



began, with rare opportunities, systematically to study when he acted as Lord George Bentinck's lieutenant, now nearly half a century ago. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli were in their day objects of true parliamentary enthusiasm, and have been habitually saluted with spontaneous cheers as they walked up through the aisle of human faces to the Treasury bench, or emerged from behind the Chair to take their places on the Speaker's right hand. But the applause elicited by the apparition of the Conservative leader has been that which welcomed the resourceful master of parliamentary tactics, while the acclaims that have saluted the dauntless champion in so many battles against 'privilege' have been distant echoes of the reverberating peals, which were drawn forth from recklessly admiring multitudes on the occasion of so many a pilgrimage of passionate rhetoric.

When the secret political history of this epoch, whose crude materials are now scattered through countless memoirs or diluted with newspaper gossip, comes to be impartially written, it will be found that certain developments of their imperial policy, which at the time bewildered or surprised both their followers and the public, may be traced in both leaders to individual influences that will then seem trivial and obscure. This truth might be illustrated by at least one familiar extract concerning 'Major Wildman' from 'Coningsby,' and another from 'Endymion' with reference to Prince Bismarck. Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule was due not exclusively to any marked change in the imperial situation, but also, in part, to the semi-private influences with which he was assiduously assailed by the late Mr. Parnell and other Nationalist agitators.

The best informed among us are not yet acquainted exhaustively with the circumstances attending the inception, and leading up to the consummation, of the Derby-Disraeli Reform Act of 1867. There is good warrant for believing that this measure originally was to have been promoted by the Premier in the Peers, rather than by his Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons. If so, it is an indisputable fact of political history that, long before its introduction, a constantly growing conviction had existed among Conservative councillors outside the Cabinet, that since there was no halting-point, logically, short of household franchise, the sooner the Conservative leaders resolved to make such a concession, the better.

Only some four or five decades have elapsed since, in the person of Mr. Henry Drummond, there passed away one of the most noticeable men of his time, as well as one of the most

effective and popular speakers of the House of Commons. Some are living yet who have no difficulty in recalling his spare figure, his blue dress-coat with the metal buttons, his white waistcoat, and plaid cravat. These used to be as familiar to the Popular Chamber as the Speaker's wig or the gold mace. Possessing, in his homely but epigrammatic rhetoric, certain points in common with Mr. Patrick Boyle Smollett's robust outspokenness, with Mr. Bernal Osborne's satiric humour, with Mr. Henley's Nestorian and sarcastic wisdom, even with Mr. Disraeli's own shrewd insight into human nature, the fanatical admirer of Edward Irving on the first day of the week was alternately the sagacious and mirthful oracle of St. Stephen's during the remainder. Older than the present century by fourteen years, he was the contemporary at Harrow of Peel and Byron, and so the senior by some quarter of a century alike of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone. In 1852, after the defeat of Lord John Russell's government through the instrumentality of Lord Palmerston on the Militia Bill, Mr. Drummond was on terms of intimacy with, and was frequently consulted on matters of State policy by, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's succeeding Administration.

Ten days before the meeting of the new House of Commons, which Mr. Disraeli was to lead, this remarkable gentleman, writing from Albury on March 5th, 1852, addressed to Lord Derby's second in command a characteristic letter, which throws some light on the secret history of Parliamentary Reform legislation. This document has never yet found a place in any of the memoirs of the period; indeed it has never yet been published at all in any permanent or generally accessible quarter. It may therefore amuse some of our readers if we reproduce it here, merely prefacing that the authenticity of the epistle, of which we have seen the original copy, is established beyond the possibility of doubt.

'MY DEAR MR. DISRAELI,—I wish you success, and, if you think that I can in any way serve you, pray command me.

'You must mend some things.

'1. Jolliffe is too delicate to know how to bribe half the Irish and the press. They must be bought, however, or they will upset you.

'2. You have no Lord Lansdowne or Lady Palmerston, nor a dozen other such, to give incessant *soirées*. You mismanaged this before, and you ought not to have put fat old Christopher into the Government, but have made him give dinners and *soirées*. This must be done by somebody.

'3. Your chief rock ahead is Reform. Johnny can upset you when-  
ever

ever he pleases; but he will not please unless he can insure his being sent for by the Queen, and not Palmerston.

'Since you are pledged to a Reform Bill, I enclose you a sketch of the best one I have ever seen. It has been prepared many years by a very able lawyer, and if you approve of it I will converse with you upon its details. You must have some Bill *in petto* ready at a moment's notice to lay on the table of the House; and you must take care that none of its provisions transpire. It may be your best policy to let some one not in office be the prime mover in the affair; and if you so judge, I have no objection to move in it. But whatever you do, make your Cabinet keep their tongues to themselves.

'Another want you have is persons to answer Osborne, Horsman, Bright, Gibson, and a host of other revolutionary blackguards. Animals of that kind must be bought. You are now an army without provost-marshals. Butt may be had cheap.

'Always yours faithfully,

'HENRY DRUMMOND.

'The Dukes of Richmond and Buccleuch should open their houses; also Lords Salisbury and Exeter. That is their contingent.'

Before commenting on the Reform measure *in petto*, whose mention invests this most idiosyncratic composition with its only importance, we may offer just enough of social commentary upon it to render it intelligible to readers to-day. The identity of the 'Mr. Christopher,' so amiably described by Mr. Drummond, may perplex some readers. As a matter of fact he was by birth a nephew of Pitt's favourite ally, the first Lord Melville, being the son of Mr. Philip Dundas, and a connexion by birth of Mr. Drummond himself. Elected Member for Ipswich six years before Lord Grey's Reform Bill, he was unseated in 1830, took fifteen years later the name of Christopher, while, after yet another decade, he settled down permanently to the double-barrelled patronymic of Nisbet-Hamilton, on his wife's inheritance of the Belhaven and Dirleton properties. The elder by some two or three years of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, he was certainly alive and flourishing as a Mæcenæ of his party in Chesham Place not less lately than 1875. As for Mr. Butt, the historic sire of the Home Rule movement, his parliamentary survivors may have forgotten that in 1852, having failed as the Tory and Protectionist candidate for Mayo, under the auspices of the late Duke of Richmond he appeared at a meeting held in Drury Lane Theatre to denounce the repeal of the Corn Laws. On this occasion the then Lord Malmesbury delivered the historic opinion that if 'by the wrath of Heaven free-trade should be established, then would this great kingdom become again "a weather-beaten island in a northern sea."'

While such allusions as those to Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. Horsman, and others are not so seriously intended as to require commentary, we may dwell somewhat more circumstantially on the references to Parliamentary Reform. As regards Lord Grey's Act of 1832, the published speeches of Mr. Henry Drummond and the novels of Mr. Disraeli display an almost verbal identity of opinion.

In the early fifties, Lord Derby's Chancellor of the Exchequer was notoriously anxious to associate his name with a Suffrage Bill which, possessing, so far as practicable, the merit of finality, would commend itself to astute, unprejudiced men of the world, of whom Mr. Drummond was a type. Addressing his constituents in Surrey in the spring of 1852, after the formation of the Derby-Disraeli Cabinet, Mr. Drummond declared himself a very independent supporter of the new Government, and then offered some remarks on its composition and its policy. After a humorous protest against 'chaining Mr. Disraeli, a man of fervid imagination, to the multiplication table, on the ground that the most brilliant genius cannot make any more of twenty pence than one and eightpence,' the speaker proceeded to condemn the Whig legislation of 1832 as not arising out of the nature of things :

'There is no principle in a franchise of 10*l.* more than in one of 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*; the same radical fault runs through Lord John's Bill just now framed; there is no principle in 5*l.* more than in 4*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* Lord John is totally abroad and at sea upon all such subjects. I will now proceed to point out to you what the right principles are. Originally on the prospect of war the King did not summon the people at large to assist him, but he summoned his great barons; . . . intermingled with these were a few persons who held not of the baron but of the King, and the lowest value of such property was forty shillings.'

Now comes the really important point, when Mr. Drummond continues in the following memorable words :—

'I say then that the true principle of the right of voting is that every man who contributes direct payment by taxes or rates, or who has rendered the Crown service in his person in the army, should vote in the election of the members of Parliament, and for this extent of suffrage I contend.'

From these expressions, used at that epoch by this rather eccentric but very shrewd and sagacious parliamentarian, it may be conjectured safely what kind of a draft Reform measure Henry Drummond enclosed to his friend Mr. Disraeli. It may also be concluded that, at least one decade and a half before household

household suffrage was flashed upon the world, and the foundations of democratic Toryism were laid, the provisions of a measure like, in all essential respects, to that which became law in 1867 were in their draft form circulated among a considerable section of the Conservative party, and were recommended to the Conservative Cabinet by the active advocacy of a group of their most influential supporters, of whom Mr. Henry Drummond was an eminent type. We may therefore fairly claim now to have made good the suggestion above thrown out, that between the circumstances attending the adoption of household suffrage as the ministerial policy in 1867, and those associated with the ministerial conversion to Home Rule in 1886, there is something more than a purely imaginary parallel. In both cases the measures introduced respectively by Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone had their genesis and their inspiration not so much in the real convictions of the Minister as in the prompting and the pressure of powerful supporters and self-elected counsellors far removed from Downing Street. Nor are the immediate sequels in either case without a certain resemblance. The first parliamentary result of household franchise in 1867 was the Conservative reverse in the following year. The rapid issue of the Premier's adoption of Home Rule in 1885, swiftly following the Liberal Unionists' secessions, was the Gladstonian overthrow of the succeeding spring. Here the resemblance ends. In 1874 Mr. Disraeli's prevision of the Conservative working man was abundantly justified, and for the first time since 1841 the Conservatives had a working majority in the House of Commons. If twenty years ago the Conservative Minister had avoided the mistakes criticised not unjustly or ungenerously by Mr. Froude,—if, in the place of the Imperial Titles Bill, and the reversion to Palmerston's policy in the East which he had himself condemned, Mr. Disraeli, who was really alive to the necessity of a genuine settlement of the Irish difficulty, had directed his attention more energetically to the other side of St. George's Channel,—if, in addition, he had, on the lines laid down by himself in his great speech in the Crystal Palace during the summer of 1872, dealt by a comprehensive and Imperial measure with relations between Great Britain and her colonies,—if, finally, he had refused upon any pretext whatever to run the risk of entanglement in the Zulu War or of embroilments in Afghanistan,—it may well be that Mr. Gladstone would never have been returned to power in 1880, and that we should have been spared the series of troubles and agitations which since then have followed in swift succession.

Mr. Disraeli, then, is no more exempt than Mr. Gladstone  
from

from the charge of having missed great opportunities, and by the failure having provoked mishaps for his party in Westminster and in the constituencies. But the most hostile ingenuity cannot verify the charge against Mr. Disraeli of having disintegrated the political connection which he led, or indeed, on the whole, of having done anything that did not tend permanently, if posthumously, to consolidate and strengthen it.

The best proof of these statements is the relative position and prospects of the Conservative and Liberal parties to-day. When he took office in 1852, Mr. Disraeli did not enjoy power. In 1874 he possessed both. He had received the national mandate not to achieve any special feat of sensational legislation. He therefore bent all his energies to the business of good government and good administration. Selection of competent incumbents for responsible positions is a touchstone of administrative capacity. Judged by this criterion, Disraeli, who sent Lord Mayo as Viceroy to India, and selected Tait for the Archbishopric of Canterbury, may claim to have been pre-eminently successful. The general scope of the Conservative policy at home under Disraeli was uniformly the same. After the 'harassing of interests' and the 'wounding of sensibilities' by Liberal predecessors, the Conservatives, under their great leader, came into office to repair the mischief actually done, to soothe the susceptibilities gratuitously irritated, to replace apprehension by confidence, to substitute peace for excitement and security for alarm. This may not have seemed an ambitious policy, but Mr. Disraeli knew enough of his fellow-countrymen to be sure that in the long run they would prefer a programme of 'sewage' to a campaign of confiscation. Thus, during their periods of opposition, the Conservatives under Mr. Disraeli were concerned primarily to watch the points at which the national feeling or interests were wounded by their rivals. So far as they did this, they were successful. So far as they have pursued the same tactics since, they cannot be held to have failed.

Thus, whatever the defects of Mr. Disraeli's policy, or his mistakes in Parliament or in the country, he has at least bequeathed an intelligible if not a splendid, a demonstrably useful if not a dramatically exalted, example to his successors. But he has done more than this. He has not only strengthened Conservatism. Of the Conservatism which exists to-day, he may almost be called the creator. Profoundly understanding, as all his novels show, the constitution of English society, and its dominating elements upon every grade, he actually laid the foundations of democratic Toryism. He made his own genius and his personal disciples the most effective agents ever  
witnessed



witnessed in the propagation of Conservative sentiments among the middle, not less than the higher, classes of the community.

Since the fall of the Second Empire in France, London has become, to use the conventional but convenient and expressive epithet, the 'smart' capital of the world. Of this fact the author of 'Endymion' showed himself cognizant when he wrote, 'London, which fifty years ago was a very dull place, is now a most amusing one.' Disraeli perceived, moreover, that in its strangely mixed elements, its love of glitter, of ease, and of 'the comfort which, in Sidonia's phrase, it mistakes for civilization,' the fashionable organization whose headquarters in the Victorian era are the English metropolis, had much in common with that modish, tinsel, bedizened, and bedecked vulgarity of which Paris, under Napoleon III., was the chosen seat. Disraeli had known and distrusted 'the man of Sedan' as far back as the days of Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay, to the latter of whom he dedicated 'Henrietta Temple.' He could not fail to recognize that the French Emperor had succeeded surprisingly well in superseding, ousting, even for fashionable purposes annihilating, the old *noblesse* of the Faubourg St. Germain, and in enthroning, as their substitutes on the social apex, the grotesquely blended and heterogeneously confused aristocracy which had sprung up under the shadow of the Elysée. Before he had become Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Disraeli utilized the remarkable vogue which, since the epoch of 'Vivian Grey,' he had achieved and retained, socially as well as politically, to displace Whiggism. Hitherto from the days of the Regency, with a few occasional intervals and bright exceptions, the predominating powers in the fashionable world of England had been those of the Venetian oligarchy, of which, in the pages of 'Coningsby,' so much is said. Lord Beaconsfield lived to see the more or less exclusive coteries of that *régime* to a great extent displaced in the English capital by an organization, sparkling and polished it may be, but in its prevailing tone, in its associations, in its ideals, distinctly plutocratic. All who were admitted to the sphere of his somewhat extensive social operations were dazzled by his brilliancy, or inspired by his genius. He had the help of devoted aides-de-camp in imparting to the somewhat hybrid social amalgam a dominantly Conservative tone. In this object he achieved a success which must almost have exceeded his most sanguine expectations. His triumph, indeed, is a superficial, but still a most real, aspect of Mr. Disraeli's permanent contributions to his party's welfare. The social *cachet* given by Lord Randolph Churchill's teacher to Conservatism survives, and long will survive, the  
statesman

statesman who gave it. But though Disraeli himself was the most dynamic part of the new Conservative system, such was the organizing and energizing power of his genius, that the dispensation itself still endures. To-day, after the lapse of fifteen years since his death, the *régime* which Disraeli established is as vital and vigorous as ever.

But upon such a subject more than this ought to be stated. The retirement of Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding that his active patronage is still extended to his party, has been a blow to Liberalism from which it still staggers. The disappearance of his great rival, on the other hand, has really proved salutary rather than the reverse to the Conservative cause. It is no paradox to say that even Mr. Disraeli's genius was, during his lifetime, paid for by Conservatism at a certain price. Not a few of the more staid and rustic members of that party which he had made it his business to 'educate' were at moments repelled as much as they were attracted by the extraordinary splendour of his talents and the bewildering suddenness of his performances. Many eminently respectable persons, lay and clerical, felt secretly, as they witnessed it all, a kind of suspicion that there must be something approaching to the Mephistophelean or the uncanny in the skill and rapidity with which the phantasmagoric effects were produced. Lord Salisbury, though no one can have doubted his loyalty to the Church or a high standard of chivalrous statesmanship, may conceivably have suffered in the view of Philistian prejudice from his association with the incomparable author of a coruscation of dazzling epigrams. The truth is, that great as were his pains to master the *nuances*, to conciliate the prejudices, and to stoop to the obstinacies of the English mind, there was always a remnant of his countrymen who never felt quite certain when or how far Mr. Disraeli was in earnest. These could not divest themselves of an uneasy suspicion that at the very moment he was delighting them with his newest phrases, his loftiest sentiments, his most elevating rhetorical figures, he might be secretly laughing at them in his sleeve. Now that he has gone, and that on each successive 19th of April his primrose-covered statue in Westminster testifies to the creation of a new industry for English villagers, it is the good, and not the evil, which lives after him. He has bequeathed to his titular political descendants the power of harmonious action, and not confusion. Disraeli, and Disraeli alone, has made the 'new' Conservatism, which is the only practicable form of Conservatism to-day, not only possible, but prosperous and perpetual.

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- ART. V.—1. *The Apostolic Fathers*. Part I. S. Clement of Rome. A revised Text, with Introductions, Notes, Dissertations, and Translations. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. London, 1890.
2. *The Apostolic Fathers*. Part II. S. Ignatius and S. Polycarp. Revised Texts, with Introductions, Notes, Dissertations, and Translations. Second Edition. By the Same. London, 1889.
3. *The Apostolic Fathers*. Smaller Edition. Revised Texts, with Short Introductions and English Translations. By the Same. Edited and completed by J. R. Harmer, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, sometime Chaplain to the Bishop. London, 1891.
4. *Essays on the Work entitled 'Supernatural Religion.'* Reprinted from the 'Contemporary Review.' By the Same. London, 1889.
5. *Biblical Essays*. By the Same. London, 1893.
6. *Essays on the Apostolic Age*. By the Same. London, 1892.
7. *The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170*. By W. M. Ramsay, M.A. London, 1893.
8. *Selections from Early Christian Writings*. By H. M. Gwatkin, B.D. London, 1893.

'THE historical investigation of the Origenes of Christianity is a study scarcely second in importance to a philosophical arrangement of its doctrines.' So wrote the late Mark Pattison. There have been periods when the investigation of the Early History of the Church has been neglected; this is not a fault of which theologians at the present day can be accused. If they are guilty at all, it is of an excessive and not always well-directed vigour. They have become so fertile in contradictory hypotheses, they are so intent on their private subjects of dispute, they have loaded their works with such a mass of technicalities as to produce in the mind of the ordinary reader a feeling of bewilderment, of confusion and uncertainty. Every fact is disputed, however unreasonably; every document is controverted, however inadequate may be the grounds, by some school or historian. The intelligent spectator can find no standing-place, and turns away disappointed from a study which he feels ought to be full of interest, but which an excessive difference of opinion has made almost as barren to him as mediæval or Protestant scholasticism, as the origin of the English Manor, or the tactics of the battle of Hastings. Such an attitude is not really justified. There are solid attainable facts even in Early Church History, and that there are

are such is due above all to the labours of a great English scholar. In a former number of this Review we put before our readers the life of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of modern English bishops; we reminded them that he was not only the munificent administrator of a populous northern diocese, adapting the Church of the past to the needs and aspirations of the present, but that he also occupied a foremost position among the investigators of Christian Antiquity. It is our purpose on the present occasion, making use of the definite results that Dr. Lightfoot arrived at, to construct so far as we are able a picture of Christianity at its most obscure and crucial epoch, the beginning of the second century. We believe that in doing so we shall be performing a by no means useless task, for Bishop Lightfoot's works, although he writes throughout in a singularly clear and attractive style and marshals an intricate subject with great skill, deal of necessity so largely in the technicalities of scholarship as to confuse an untrained reader. We purpose, therefore, first to estimate his place in the study of Ecclesiastical History, and then to indicate the conclusions which in our opinion he has established.

There have been three periods in the study of Church History. At the dawn of the new learning it was in its traditional stage. A chronological outline obtained mainly from late epitomes of earlier writers was filled in with a mass of legendary detail. The apocryphal, the legendary, and the miraculous were preferred to the canonical and the historical. The writers imagined an early Church different from that of their own day in the profusion of spiritual gifts and the display of miraculous power which were squandered upon it, but exactly like it in its ecclesiastical conditions. A wealth of story was created, abounding in poetical and ethical beauty, which has played an immense and unrealized part in building up the imaginative elements of modern life; but for an historical picture of the beginnings of Christianity there was substituted, by a method not unknown to many more pretentious schools, a reconstruction in the past of the fancies and ideals of a later age.

The new learning was early attracted by the Christian writings, but its Humanist and Platonist tendencies were stronger than its critical side. It found the writings ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite the most pleasing relics of early Christianity, and did not for a time doubt their genuineness. A more severe method was necessary to break up the past, and the needs created by the Reformation introduced the controversial period of Church History. Each school and each  
party

party had to manipulate documents in order to support its own tenets. It must prove its opponents' treatises unguenuine, and ransack the libraries to find supports for its own favourite theories. The Magdeburg Centuriators in the interests of Protestantism reduced our knowledge of the origin of Christianity to the most jejune and meagre proportions; Baronius revived for the counter-Reformation the legends of the Middle Ages; but in the conflict between the two a school of theologians not confined to any one Church or country gradually evolved sounder and more critical methods. Casaubon was its founder and most striking representative; but Selden and Ussher, and Vossius and Pearson, and other well-known names, stand out prominently in the history of theological scholarship.

The publication by Baur in the year 1836 of his treatise on the Christ party in Corinth, is a convenient date to adopt for the transition to the historical period of investigation; not that there was not historical investigation before, not that there has not been much controversial writing since; but the historical problem was then first and most clearly stated. It is gradually becoming possible to estimate the limits both of the success and failure of the Tübingen School. We say confidently that every important conclusion of the Tübingen School has been decisively disproved. But although its results have been disproved, its influence and importance are not diminished. Not merely because of the increased interest in the problems of early Church history caused by the conspicuously able exposition of new and startling doctrines, but because it stated these problems in a new way, its influence has been unique. Baur was the first writer who asked himself explicitly, not what does early Christianity prove, but what was it like? And the Church historian since his time must recognize that that is the question he is expected to answer. He must not ask what relation the early Christian books bear to the Thirty-nine Articles or the decrees of the Council of Trent or the Shorter Catechism; he must not ask a great many questions which were never in the writers' minds, but he must ask what were the problems of their day, and how did they answer them? The New Testament does not for him contain a collection of texts proving or disproving certain scholastic theses, but a body of documents moulded by the personality of their writers, bearing witness to different aspects of a common belief held in different ways by different temperaments. The crude distinction of Ebionite and Pauline Christianity is untenable, but every historian recognizes that he must investigate at least five different types of Apostolic teaching as witnesses to the diversity and

and unity of the Apostolic age. He attempts to construct for us a picture of that age as it was; he does not seek to provide us with a polemical weapon. There will still be a place for the dogmatic theologian to use these documents, but his methods will be very different to those of the older teachers. He must possess a training in historical method, and use the conclusions of historical investigation.

Baur succeeded so far as the question he asked was right; he failed because his method was wrong. His object was historical; his method was not scientific. He approached the subject with *à priori* ideas, derived from the philosophy of Hegel. He developed a theory based on a one-sided study of a small number of documents, and then proceeded to re-arrange the dates of the remainder in a manner which would suit his preconceived notions. The opposition to Baur has created a scientific method. The futility of opposing orthodoxy to orthodoxy, the old Christian dogmas to the new Tübingen dogmas, became clear. A method which would enable the date of documents to be fixed, on evidence which would appeal to the unbiassed investigator, was necessary. Such a method has been founded, and is being developed at the present day; and we do not think that we can be accused of insular prejudice in claiming a foremost place in that work for the English, or, more accurately, for the Cambridge school of Church history: for, although it has spread elsewhere, Cambridge is its home. The most scientific works that have been published on Church history are Lightfoot's editions of the 'Apostolic Fathers.'

There is one great principle which must guide our study of the origins of Christianity. We must be able to give an adequate account of its growth. We must work back from the known to the unknown, from the later to the earlier period; and our reconstruction of the earlier period must be such as will explain how the later rose from it. We know the Church as it was in the time of the Council of Nicæa; we can reconstruct it in broad outline as it was at the end of the second century, for from that date onwards we have full and valuable literary remains. At this early date we find a developed ecclesiastical system in existence; there is a canon of New Testament Scripture, a dogmatic position, a creed, a standard of orthodoxy, a hierarchical system. It is not fixed or definite or full-grown as in the fourth century, but it is there in unmistakable outline. The existence of such a system must be explained. Our reconstruction of the Church at the beginning of the second century must be of a character which will account for the development we meet with a little more than half a century



century later. Ecclesiastical history will not allow cataclysms any more than geology; and some recently promulgated theories seem to come perilously near to demanding such assistance. No rational method of writing history will allow us to believe that Christianity suffered a complete transformation in the second century. It developed, it grew, it expanded, as it has grown and developed and expanded since; but the germ from which it started contained the potentialities of the future expansion.

It is our purpose on these lines to attempt the reconstruction of the history of the Church at the beginning of the second century, making use of the materials which have now been vindicated by the labours of many generations of scholars as the genuine remains of the sub-Apostolic Church. These are the Epistle of Clement of Rome to the Corinthians, which competent critics refer almost unanimously to the years 95-97 A.D.; and the letters of Ignatius, the genuineness of which has been conclusively proved, though their date may perhaps be a matter of some uncertainty: tradition and evidence alike ascribe them to a period not much later than the year 110, but readers whose prejudices make this distasteful may adopt Professor Harnack's date of 130-140 without doing any great violence to criticism. The Epistle of Polycarp is contemporary with those of Ignatius; the Epistle of Barnabas is not earlier than the year 80, or later than the year 120; the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles may be approximately assigned to the year 100; the Shepherd of Hermas has been ascribed to the year 100, or the year 140: the former is the more probable, the latter the more common date. There are also a small number of fragments. These then, with a certain amount of apparently trustworthy tradition preserved in writers at the end of the second century, are our authorities, and for our purpose they are absolutely reliable. Their genuineness is as certain as any fact in history; their date within the limits of variation given above equally certain. We shall be treading on sure ground in making use of them to reconstruct a picture of Christianity at the close of the Apostolic period.

The end of the first century and the reign of Trajan (98-117 A.D.) form an epoch alike in the history of the Empire and of the Christian Church. Trajan was the last of the Romans, and the first of the new emperors. He was the last to extend the boundaries of the Empire; he inaugurated the period of beneficent paternal government. For the next century the peoples of the Roman world enjoyed the doubtful advantage

advantage of a secure rule afforded to them without any demand for either exertion or prudence on their part. But if the ultimate advantages of an able despotism to the people who enjoy it are capable of being disputed, the importance of this period of peace to the religious history of the world was unquestionable. A great religious change such as the growth of Christianity is hardly likely to take place when men's minds are occupied with the continuous conflict of defensive wars or of constitutional struggles. The second century of the Roman Empire, by guaranteeing to the mass of the population the enjoyment of accumulated wealth or at any rate of adequate means of subsistence, by cutting them off from almost all forms of vigorous occupation and from every rational ambition, turned their minds inward and concentrated them on religious problems. It provided all the disintegrating elements which would break down old beliefs; it provided a state of society, in which the absence of struggle to occupy men's minds, the necessity of a higher hope than a life which had lost all inspiration could give, the demand for some satisfaction to ungratified spiritual needs, and the conflict of opposing creeds aroused religious thought. And so the second century of the Christian era became one of the great periods of creative religion, more genuinely so than the fourth or fifth. The changes were made in the second century which bore their fruit in the fourth. We know that it was a period of growth in the Christian religion; unless we inspect it closely, we do not realize the immense mass of religious speculation that sprang up side by side with Christianity. The rank growth of foreign religious cults, the unnatural revival under a Stoic emperor of the old Roman religion, the worship of the head of the State, the strange phenomenon of Gnosticism, combine to create a curious picture in the history of human thought. If the Emperor Marcus Aurelius is typical of one side, the Emperor Hadrian with his mental restlessness, his semi-sceptical speculativeness, his vague curiosity, his unformed aspirations after a future life, is typical of another. He shows that hesitating search for truth which finally led all that was best to concentrate itself in the vigorous life and healthy morality and clear rational religion of the nascent Christianity.

And to the Church, too, the close of the first century forms an epoch. A strong and trustworthy tradition tells us that the aged Apostle St. John lingered on at Ephesus to the times of Trajan, and that just at the close of the first century of the Christian era he died. Of the historical importance of his life we shall have to speak later; from the time of his death the

Church

Church is left no longer possessing the inspiration or guidance of the first generation of its teachers, with no living voice to tell it of its Founder, for the battle and the struggle of the coming times. It is just at this point we take up our story. We wish to know what Christianity was at the moment when the last of the Apostles died, at the moment when it started on its contest and struggle with the varied forms of Eastern superstition which contended for the possession of the Roman world.

Our first view of it will be from the side of cultivated Roman society. There are few more charming collections of letters than those of the younger Pliny, and there have been few more charming societies than that to which they introduce us. It is a society of cultivated gentlemen that adorned the reign of Trajan. They are the officials and the lawyers and the literary men who formed the higher part of the Roman aristocracy of the day and provided a portion of the material by means of which that splendid administrative machine, the Roman Empire of the second century, was carried on. They are none of them great men, but they are all capable and efficient men of business; only one is a great writer, but all have attained a high level of culture. We are interested with the consciousness they have of their duties as country gentlemen, in the management of their estates, in the building of a temple, in the erection of a statue, in the foundation of a local charity. They are somewhat rationalistic, but they are not without a pleasing touch of superstition and credulity; they take an interest in scenery and in natural phenomena; they are considerate and thoughtful to their slaves and dependants. Altogether it is a pleasing society. To this literary set belonged the three writers—the younger Pliny himself, the historians Tacitus and Suetonius—from whom we have the earliest non-Christian accounts of Christianity, and we naturally turn to them with interest to find out what they have to say.

Tacitus had investigated the subject with some industry, and had a not incorrect idea of the origin of Christianity. Of its character he had no doubt. Christians were unpopular for their crimes; their religion was a 'detestable superstition'; it comes to Rome because to that city everything that is foul and shameful finds its way. Suetonius is very short: he is content with describing it as 'a new and baneful superstition.' The younger Pliny is brought in contact with it in his province of Bithynia. Although in his experience as a lawyer he had never come across cases in which Christians had appeared—this was because his practice had been entirely in what we call commercial

cial cases—he evidently had heard the worst rumours concerning them. Yet he has the honesty to confess that on investigation these rumours are not corroborated. But although the worst charges are disproved, he is convinced that it is a depraved and immodest superstition; and although its members have committed no offence, yet death is a very suitable punishment for their incurable obstinacy. This was the aspect that Christianity presented to the most humane members of Roman society.

But the letter in which Pliny describes to the Emperor his dealings with the new sect, and the Emperor's reply, are above all valuable as giving a quite unbiassed account of Christian persecution. The common opinion until recently among German critics has been to ascribe the initiation of Christian persecutions to Trajan, whose letter to Pliny, or Rescript, as it is technically called, was, they asserted, the first positive ordinance against the Christians. Dr. Lightfoot pointed out that such a view was untenable, and his opinion has been supported and confirmed by Professor Mommsen in Germany and by Mr. Ramsay in England. We may now take it as proved that the letter of Pliny written early in the second century implies the existence of trials of Christians as a recognized and not uncommon institution, and that the Rescript of Trajan implies the modification of the more severe regulations of his predecessors. Much is and must remain uncertain; but this perhaps may be considered as established. The persecution of the Christians by the Empire began with the crime of Nero, and that act of the Emperor was sufficient to make it illegal. Whether or no there were edicts issued against the Christians generally shortly after the massacres in Rome, as one late writer, perhaps following the lost books of Tacitus, states, we cannot say. At any rate, the very fact that in Rome, before the Emperor or his representative, Christians as such had been condemned, was sufficient to make the accusation a valid one throughout the Empire, and the provincial governors could proceed against Christians as public enemies and guilty of sacrilege by virtue of the *imperium* inherent in their office. Further than this, it early became part of the traditional policy of Rome that the Christians were dangerous to the State, and that Christianity must be suppressed. The future Emperor Titus is represented to us as discussing, after the fall of Jerusalem, what fate should be reserved for that city. The traditional policy of Rome would counsel leniency, but there were reasons in this case on the other side. Jerusalem was the source from which two great evils under which the Empire suffered

suffered had flowed—Judaism and Christianity. They were distinct, even antagonistic; but they had the same origin, and when the home of their birth was destroyed, both, it was calculated, would perish. So the Jewish capital was destroyed and the war against Christianity continued. The Christians are public enemies; their religion is illegal and prohibited; they have no rights before the law; they are always exposed to the most severe repressive measures; they are always liable to imprisonment and death. No government is ever consistent and continuous in persecution; the exact position of a Christian at any moment might vary infinitely according to the personal character of the Emperor, the policy of the provincial governor, the public opinion of the province. The decline of trade or a public calamity, love of popularity or zeal for religion, all might produce persecution. It was not continuous, it was always imminent; no Christian could be certain that he might not find himself called upon at any moment to lay down his life for the creed that he professed.

How severe persecution might be, how much greater it was than has sometimes been supposed, the letter of Pliny is sufficient evidence. It is the accidental record of an outbreak in Bithynia or Pontus. The cause of this seems to have been the injury done to trade by the decay of Paganism: there was no market for sacrificial victims. The governor is a humane man, who narrates the circumstances with fairness but without feeling. It is clear that the number who perished of both sexes and every age was very large. 'The matter seemed to me worth deliberation, especially on account of the number of those in danger; for many of all ages and every rank, and even of both sexes, are brought into present or future danger.' It is often said that the early Christians exaggerated the accounts of the persecutions, that they have told us everything that happened and much more, that they 'concealed nothing and recorded everything.' This instance shows how untrue such a statement is. Here is a provincial persecution of much magnitude, yet we have no information about it except from heathen sources. The accidental preservation of the letters of a Roman governor who was a literary man, warns us that much happened of which we have no record, and has enabled us to realize the early date and terrible character of the laws under which Christianity grew up. But a careful and unbiassed study of early Christian literature would be sufficient to prove this. Behind it all there is a background of persecution.

The First Epistle of St. Peter, the Apocalypse, the Epistle of Clement, the Shepherd of Hermas, the letters of Ignatius, the

Vol. 182.—No. 364.      20      martyrdom

martyrdom of Polycarp—we have enumerated the greater number of early Christian documents,—all alike testify to an atmosphere of persecution. The writer of the Apocalypse is a provincial, an inhabitant of the province of Asia : ‘Rome is on the extreme horizon, and is conceived only as the distant metropolis where the martyrs are sent to suffer the death decreed against them.’ She is ‘Babylon the great, the Woman drunken with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.’ The persecutor is represented as a great beast whom ‘all that dwell in the earth shall worship, save only those that are written in the Book of Life.’ He has authority over every tribe and people and tongue and nation. He speaks blasphemies against God and His Name. He makes war upon the saints. All who do not worship his image shall be killed. All alike, rich and poor, must wear the mark of the beast. Some of the saints have fallen, but some have overcome ; they have preserved the seal of the Lamb upon their foreheads : ‘And they have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.’ No book can show deeper signs of a widespread persecution. The Apocalypse was written not in Rome, but in Asia ; and it shows how Christianity grew up under the continuous danger of a persecution which at times became terrible and almost overwhelming.

The best illustration of the history of the Church from within will be found by following the development of the three churches of which we have most information at this early period.

The Church of Rome, as we meet it first, is a collection of small bodies of Christians who have sprung up round individual and unofficial teachers. The Jews and the floating commercial population, among whom Christianity had first spread, were a nomadic population. Many disciples of St. Paul had, in the course of their business or for other reasons, found their way to Rome,—the drain towards which all the scum of the earth floated, Tacitus would have said ; and around them had grown up small communities, such as those referred to at the end of the Epistle to the Romans. Archæology gives strong evidence for thinking that a large number of those addressed at the end of that Epistle were slaves, probably slaves of the Imperial household. Certainly such a strange mixture of names could have been found nowhere else than in the Roman slave world. Some of them had been formerly slaves of the fallen freedman Narcissus, whose property at his death would be forfeited to the Emperor ; some of them had been members of the household of Aristobulus, a scion of the Herodian family who had spent his days in Rome and left his estate to Claudius. When St.

Paul



Paul came to Rome in the year 60, these small isolated and servile communities grew with incredible rapidity, and by the year 64 Tacitus is able to speak of the 'immense multitude' of Christians. Rome, while St. Paul was there, became the centre of Gentile Christianity. Delegates from the different Gentile Churches would come and go; letters were despatched and received. With St. Paul came that band of companions that followed him in all his journeys. Timothy, Silas, Mark, and many others would add to the teaching of Christianity. But not only St. Paul but also St. Peter came. Into the exact chronology of the visits of the two great teachers, into the many questions which are continually being discussed and always re-opened, it is not our purpose to enter. It is sufficient to say here that in our opinion (and we follow the view of Dr. Lightfoot) the evidence that St. Peter as well as St. Paul taught at Rome is strong and clear. Neither of them was in the most accurate sense the founder of the Church, for a body of Christians had grown up before either of them arrived; but it probably owed its organization and its existence as a strong and powerful body to their united labours, and the tradition of the early Church which headed the list of Roman bishops with Paul and Peter represents a true historical fact.

But a terrible fate was to overtake the Roman Church. The combined evidence of heathen and Christian writers makes the persecution of Nero one of the most real tragedies of history. We can read in the pages of his letter how it impressed Clement, the Roman bishop, himself an early convert to Christianity, and probably a spectator of the scenes he describes; and we may be allowed to sum up its character in the words of Dr. Lightfoot:—

'The suspenses and anxieties of that terrible season when the informer was abroad and every Christian carried his life in his hand must have stamped themselves vividly on his memory. The refined cruelty of the tortures—the impalements and the pitchy tunics, the living torches making night hideous with the lurid flames and piercing cries, the human victims clad in the skins of wild beasts and hunted in the arena, while the populace gloated over these revels and the Emperor indulged his mad orgies—these were scenes which no lapse of time could efface. Above all—the climax of horrors—were the outrages, far worse than death itself, inflicted on weak women and innocent girls.'

Thirty years afterwards, when Clement wrote his letter to the Corinthians, it is these scenes which have impressed themselves vividly on his memory and which he takes as typical examples of what envy could do.

It is towards the end of this century that we again become acquainted with the Roman Church. A secular historian has told us how in the later years of Domitian's life, when his tyranny became excessive, he executed certain members of the Roman nobility on the charge of atheism and Jewish rites. Christian historians have claimed them as Christians, and it has been the custom to speak of this as the second Christian persecution. On this subject there had been a long and vigorous controversy, but the archæological discoveries of De Rossi in Rome have proved conclusively that Christianity was the charge on which they perished. Amongst the names mentioned is a certain M'. Acilius Glabrio, who was Consul in the year 90. In making investigations into the catacomb of St. Priscilla, De Rossi came on a large sepulchral chamber which was the starting-point of the catacomb, and this he discovered to be the burial-place of the Acilii Glabrones. Their social and political position gave them the right of possessing a family burying-place: round this grew up a burying-place of poorer Christians who became dependants on the house, and from their tombs started a Christian catacomb.

But two other names are of even greater interest. The Consul of the year 95, as colleague of Domitian himself, was Titus Flavius Clemens. He was the Emperor's first cousin, and his wife was Domitilla, the Emperor's niece. Their high position did not save them. Domitian seems to have been intensely jealous of his relations. They were accused of atheism and Jewish rites. The husband was executed; the wife was banished to an island. Again Christianity has claimed them, and again archæology has justified the claim. Just as the starting-point of the catacomb of St. Priscilla was the burying-place of the Acilii Glabrones, so the starting-point of the catacombs of St. Domitilla was the burying-place of Flavia Domitilla, the wife of Flavius Clemens. Again we find a Christian community clustering round a great Roman family. But the interest of the discovery is not completed. The father of Flavius Clemens was Titus Flavius Sabinus, the brother of the Emperor Vespasian, who had been city prefect during the persecution of Nero. He was a man of gentle character, deficient it was said in energy, but distinguished for his moderation, for his hatred of bloodshed, for his hesitation to sacrifice the lives of his fellow-citizens. Yet his official position had made him the agent, if the unwilling agent, of the Emperor in that persecution. It is legitimate for the historian to speculate on the effects of those scenes on his character and life. One fact is not a matter of speculation. The son of the chief agent

agent in the Neronian persecution himself died on the charge of complicity with Christianity.

But again we ask, how had Christianity reached this family? We possess what a lengthy series of able criticisms seems to show is a correct and authentic list of the Roman Bishops. The work of Lipsius and Duchesne, corrected and completed by Dr. Lightfoot in the most masterly of all his critical essays, has found a way through the tangled skein of later corruptions, and given us an early and trustworthy historical document. Third in this list is the name of Clemens, and historians have often attempted to realize the connection between the Roman Bishop and the Roman Consul, who were contemporaries, bore the same name, and were both Christians. Some have identified them, but this is impossible. It is more probable that Clement, the Roman Bishop, was a freedman or client of the Flavian house and the family of Clement. Himself brought up perhaps as a Jew, and speaking Greek, he had learnt the religion of Christ from the Apostles themselves. In process of time the strength and moderation of his character raised him to the position of head of the Roman Church, and his relations to the Flavian family made him the means by which Christianity entered a family on the threshold of the Imperial throne.

His name is commemorated by one of the oldest Roman churches, but we possess a memorial of him which to us is far more important. A consensus of early writers ascribes to him a letter written (as internal evidence clearly shows) about the end of the first century by the Church of Rome to the Church of Corinth, and this tradition is almost unanimously accepted. A dissension had arisen in the Corinthian Church—the old spirit of faction, such as we know it from St. Paul's Epistles. 'They had risen up against the duly commissioned rulers of their Church—presbyters who had been appointed by the Apostles themselves, or by those immediately so appointed—and had ejected them from office.' It is with this situation that the Epistle deals, and, as the situation demands, it is a great panegyric of order. Order and harmony are exhibited in the universe; order was the characteristic of the work of our Saviour, order of the army and the state, of the human body, of the Christian society, of the Jewish services; order was the aim of the arrangements made by the Apostles for the government of the Church; to order Clement recalls the Corinthian Church, and then he closes his letter with a great liturgical prayer to Him who is the primal Source of all creation and sovereignty and peace.

Clement is a true representative of the spirit of Rome. He  
is

is Roman in all ways. He is Roman in his sense of order. He is Roman in his comprehensiveness; he combines all the great types of Apostolic doctrine. He is equally indebted to the teaching of St. Paul and St. James. The early Church was a body full of life and vigour, and there were many questions which different teachers approached from different sides. There had been controversies about faith and works, and these two Apostles had taken different, if not actually opposing, views. Clement, however illogically, combines their teaching. 'Wherefore was our father Abraham blessed?' he asks. 'Was it not because he wrought righteousness and truth by faith?' In one place he writes: 'We are not justified by ourselves, nor by works which we wrought in holiness of heart, but by our faith'; but immediately he adds the main contention of St. James, 'Let us work the work of righteousness with all our strength.' A careful historical study of the New Testament shows us that the books contained in it represent five main types of Apostolic teaching. Of these the writings of St. John had probably at this time hardly passed beyond the small circle of his immediate disciples. The remaining four, St. Paul and St. James, St. Peter and the Epistle to the Hebrews, were all well known to Clement, and quoted by him. His theology is built up on Apostolic writings, which clearly belong, even then, to a past generation.

Clement is Roman also in his moderation. He is zealous but not fanatical. All his zeal is controlled by his practical sense, by his love of order, by his power of self-restraint. He had all the power which an intense moderation (to use his own phrase) can give. His reasonableness was inspired by his glowing ardour. His ardour is controlled by a strong reason. And so Clement is rightly typical of all that has been highest and best in Rome and the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome attained its spiritual eminence because it represented order in the midst of chaos, comprehensiveness as opposed to sectarianism, self-restraint as opposed to extravagance, unity as opposed to dissension.<sup>1a</sup> The capacity of ruling is latent in the history of Clement, and it was inherited by the Church of Rome from the Roman Empire.

From Rome we pass to Antioch. And we shall find a great change in the atmosphere with which we are surrounded. We shall pass from the stateliness and dignity and moderation of a writer who (although himself a Jew) has caught much of the dignified spirit of Pagan Rome, and suggests the lines on which Christian Rome developed, to one who interprets Christianity with

with all the fervour of Oriental enthusiasm. The Christianity is the same; the language is the same: for both Clement the Roman and Ignatius the Syrian speak the universal Greek. But in the disposition and character of the writers the difference is immense.

Antioch was the third city of the Empire, the head of the great province of Syria. Situated a few miles from the mouth of the river Orontes, it was the great emporium of the trade of the East. A Greek city founded by the Seleucid successors of Alexandria, it was famous for the beauty of its situation, the magnificence of its buildings, the luxury, the turbulence, the fickleness, the dissoluteness of its inhabitants. It was an outpost of Greek civilization, but a Greek civilization which had been demoralized by contact with Orientalism. Writers have vied with one another in rhetorical descriptions of the groves of Daphne, where the greatest beauty of nature and of art, groves of sweet-scented trees, rippling streams, colonnades and porticoes adorned with beautiful statues, were consecrated to the services of an immorality sanctified by religion. Juvenal has told us how the Orontes had flowed into the Tiber, and it was the most impressive way of describing the degradation brought to Rome by its Eastern population. The ministers to every form of degraded luxury, the panders to every base art, quacks and magicians and soothsayers, the devotees of all the lowest forms of Eastern religion, had found their way from Antioch to Rome. For its wealth, its violence, its turbulence, and its degradation, Antioch was unsurpassed in the Oriental world.

It had played an important part in the history of Christianity. It had been the home and centre of the Gentile Church. Here the fugitives from the earliest persecutions preached to the Greeks; here came Saul and Barnabas; here the disciples were first called Christians—that is, received from the Gentile population a name marking them out as distinct from the Jews. Hence Barnabas and Saul went forth on their first missionary journey; here first disputes arose as to the obligation of the law on the Gentile converts; here took place the great discussion between St. Paul and St. Peter:—the history of Antioch in Apostolic times closes with a bold vindication of Christian liberty.

By the end of the second century there existed a list of Bishops of Antioch,—a list the historical character of which there is no reason to doubt. First in it comes Evodius, second Ignatius, of whose life, or rather of the end of whose life, one strange episode is known. He had been condemned as a Christian to perish by the wild beasts in Rome, and we meet him being led through

through Asia by a small company of soldiers—bound to ten leopards, he describes it. He arrives at Smyrna, and is hospitably entertained there by the Church and its Bishop Polycarp. Thither came to meet him delegates from the neighbouring churches with their bishops at their head. From Ephesus, from Magnesia, from Tralles (invited by messengers who warned them of his approach), they came to greet the martyr Bishop. At Smyrna Ignatius wrote four letters,—to the churches of Tralles, Magnesia, and Ephesus by the hands of their bishops, and to the Church of Rome. From Smyrna he went to Troas, and thence wrote letters to Philadelphia, to Smyrna, and to Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. We can trace his journey as far as Philippi, and then he vanishes from our knowledge. All subsequent ages have honoured him as the typical martyr of Church history, and to that title his letter to the Romans well qualifies him, but of his martyrdom itself no authentic history has come down to us. Just one episode in these last days we know, and no more. He flashes across the page of history and is lost again.

Ignatius, as is well known, appears in his letters as the champion of orthodoxy and episcopacy. The Churches of Asia were troubled, and had been since the Apostles' days troubled, by a form of false teaching which to our modern ideas is singularly strange. Technically it is known as 'Judaistic Docetism.' It denied the reality of Christ's human life and human sufferings. There is something significant in the fact that this should have been the earliest form of false teaching to which Christianity was exposed. Influenced, however unconsciously, by Oriental dualism, men found the thought of a union between God and man almost inconceivable. Their half-Manichean ideas of suffering and evil would not allow them to believe that the Divine had been contaminated with suffering. The Church teaching that Jesus was Divine was too strong to be denied and too attractive to be given up. They could believe that God had dwelt among men; they could not believe that He became man; and they denied the Incarnation by denying the humanity. It is not until the middle of the second century that there is any record of a purely humanitarian teaching on the person of Christ. To deny His Divinity was an after-thought; to deny His humanity was an early form of error. Against such teaching the writings of Ignatius are an almost continuous protest. Its adherents he attacks in the severest language. Indirectly he condemns it by a strong assertion of the reality of Christ's humanity, of the reality of His sufferings, of the reality and union of the two natures. The intense  
personal



personal bearing of this religion may be shown by a short extract:—

'If these things were done by our Lord in semblance, then am I also a prisoner in semblance. And why then have I delivered myself over to death, unto fire, unto sword, unto wild beasts? But near to the sword, near to God; in company with wild beasts, in company with God. Only let it be the Name of Jesus Christ, so that we may suffer together with Him. I endure all things, seeing that He Himself enableth me, who is perfect Man.'

Again and again he lays stress on the reality of all the historical appearances of Christ. The divine, the historical, the suffering Christ, is the centre of all his teaching. Christ is the end of his worship, his hope, and his life.

And it is for this reason that he is the champion of Episcopacy. The Bishop is to him the guarantee of unity and harmony and purity of doctrine. He does not care for episcopacy for its own sake, yet his language will seem surprising to many modern readers.

'Let all men respect the deacons as Jesus Christ, even as they should respect the bishop as being a type of the Father and the presbyters as the council of God and as the college of Apostles. Apart from these there is not the name of a church. . . . He that is within the sanctuary is clean; but he that is without the sanctuary is not clean,—that is, he that doeth aught without the bishop and presbytery and deacons, this man is not clean in his conscience. . . . But these divisions are the beginnings of evil. Do ye all follow your bishop, as Jesus Christ followed the Father, and the presbytery as the Apostles; and to the deacons pay respect as to God's commandment. Let no man do aught of things pertaining to the Church apart from the bishop. Let that be held a valid Eucharist which is under the bishop or one to whom he shall have committed it. Whosoever the bishop shall appear, there let the people be; even as where Jesus may be, there is the universal Church. It is not lawful, apart from the bishop, either to baptize or to hold a love feast: but whatsoever he shall approve that is well-pleasing also to God, that everything which ye do may be sure and valid.'

It is not necessary to quote more. Episcopacy in the opinion of Ignatius is part of the necessary and natural constitution of the Church. It is not a new institution, it is of Apostolic origin; it is not local, he looks upon it as universal; it was necessary for valid sacraments, as a pledge of order and authority; the bishop was a necessary condition of a true Church, and a pledge of true religious teaching.

Six of the letters of Ignatius are controversial. The seventh, that to the Romans, stands apart as unique in Christian or any literature.

literature. It is singular for its bold Oriental metaphors, for its unrestrained exuberance of style and feeling, for its intense depths of religious earnestness, for its strange fervent eagerness for martyrdom. It begins by enumerating the excellences and glories of the Roman Church: 'the Church that is beloved and enlightened; her that hath the presidency in the country of the region of the Romans; worthy of God, worthy of felicitation, worthy of praise, worthy of success, worthy of purity, having the presidency of love.' The cause of his writing is his fear that the Roman Church may use its influence to save him from martyrdom.

'I dread your very love lest it do me an injury. Of my own free will I die for God. . . . Let me be given to the wild beasts, for through them I can attain unto God.'

He describes his death in a metaphor which is very strange, but is often quoted:—

'I am God's wheat, and I am ground by the teeth of wild beasts that I may be found pure bread. . . . Now I am beginning to be a disciple. May naught of things visible and things invisible envy me; so that I may attain unto Jesus Christ. Come fire and cross and grapplings with wild beasts, wrenching of bones, hacking of limbs, crushings of my whole body, come cruel tortures of the devil to assail me. Only be it mine to attain unto Jesus Christ. . . . The pangs of a new birth are upon me. . . . Permit me to be an imitator of the passion of my God. . . . My lust hath been crucified, and there is no fire of material longing in me, but only water, . . . saying within me, Come to the Father. I have no delight in the food of corruption or in the delights of this life. I desire the bread of God, which is the flesh of Christ, who was of the seed of David; and for a draught I desire His blood, which is love incorruptible.'

The metaphors may be unrestrained, the language exaggerated—the extracts we have selected show that well—but there is no sign of unreality. We cannot fail to feel the sincerity, and the depth of the enthusiasm revealed. If we compare these writings with the self-restraint of Clement, we are astonished at the contrast; but yet the beliefs of the two are the same. It is when we realize the force and power of the Gospel in such different characters and dispositions that we learn the cause of its universal and rapid spread. The world can show few things more striking than this glowing untempered zeal for martyrdom which overpowers all earthly longings.

The life of Ignatius has already taken us to Asia, but the history of Christianity in that province demands a more detailed study. The word Asia is, it must be remembered,  
invariably

invariably used at this period to mean the Roman province of that name. It included the upland plains of Phrygia, famous in mythology as the home of the wild orgies of the goddess whom the Greeks called Cybele, conspicuous in Christian history as the home of Montanism. It included Mysia, Lydia, and Caria, the sea-coasts of Ionia, and the islands of the Ægean. It was a land of great and ancient cities: chief among them was Ephesus; but Smyrna, Miletus, Pergamum, Sardis, and the cities of the Mæander and Lycus valleys, Tralles, Laodicea, Colossæ, Hierapolis, besides many more, have won a name both in secular and in Christian history.

The real establishment of Christianity in this district dates from St. Paul's lengthy sojourn in Ephesus, when 'all they that dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord, both Jews and Greeks.' It is needless to repeat all the events in this early period. The burning of the books of the magicians is a striking illustration of the character of the popular religion of the day; the outbreak in the theatre is typical of many a later persecution of the Christians. We must pass over the final farewell of St. Paul to the elders of the Church at Miletus, the Epistles of the captivity—those to the Colossians and Philemon, and that circular letter, a copy of which we possess, addressed to the Ephesians—the letters addressed to Timothy, although from all alike we might learn under Dr. Lightfoot's guidance much which the ordinary reader fails to see. About the year 63 the troubles which culminated in the fall of Jerusalem broke out, and had a marked effect on the Christian history of the province of Asia. The Church of Jerusalem was dispersed, and one if not several members of the Apostolic body settled there in their old age. That St. John did so we have ample evidence; that St. Andrew did so there is some although less proof. It is more certainly true of a Philip who was generally called the Apostle, but probably was the Evangelist. St. John settled at Ephesus, where his grave was shown in the second century; Philip at Hierapolis, where his daughters were famous as prophetesses. During the last thirty years of the first century, the most obscure period in Christian history, Asia, more especially Ephesus, was the centre of Christian tradition. Here, on the shores of the Ægean, were heard the last echoes of the Gospel message; here lived and died the last of those who had seen the Lord; here the last record of the memories of the Sea of Galilee was written down, and for a time there lingered on traditions of the life and teaching of the Founder of Christianity.

Round the figure of St. John in his old age there gather a  
number

number of stories testifying to the many-sided character of one who combined the attributes of the Son of Thunder and the Apostle of Love. But two sets of traditions are of far greater importance than the rest—those that identify him with the author of the Gospel and Epistles that bear his name, and those that ascribe to him the organization of the Christian Churches of Asia. The Gospel and First Epistle of St. John are undoubtedly the production of the same author, and there is an early and consistent tradition ascribing them to St. John and to his residence at Ephesus. A careful examination of the works themselves will reveal the fact that the author had clearly in view opinions which he held to be erroneous on the person of Christ, and these he combats in the Epistle directly, in the Gospel implicitly. 'Any spirit which confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and any spirit which confesseth not Jesus is not of God.' The teaching thus combated was a Docetic view of the person of Christ, a denial of the reality of His humanity. Now we have already found in the Epistles of Ignatius evidence of the existence in these regions of Judaic Docetism, and such teaching we find referred to in almost every document which comes from Asia. It is suggested in St. Paul's speech to the elders at Miletus, it is implied in the Epistle to the Colossians, it is attacked in the Pastoral Epistles. But more than this, we are definitely told, and the tradition is strong and independent, that there was a contemporary of St. John of the name of Cerinthus, whose teaching is described as being of this Judaistic and Docetic character. These various traditions and independent chains of evidence corroborate one another. All alike imply the existence of a similar type of teaching in the province of Asia. They enable us to construct a definite picture of the ecclesiastical controversies there at the close of the first century. The Gospel and Epistle could only have been written under certain surroundings, and these are exactly supplied by the condition of the Church of Ephesus at the end of the first century and at no other time.

A chain of good evidence also connects St. John with the organization of the churches of the province of Asia. Irenæus, the pupil of Polycarp, tells us that Polycarp was 'appointed by Apostles bishop of the Church in Smyrna.' And elsewhere, that 'the Church of Ephesus, where John survived to the time of Trajan, is a trustworthy witness of the Apostolic tradition.' Clement of Alexandria represents the Apostle, during his later years when he resided at Ephesus, as going about 'appointing bishops in some places, establishing whole churches in others, ordaining clergy in others.' Other writers corroborate this testimony.

testimony. Again we shall find our tradition independently confirmed. A few years later Ignatius visits these churches and finds them all organized, with the three primitive orders of bishops, priests, and deacons existing as an established and integral part of the Church. Such a position implies that they were not a new body, but had existed some considerable time, at least from the days of the Apostle John. The traditions, which are independent of these letters, find themselves corroborated by them.

Round the Apostle there was collected a body of disciples who carried on to another generation the memories that he had preserved. There was one Aristion, who is probably identified by Mr. Conybeare's brilliant discovery with the writer of that summary account of the Resurrection which we call the last twelve verses of St. Mark; there was, perhaps, the Presbyter John, a somewhat hazy if not mythical figure, who has played a greater part in modern controversy than he did in real life; there was Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, who wrote an exposition of the Lord's oracles, some few fragments of which, preserved by Eusebius, have been the parent of a weighty progeny of Teutonic literature; there was, above all, Polycarp, whose life we have now to follow.

He was born about the year 70, a date we can fix with considerable accuracy, for he was martyred about the year 155, and in the account of his martyrdom he is represented as saying, 'Fourscore and six years have I been His servant, and He hath done me no wrong. How, then, can I blaspheme my King, who saved me?' There are four epochs in his life. We meet him first as a young man, the companion and disciple of the aged Apostle, and by him appointed Bishop of the Church in Smyrna. 'Long years afterwards it was his delight in old age to relate to his younger friends what he had heard from eyewitnesses of the Lord's earthly life, and more especially to dwell on his intercourse with the Apostle St. John.' A few years after the death of the Apostle the martyr Ignatius passes through Asia on his way to Rome; he halts at Smyrna, where he receives assiduous attention from Polycarp. In almost all his letters he speaks affectionately of him. From Troas he writes to Polycarp himself:—

'The season requires thee as pilots require wind, and as a storm-tossed mariner a haven, that it may attain unto God. Be sober as God's athlete; it is the part of a great athlete to receive blows and to conquer.'

Meanwhile Ignatius had charged Polycarp to write to the churches

churches lying eastward, and to entreat them to send letters and delegates to Antioch. He had given the same advice to the Philippians, and they had written to Polycarp asking him to forward their letter. He replied, and his letter is preserved to us: he congratulates the Philippians on their attention to Ignatius; he sends them copies of all the letters of Ignatius that he possesses, and he asks them to communicate to him any letters they may possess. So grew up our present collection of the Ignatian letters.

The province of Asia continued to be a centre of Christian life, and we find Polycarp in his old age the teacher of a younger band of disciples. One of them, Irenæus, afterwards Bishop of Lyons in Gaul, the great ecclesiastical writer of the end of the second century, has left us his reminiscences of these days:—

‘I distinctly remember the incidents of that time better than the events of recent occurrence; for the lessons received from childhood growing with the growth of the soul became identified with it; so that I can tell the very place in which the blessed Polycarp used to sit when he discoursed, and his goings out and his comings in, and his manner of life, and his personal appearance, and the discourses which he held before the people, and how he would describe his intercourse with John, and with the rest of those who had seen the Lord, and how he would relate their words. And whatsoever things he had heard from them about the Lord and about His miracles and about His teaching Polycarp, as having received them from eye-witnesses of the life of the Word, would relate altogether in accordance with the Scriptures.’

‘The place,’ says M. Renan, ‘was without doubt one of the terraces on the slope of Mount Pagus, whence we descry the sparkling bay and its beautiful girdle of mountains. . . . An echo of Galilee thus made itself heard, at a distance of a hundred and twenty years, on the shores of another sea.’

One last incident in his life connects Polycarp with the See of Rome. The great controversies had begun between the Roman and Asiatic Churches on the date of keeping Easter, controversies which at a later date almost created a schism. Polycarp visited Rome in 154, then a very old man, apparently to discuss this question. No agreement was arrived at, but it is specially recorded that, as a sign that differences of opinion on such a point should not be allowed to break the harmony that prevailed, Polycarp celebrated the Eucharist in the Roman Church; and this incident was quoted in a later age when differences had become more acute as a sign of the peace and harmony of an earlier time. It was not long after this that the end came. A letter, written by the Church of Smyrna



Smyrna very shortly after the event, is still preserved, giving us an account of Polycarp's martyrdom. The writer finds or fancies analogies to the death of the Lord, he finds miracles in events which might well be natural, but he has written an account without exaggeration or affectation, the historical character of which no one could doubt. Polycarp died adhering firmly to the faith in which he had lived, and it was related how that day his disciple, Irenæus, then in Rome, seemed to hear a voice saying to him, Polycarp has been martyred.

The individuality of Polycarp is as marked as that of either Ignatius or Clement, but differs strongly from both. His letter reflects it well. It is singularly unoriginal, singularly unimaginative, a mere cento of quotations; but it exactly corresponds to the character of the writer. He was above all the stubborn, strenuous adherent of the tradition and the teaching of his youth. He kept an unrelaxing, unwearying hold of the word that was delivered to him from the beginning. Amid the changes and variations of the times, amid the plausibilities of false teachers, he stood 'firm as an anvil beneath the hammer's stroke,'—so Ignatius had written; and his character and life are facts of supreme importance in estimating the continuity of Christian teaching. The Apostle John lived to a great age and died about the year 100; his pupil, Polycarp, lived beyond the middle of the next century; the pupil of Polycarp was Irenæus. Irenæus has left us a work which sums up all the main points of Christian custom and teaching in his own day. To ascribe everything that he teaches to his instructors would be absurd: events had moved rapidly; thought was vigorous; new situations had arisen, and new ideas were in the air. But it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the outlines of the traditions which Irenæus taught had come from the Apostle John, and represented the teaching and ideas of early Christianity. Christianity grew and developed, but there was no cataclysm or break of continuity in its history; it developed on the lines which its first teachers had laid down. One solid basis of fact that assures us of this is the life of Polycarp the Elder.

The development of the Church was conditioned by the fact that Christianity was an unlicensed religion; its earlier years therefore were passed in a state of semi-obscurity. Its meetings would be only in private houses, and any open or obvious organization was impossible. In one direction, however, the Church would early be brought in contact with the State. Some place and method were necessary to enable it to bury its dead.

Many

Many of its members were of the lowest orders, whose bodies would naturally be consigned to the slave pits, but who now regarded their earthly remains as objects of reverential care. How could the Church acquire and hold land for the purpose? The difficulty seems to have been evaded at Rome by the system which developed into the Catacombs. Members of the wealthier classes who were Christians, appear to have allowed burial-places for the poorer classes in the community to be excavated in the plot of ground they had secured for themselves and their family, and this formed the starting-point of the huge underground cemeteries. In Asia archaeology has recorded to us another method. Mr. Ramsay has discovered a large number of tombs, evidently Christian in character, in which the community is mentioned under some enigmatical name. Although private societies or '*collegia*,' as they were called, which had or might conceal a political aim were vigorously suppressed, similar bodies with a religious object or for the purposes of burial were allowed to exist. The former object was impossible in the case of the Christian, for his religion was unauthorized; the latter was open to him. The assumed name was probably a somewhat transparent disguise which satisfied an easy official conscience. In any case we find the Christians of the interior portions of Asia Minor known officially by such names as '*the Brethren*,' '*the neighbourhood of the First-Gate people*'; '*the Neotheroi*,' '*those who are bathed in purple*.'

We should find one of these communities, if we were to examine it, a small well-organized body with a strong sense of its own unity, bound together by the ties of a common religion and life, by the possession of a deep inexpressible knowledge, by the consciousness that its members were the elect and chosen of the one only God. Their act of initiation had been baptism—a rite which impressed itself on the imagination with deep spiritual significance far greater than we can realize. Baptism had implied the acceptance of a simple but clear profession of faith, of a high standard of personal life, and a willingness to submit to the discipline and order vested in the community. This local church was governed by a body of officers whose authority rested on direct commission from the original founders of the Church. They had been appointed by the Apostles, or by those who had themselves been thus appointed, and they as a body were the depositaries of the traditions of teaching then received, of the books then or since delivered to them, of the baptismal creed which formulated that teaching. They consisted of a body of presbyters or elders, one of whom, the Bishop, was president of the community, and exercised

exercised in his own person or by delegation all its spiritual functions. The supremacy of the Bishop is more marked in an early document like the letters of Ignatius than at a later time, when his functions were constantly delegated to presbyters at different churches. The duties of the presbyters were mainly those of instruction and government; they were the body who with their president, the Bishop, directed and regulated the affairs of the church. The deacons were the attendants on the Bishop: they assisted him in his spiritual functions, they distributed the bread and wine at the Eucharist, they were employed in the distribution of alms. Already in the time of Hermas we hear of one who was guilty of fraud in this capacity. The position of women in the East made a further order of deaconesses necessary, whose place seems in some churches to have been occupied by widows.

If on one side the Church was a body with spiritual aims, on another it was what we should call a 'benefit' society. This characteristic was typified by the common meal or 'love feast,' when the poor feasted at the expense of the rich. Originally connected with the rites of Christian worship, it was separated probably early in the second century; the Eucharist being transferred to the morning, the common meal remaining in the evening, and the change being made at a time when the existence of the common meal might have led to the Christian community being looked on as an unauthorized college. This idea of a benefit club was kept up by the distribution of alms collected at the regular church assemblies. They were bestowed on the widows and orphans, on those in prison for the faith, on the entertainment of strangers and travellers. A regular list was kept of all members of the community. It contained the names of the Bishop and other officers; of the widows, orphans, and all those who received alms; of the ordinary members of the community. All alike were subject to very severe discipline—a discipline which could be exercised with great force, for in the minds, at any rate, of most of its members, exclusion from the visible society meant exclusion from the heavenly rewards. Moral failure, denial of the faith in persecution, unauthorized teaching, might all alike lead to excommunication. Public confession and admonition—probably, in some undeveloped form, a penitential system—already existed.

But the Christian bodies were not isolated communities. Both in theory and practice they were members of a great organization which stretched over the whole civilized world, an intangible network hidden under the surface. They were bound together in theory. The doctrine of the Church, an

expansion of the Jewish belief of a chosen people, was one of the earliest ideas which obtained a strong hold on the popular mind. How strong may be seen by the effect it had on the mind of the slave Hermas,—a half-educated member of the Roman community,—who through a long series of visions is always coming back to the idea of a church. Now it is the aged woman, who can become younger and fairer in face; now it is the tower built on a rock which is the Son of God, with stones collected from all the nations upon earth. The Christian communities were bound together by the consciousness that they were members of a larger community. They were bound together in practice also. The organization which grew up not much later than this, consisting of councils of bishops of the same or neighbouring provinces, did not probably as yet exist, but a practical unity and harmony were kept up by the letters sent from church to church, by occasional meetings of bishops, by visits of delegates and travellers such as the life of Ignatius suggests, by the assistance sent from richer to poorer churches, by the custom of commendatory letters. Amongst the most important of the practical virtues in the early Church was that of hospitality, a fact which enables us to realize the character of the early Christian communities. It had that peculiar strength which Judaism has so often had in the world's history,—that of a strong, self-contained, detached organization existing within a larger one. It had what Judaism did not have, the seeds of expansion and growth. There was nothing complex in its organization. Every community was able to exist by itself, but yet it was closely bound with every other. All Christians were united by common beliefs and aims. They were all baptized into one Church and one Name. They had one faith and one hope. And to whatever city a Christian might go, he would, if he had full credentials, find a home and hospitality and friends. It was just that type of organization—and it existed as such from the very beginning—that a well-governed empire would dread.

The unity of the community was obtained by the unity of its services. The central act of worship seems from the beginning to have been the Eucharist. The unity of the different communities was maintained by the fact that every Christian with proper letters was admitted to the Eucharist of another church. The importance of this service we learn alike from the letters of Ignatius and the 'Teaching of the Apostles.'

'Be ye careful therefore to observe one Eucharist,' writes Ignatius, 'for there is one flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ, and one cup unto union in His blood. . . . Assemble yourselves together in common . . . breaking

... breaking one bread which is the medicine of immortality, and the antidote that we should not die but live for ever in Jesus Christ.'

There is no record of the form of the service until the middle of the second century, but the account then given by Justin presents us with a structure which is the same as that of the Roman Mass of the present day, and equally of the English Communion Service. On the day of the Sun there is the meeting together of all who dwell in the cities and in the country. First are read the memoirs of the Apostles and the writings of the Prophets; then comes an address of admonition and consolation from the President; then follow prayers 'for ourselves . . . and for all others elsewhere, that we may be counted worthy to be found right livers and keepers of the commandment, that we may be saved with the eternal salvation.' Then comes the kiss of peace. Bread and wine are offered, and the President offers up prayer and thanksgiving to the best of his power. Then they all partake of that for which thanks have been given. To them that are absent a portion is sent by the deacons. A collection is also made for widows and orphans, or those in prison and captivity, and for the entertainment of travellers. The words of the Eucharistic prayer were not fixed, but very early a tradition would grow up in each community. In the Epistle of Clement we have such a prayer preserved, and it presents a marked resemblance in diction to the later Liturgical formularies.

The service would be held in the large room of a private house. At one end would sit the Bishop facing the people, and on each side of him would be the presbyters; in front stood the altar (a name which it assumed in the second century), and beyond, facing the altar, would be the people. Men and women would be separated. How far at this time there was a distinction in the places assigned to catechumens and penitents, we cannot say.

But what were the beliefs behind this organization and worship? It would be easy, of course, to devote many volumes to the discussion of this point, and probably our conclusions would be indecisive. A clearer and more truthful view will be gained by conciseness. All our three main authorities agree in recognizing what, in the language of later theology, we may call the Trinitarian formula. That was clearly the common heritage of the Christian churches. But while the second article impressed itself from the beginning on the mind of the Church, the third was not yet prominent, and often ignored. The central point of early Christian

teaching is Christ—Christ historical and Christ divine. There are different stages of comprehension, there are different modes of expression, but to all alike His name sums up the Christian's hope. We have already remarked how the earliest form of false teaching to which we can ascribe a formal existence denied not the Divinity but the humanity of Christ. Equally striking is it that the direct ascription to Him of the term God is more common at an earlier than a later period. The term was liable to misinterpretation, and phrases which Ignatius pours forth with Oriental exuberance would have offended the careful language of a later time. There is no hesitation or doubt: Christ divine, pre-existent, incarnate, the Redeemer, the Source of all spiritual life, is the central idea:—

'There is one only physician, of flesh and of spirit, generate and ingenerate, God in man, true Life in death, Son of Mary and Son of God, first passible and then impassible, Jesus Christ our Lord.'

So writes Ignatius, in language which a later age might have considered formally incorrect, but which no one who can see realities can mistake. Equally clear is the idea of the redemption through Christ. The present day will hardly quarrel with the Apostolic Fathers because they had no theory on the subject. We are beginning to recognize how dangerous theories on such subjects are. But the idea of redemption, of salvation, of atonement, is clear and decisive. We might illustrate it from any one of the Apostolic Fathers; the following quotation from Clement will suffice:—

'Let us fix our eyes on the blood of Christ and understand how precious it is unto His Father, because, being shed for our salvation, it won for the whole world the grace of repentance.'

Equally remarkable is the strong sense of proportion. The early Church laid great stress on organization. Almost every document of this period touches on the question directly or indirectly. Yet the organization is always kept properly subordinate to the teaching for which it exists. Great stress is laid on Baptism and the Eucharist, yet these are always kept subordinate to the doctrines which give them a meaning. Doctrine is recognized as important, but it is always doctrine in harmony with life. Christian belief was always expected to lead up to and come forth in a high and pure life, a life of dignity and order, of devotion and love:—

'Let him that hath love in Christ,' says Clement, 'fulfil the commandments of Christ. Who can declare the bond of the love of God? Who is sufficient to tell the majesty of its beauty? The height



height whereunto love exalteth is unspeakable. Love joineth us unto God; love covereth a multitude of sins. . . . In love were all the elect of God made perfect; without love nothing is well pleasing to God: in love the Master took us unto Himself; for the love which He had towards us Jesus Christ our Lord hath given His blood for us by the will of God, and His flesh for our flesh, and His life for our lives.'

But this teaching is not anything new. The Christian writings of the beginning of the second century presuppose the writings of the Apostolic age. Behind the teaching, such as it is represented to us by Clement or Ignatius, there must have been a history and a theology such as is given to us by the writings contained in the Canon. Even if we had no certain evidence of the earlier existence of these writings, we should be compelled to postulate such documents. The sub-Apostolic teaching implies the existence of the Apostolic. And when we come to examine our documents, we find that as a matter of fact they do contain quotations from or references to the literature which we possess and which claims to be Apostolic. The Apostolic Fathers occupy an intermediate position. In the Apostolic age the only Scriptures known are those inherited from the Jewish Church. By the end of the second century the New Testament books are on a level with the Old Testament. In the period between we can trace the growth of the New Testament Canon. Once we find St. Matthew's Gospel quoted as 'Scripture'; but though generally the idea of a New Testament has hardly arisen, yet the New Testament books are used. We have clear quotations from almost all the Epistles of St. Paul, from that of St. James, and from the First of St. Peter. Both Papias and Polycarp quoted the First Epistle of St. John, and that implies the existence of his Gospel. Ignatius seems to quote the Gospel itself. There are probable but not certain references to the Acts of the Apostles. About the Synoptic Gospels it is difficult to be dogmatic. This much is clear, that the Apostolic Fathers made use of a Gospel or Gospels which contained a narrative and incidents indistinguishable from those in the Gospels we possess. The Apostolic Fathers prove the earlier existence of Apostolic teaching and Apostolic books.

It is not, of course, maintained that every statement which has been made in the foregoing account of the sub-Apostolic Church has been clearly proved. Popular exposition demands a certain amount of dogmatism, and makes it impossible to distinguish the exact shade of probability in the evidence for each separate statement. What is maintained as being proved is this. Modern research has clearly shown that we possess a  
body

body of writings dating from the close of the first or beginning of the second century. Their genuineness has been established, and they prove the existence at that date of a clearly-defined and generally diffused Christianity, which may be viewed in relation either to its future development or to its past history. With regard to the future, we find every element already existing which goes to make up the conception of the Catholic Church—as it is known to us at the end of the second century. Historians may devote their ability to tracing the modifications, the development, the expansion of these ideas, but they must recognize that the 'Catholic' conceptions of Christianity exist, in a somewhat inchoate form it may be, clearly and definitely as early as this. With regard to the past, we have not attempted to discuss the origin of any of the institutions we have described. That is another and a difficult problem. But it has been made clear that that problem is one which exists within certain narrow limits. The historian has no longer the 150 years which Baur indulged in. He is reduced to a period of not more than 70. All the books of the Canon, all the larger and more important ones at least, must have been written before the year 100. Before that date the Christianity of the Apostolic Fathers must have developed. The problem of the origin of Christianity has still to be faced, but it is reduced to smaller dimensions when we realize that Catholic Christianity, using the term in the sense which Baur affixed to it, had developed by the end of the first century.

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- ART. VI.—1. *The Renaissance of the English Drama.* By Henry Arthur Jones. London, 1895.  
 2. *The published Plays of Henry Arthur Jones.* London, 1895.  
 3. *The published Plays of Arthur W. Pinero.* London, 1895.  
 4. *Die Ehre, Schauspiel in vier Akten.* Von Hermann Sudermann. Stuttgart, 1894.  
 5. *Heimat, Schauspiel in vier Akten.* Von Hermann Sudermann. Stuttgart, 1895.

NOVELTY is the keynote of the dying century. With the 'New Woman' and the 'New Humour' we have also the 'New Drama.' It is the way of expiring centuries, when phase is arbitrarily mistaken for finality, and growth readily regarded as departure. There are dramatists among us of high ambitions and bold attempts; we are promised in time a 'school' of such dramatists. 'Good plays,' writes Mr. Jones, 'cannot be written singly; they can be written only in an atmosphere of good plays, and amongst a crowd of writers of good plays.' By 'a modern National Drama' he understands one 'put in connection with all that is vital and preservative and honourable in English life.' It will be interesting to examine aspirations before we criticize performances; and we shall be aided in our survey if we preface our remarks by a consideration of the boundaries assigned by art to the theatre. In so doing we must review, however superficially, the history of things dramatic.

The best minds have always recognized limits which have differed with the functions of the stage at different periods. The Greeks insisted on 'Harmonies and Unities' because their drama was statuesque. Their themes were heroic,—great destinies and sudden reverses; but the representation was cold, stately, chiselled. The distractions of violent movement or changeable surroundings were regarded as discords in the tragic rhythm. 'High passions and high actions,' to borrow the Miltonic phrase, were the scope of Attic drama; the language was that of solemn declamation; and when Euripides endeavoured to humanize demi-gods and to recall Athens from Olympus, he became ironic and was deemed sacrilegious. Epopee and the friezes of the Parthenon were the models of Greek tragedy. With comedy it was otherwise. Aristophanes could run riot; Menander may have been homely; but even here, Thalia presided; the diction was never prosaic, the meaning always high-pitched. In a word, the drama was a vehicle for poetry. It was an epic in action. There was no demarcation of the dramatic from the theatrical.

The

The Roman comedy was a vulgarization of the Athenian. Terence and Plautus simply adapted and gave types, not characters; but they preserved a literary form, and the prosaic was veiled in verse. With the mediæval mystery-play we revert to the origins of the drama; it appealed in a clumsy fashion to rude audiences, and was in truth a sort of religious 'Punch and Judy'; but the coarse satire and careless construction of these 'Fescennine' compositions proved the seed of development. It dawned on men that comedy and tragedy are two aspects of one life; that the sublime and the ludicrous are close neighbours; that majesty mirrored in iambs, passion bursting into lyrics, and the commonplace clothed in homespun prose, all correspond to co-existences in fact. When once the Italian Renaissance set our great Elizabethan school in action, the theatre was destined to witness neither pure tragedies nor pure comedies, but both in associated proportions; the living demanded life, and life is an April day. The 'Laughing Tear' became the signboard of the theatre; the individual began to assert itself; the harmonies and unities vanished, and Shakespeare reigned in their stead. But none the less Shakespeare and his contemporaries recognized limits. For them the dramatic was not always theatrical. So bent were they on stage requirements that they deplored and even resented the publication of their plays.

'It hath been no custom in me of all other men (courteous readers) to commit my plays to the press,' writes Thomas Heywood.\* 'The reason, though some may attribute to my own insufficiency, I had rather subscribe, in that to their severe censure, than by seeking to avoid the imputation of weakness to incur greater suspicion of honesty; for, though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press, I here proclaim myself ever faithful to the first and never guilty of the last.'

They were 'ever faithful to the first,' and compassed great plays, not immortal books. By a strange perversity the print from which they recoiled was their passport to eternity. The reason, apart from the obvious one of theatrical evanescence, is not far to seek. Genius is evidenced more by treatment than by subject. The subject is the creature of its day; it is the atmosphere breathed by contemporaries. The treatment marks the interpreter of universal nature. Though the tiny corner of the stage may become inadequate, a fine dramatic work will always delight the world. The Elizabethan, like all truly great drama, is beyond the particularities of its time and place.

\* Preface to the 'Rape of Lucrece.'

To the Elizabethan drama succeeded the spurious classicism of French influence and the metallic smartness of the Restoration comedy. Shakespeare practically went out of vogue until Garrick revived him; even Sheridan's wit inclined to the comedy of types, and the study of character was reserved for the novelist. There followed the Mahogany Age and the Mahogany Drama; second-class presentations of middle-class existence, alternating with the loud ostentation of melodramatic *rodomontade*. The last twenty years have witnessed a revolution. Psychology has been upsetting our conventional ideas; and, by necessity, the theatre, ever most sensitive to what is in the air, is being steeped in psychology. Ibsen, we are assured, is a psychologist; so professedly are Sudermann and Pinero. There are those who attribute an introspective subtlety to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. *En voilà!* we have 'The New Drama.'

To sum up: we have seen that the Elizabethan or New Drama purposed to be a rendering of life on the stage; that by life it understood the chequered web of individual character; that it deprecated the assumption of set literature; that it recognized the limitations of the theatre.

What, then, are these barriers? They may be classed under three heads: the conditions of ocular presentation; the necessities of a climax; the exigencies of an audience. To employ the metaphor of a sister art, the first is the chiaroscuro of things theatrical; the second, their perspective; the last, their colouring. It is manifest that the first two are recurrent elements; the third is shifting. We will deal with them in their order.

A play is a spectacular and oral study of life designed at the most for three hours' performance. For this end accentuation and emphasis are imperative. We are not to brand any incident as 'unnatural' in a stage-play which lends itself to throwing character into relief; we are to call nothing 'natural' in a play which is photographic without being interpretative of character. A Drury Lane melodrama, with its pageantry of panoramas before which strut a conventional crowd of puppets, is not 'natural,' however faithful to outward semblance. An action unfamiliar to any one of us which affords a vivid glimpse of character is 'natural.' That Othello should kiss Desdemona before he kills her, is perfectly 'natural.' Further, for the artistic medium of the theatre it is absolutely natural that coincidences should arise in rapid succession of which individual experience could only contribute an isolated instance. Iago must obtain the handkerchief; Mrs. Tanqueray must encounter Hugh Ardale. Next, as regards 'perspective.' Since a play

is a seen story, a point of *dénouement* is required; expectation must be excited and satisfied; the curtain must fall. Nothing, however absorbing, philosophically or psychologically, is a play which does not tend and lead to a climax. The vision at the close of the first part of 'Faust' is not theatrical; it is mystic, metaphysical, what you will. The same may be said of the whole of the second part. Abstract problems cannot make a play; they no longer remain problems when solved; they become theorems. For a play some visible solution is essential; a whole series of shadowy theorems, a philosophical masque, is doubly unfitted for the footlights.

Thirdly and lastly, there is the limitation imposed by the exigencies of an audience. An audience may be, or ought to be, educated by the dramatist, but it can scarcely be transformed. Each generation hugs its own sense of theatrical justice; what the gallery insists on being painted black cannot be painted white or even grey with impunity. The playwright who defies his audience may be read, but he will not be performed: he appeals, perhaps, to posterity, but not to the playgoer; he is hemmed in by his environment more than any artist, because he is called upon to strike both the eye and the ear at once. Of course, this canon of the audience is neither consistent nor permanent; the telling play of one era becomes the meaningless play of another, and *vice versâ*. Shakespeare was tabooed by the pundits of Queen Anne; he had even to be 'adapted' by Dryden. Addison's 'Cato' would be a tedious declamatory tirade if reproduced now; 'Titus Andronicus' would not be tolerated on our modern stage; 'The Cenci' never was; we hope it never will be.

It is evident, then, that while a good undramatic play is impossible, there may be excellent drama which cannot be acted. There may be, for example, admirable studies of life where the characters gradually develop themselves through a dramatic interchange of ideas, such as some of the Platonic Dialogues: they are not plays. Again, there may be dramatic duplicates of naked facts, where reticence and exaggeration are alike absent—portraits, so to speak, boasting prominent likeness of outline without any likeness of expression; definite enough, but wholly destitute of lights and shadows: these clearly are not plays. Again, there may be abstract idealizations of life immensely dramatic, profoundly stimulating, draped in resplendent imagery, but which leave the spectator in doubt, and hover on the horizon of pure thought: these are not plays. Nor, still keeping the rotation of our three limits, is anything a stage-play which is completely out of touch



touch with its audience : many of the pseudo-classical fineries of Voltaire, for example, must, for the purposes of the theatre, cease to be plays. The 'Lady of Lyons' is fast falling out of tune with any of our audiences ; we have already adverted to graver instances ; there is many a drama which is no play ; there are plays which are plays no longer, but which continue to be dramas. There can be, we repeat, no play which is undramatic, but there is many a drama which is no play. To take a recent example : Mr. Wills' 'Faust' is a very poor drama ; it is a very good play. Goethe's 'Faust' is a colossal drama ; it is not a manageable stage-play. Or, to take one still more recent, though far less important : Mr. Pinero's 'Lady Bountiful' is a capital drama ; it has real literary power ; it teems with human interest ; but it is an imperfect play. The gallery found it out and damned its first production. It will never be a successful play, because it ignores our canon of the climax ; in plain parlance, it drives at random, though it drives with style. Plays need not be literary to fulfil an artistic and even elevating mission, though when fraught with fine literary qualities they become international and perennial. It is the union of the literary and theatrical gift that produces a great play ; but a good play can dispense with the literary element. Play-writing is a mixed art.

We have harped on these plain principles with perhaps wearisome iteration, because the main claim of the New Drama is to be literary. Our new dramatists, with Mr. Jones for their mouthpiece, insist on being printed to prove that they are men of letters. In our opinion, they invert the order of things. Let them be theatrical successes first and literary portents afterwards. With old Thomas Heywood we here proclaim ourselves 'faithful to the first.' There is no magic, sometimes little efficacy, in literature for the theatre ; but a fine play which grows into a read classic is a *rara avis*—a masterpiece ; there cannot be many such at one period ; it passes the wit of man.

The Elizabethan drama, it is true, was a school of genius, but the theatre was, it must be remembered, in the sixteenth century, practically the sole arena for character-study and the Pierian spring of the Muses. Shakespeare was phenomenal, and he triumphed over the limitations of the stage ; but even he did not always triumph. All his works are dramatic poems, but a great number of them live better in the memory than before the eyes. John Ford, one of his most original rivals, triumphed hardly ever ; and as we have urged, Shakespeare and his contemporaries objected to the printed popularity of their plays. If it was hard then for literary genius to be theatrically successful,

successful, how immeasurably harder is it now! And yet we find Mr. Jones writing as follows:—

‘I deal with the literary aspect first, because I consider it of the chief importance. It is often said in the theatre that the test of a play is, will it act? This is merely a theatrical test, and can be refuted by all the heaps of forgotten theatrical rubbish during the past two hundred years. Believe me, the true test of a play is, will it act and read? And it is because most of the pieces of Shakespeare and Sheridan stand this test that they still occupy the leading positions in our theatre, and are still the most frequently acted plays.’

And again—

‘I think it cannot be disputed, on taking a survey of the last thirty years, that the modern stage has not received its due share of recruits from the greatest writers of the age. We have many names of the first mark in every other department of literature. We have no name of quite the first mark among the regular writers for the stage. Something of this is due to the great uncertainty which attends production on the modern stage, and something also to the fact that our best writers have not taken the pains to gain the immense amount of stage craft necessary to write a successful play.’

Mr. Jones is obviously under a confusion, and under the same sort of confusion that we shall be obliged to notice again. Because bad plays perish, it does not follow that what endures is good drama; we may get a single great drama that is actable; we may get a great number of tolerable stage-plays. That is no argument discernible by us either for decrying the limitations of the stage or for inferring that what is still produced ought to be literature. Let the stage deal with life subject to the limitations of the stage; let a splendid genius, if such arise, use the stage as his organ; but do not let us assume that the non-literary play belies its name: rather let us admit that the literary play is exceptional. Indeed, at times Mr. Jones seems himself to be sensible of the distinction, though he still manages to misunderstand the antagonism.

‘The real question at issue,’ he asseverates in another place, ‘is between the theatre and the drama; shall the theatre bend the drama to its service and force it to remain servile, inoperative, childish, formal, conventional, the after-dinner bauble of the stalls, the silly police romance of the pit and gallery? Or will the drama be able to say to the theatre, No! Human life is a larger thing than the theatre, and the theatre can be powerful only in so far as it recognizes this, and allows the chief things in a play to be not the cheap mechanical tricks of the playwright, the effective curtains, the machinery of cleverly devised situations, but the study of life and character,

character, the portraiture of the infinitely subtle workings of the human heart.'

Quite so; human life *is* a larger thing than the theatre; there is a gulf—seldom bridged over—between the literary drama and the majority of popular plays; but none the less these 'cheap mechanical tricks of the playwright' are artistic conditions of a play. Nobody understood this better than Shakespeare. The fencing-scene in 'Hamlet' would not have been introduced if his medium had been narrative instead of dramatic. The moonlit close of 'The Merchant of Venice,' the masque interlude in 'Henry the Eighth,' are additional instances. That is indeed the force of the strong play; owing to the frontiers of theatrical presentation, it is able to concentrate the irony of life, to focus fate, better than any consecutive chronicle. It is a peep into the heart of things with Titanic moments; its essence is momentary. What we want is not more dramatic literature, it is better plays. As Mr. Matthew Arnold—himself cited by Mr. Jones—has pointed out, the lack of homogeneity in our modern society is the main obstacle. We are comparatively barren of common causes, of shared interests, of pervading ideals; we live in an era of uniform, rather than of uniformity. But our defects should not blind us to the merits of any play which holds the mirror up to nature for its generation with fidelity, and a submission to the mandates of the craft. The Robertsonian drama is a salient example. There is nothing soul-compelling about Robertson; he does not dwell with the immortals; but he will live longer than Mr. Jones, though he is neither analytical nor inspiring. His tea-cup-and-saucer *genre* is true to the trite life of the Fifties. There is a theatrical conciseness in his contrast between respectability and Bohemia, between the *comme il faut* and the *comme il veut*; he accepts the limits of his art; he is the Trollope of the theatre. Trollope is one thing and Shakespeare another, but far better Trollope than, shall we say, Bulwer-Lytton.

*Ne sutor ultra crepidam* is an excellent motto for the stage. And this is why a recent French critic, M. Filon, discussing the contemporary drama in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, devotes most careful attention to Robertson. In criticising Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero he is less successful, because his tests do not so readily apply. The French have a keen instinct for the theatre; perhaps this is the sole intellectual province in which they are unalterably conservative; they recognize fully that our three canons must be reckoned with. Robertson reckoned with them; he was no Icarus; but he steered if he did not soar; he never singed his wings. And, notwithstanding that singed wings are interesting,  
like

like all ambitious failures, they are not progressive. Mr. Jones is talented, earnest, conscientious; he is right in some things. But he cannot be right in demanding a constant crop of qualities which, as he himself elsewhere concedes, 'it would be unwise to reckon upon'; in condemning literature to be perpetually manacled with theatrical fetters; in a word, in meaning by a good play mainly an indifferent drama. Nor is he right in his Jeremiad over the dearth of literary stars in the stage firmament. It is, as we have said, much easier for great literary endowment to express itself uncramped by theatrical restrictions. Dickens was eminently aware of this. Nobody knew the stage better than Dickens; his chief blemishes of authorship are born of his intense theatrical sympathy. Yet he declined to produce plays; he shrank from the limitations. It needs a Shakespeare to be free as air within these iron bonds. Still, literary men, writing for the modern stage, have abounded within the memory of the middle-aged. Dumas fils and Victor Hugo have been conspicuous successes; Charles Reade did at least as well in his plays as his novels. Tennyson was a failure because his affinities are undramatic; he belongs to the family of Virgil and Milton, cultured masters of recondite style; but we cannot imagine even Milton or Virgil among the dramatists. Disraeli wrote 'Alarcos,' which certainly did not fail through want of the literary element. Browning might well have written a great play; he never did; he could not have been tortuous or uncouth for the stage. Finally, we have Mr. Henry James, that Meissonier among novelists, as a complete theatrical fiasco. It is not an ignorance of theatrical mechanism, as Mr. Jones asserts, that often makes a distinguished author a poor dramatist. Take Byron and Sheridan, both for a time managers of theatres, both cognizant of the tricks of the trade. Sheridan was a great dramatist; Byron, a miserable one. Yet, as regards mental equipment, there was much in common between them. Both were mighty satirists, both eagerly imaginative, both epigrammatic, both haters of shams. But the one was capable of fine development under the peculiar conditions of stage-craft; the other, incapable. Perhaps it was Byron's very theatricality of mood, his active and acted egotism that precluded him from success. At any rate we maintain that Mr. Jones is wrong in kicking against the pricks. The systematic regulations of his art must be mastered and moulded. Otherwise the product, whatever else it may be, is no play. And the sooner our New Dramatists acknowledge this the better.

We have protested against the contempt which Mr. Jones expresses in these fugitive essays for the limitations of the theatre  
and

and against his mistaken identification of this contempt with the immanence of a literary flavour. We have also sought to record our sense that this New Drama is, in its aims and claims, no newer than that of the sixteenth century. But we fully appreciate the justice of many of his pronouncements, though we could have wished them to have been advanced in a style less like that of the Boanerges. His conviction that the stage should throb to every pulse of contemporary life and should reflect it more intelligently and intensely, that types are to be eschewed and individualization pursued; his dislike of the stage-soliloquy as unreal and uninspiring; his discrimination between the bare skeleton of realism and the flesh and blood of character; his wholesome repudiation of the sordid and hysterical,—commend themselves to every judgment except that of some dramatic critics. So does his desire that we should be rightly amused.

‘I have fought,’ he writes, ‘for a recognition of the distinction between the art of the drama on the one hand and popular amusement on the other, and of the greater pleasure to be derived from the art of the drama. I have been constantly misrepresented as seeking to deprive theatre-goers of their enjoyment; yet all my aim has been to show them how it may be increased. . . . I have never been illiberal or sour or churlish to anything except vulgarity, imbecility, insincerity, and putridity; to these I have indeed been venomous, but never to mere fun and nonsense.’

We trust that we are neither vulgar, imbecile, insincere, nor putrid, that so we may escape the venom of Mr. Jones; but here again, on this very question of theatrical pleasure, we are constrained to point out that same slipshod looseness of thought which constantly vitiates his arguments. His chief postulate is the following:—

‘A stage play should never be mistaken for real life.’ And he thus continues: ‘All art that deceives you into taking it for nature itself is inferior and comparatively worthless. I lately saw a drawing of Turner’s, called “Llanthony Abbey.” Frail and beautiful, like the ghost of that dead faith that built it, sequestered and decaying like its own religion, amidst the boundless disintegrating forces of undecaying nature, the abbey rose under the everlasting hills, smitten with an unearthly loveliness, consecrated afresh with those gleams that never fell upon sea or land, a spectre, an exhalation, a painter’s dream of the scene it was supposed to realize. It was one of the most beautiful transcripts from nature that I have ever looked upon. But the whole picture was not two feet square; you could never mistake it for a real abbey and real hills.’

And he then proceeds to contrast the banality of a panorama of Paris besieged.

But

But what is the 'right pleasure' to be derived from a work of art? Surely it is a sense of belonging to the scene and mood of the genius that transfigures or rather transfuses them. We forget the dimensions of the canvas and the shape of the frame; we are there—in it and of it; we are compelled to muse in the artist's vein. This applies with greater accuracy to the play than even to the painting, for on the stage every sense is directly enlisted except touch. If during our three hours' peep at some nook of existence we are not to breathe and move and have our being there; if we are to witness plays in the spirit of a philosopher or of a physiologist, why should they be acted at all? Let them be printed for what they are worth. Let us read dramas without seeing them—a result which would often follow, we fear, if we were to read them first. Our pleasure is just this, that speech and scene associate us with life interpreted; and associate us the more closely, in proportion as they contrive the illusion with consummate skill. It is thus that, according to the old Aristotelian formula, 'our passions are purified through pity and fear.' How should we fear and pity if, the whole time, we were conscious of unreality? More than this: surroundings absolutely unknown to experience, when harmonized with the truths of feeling and of character, are invested in the dramas of fantasy with familiarity irresistible. We are more at home on Prospero's fairy island than in the Strand; we do not stop to consider whether the scenery be ten feet square; Shakespeare's wizard wand has given to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. But indeed Mr. Jones's illogical fallacy is of a piece with the one already examined. Because the few master dramas of the world both read and act superbly, he would abolish the play that does not read well, even if it acts tolerably. Because vulgar realism is a tawdry thing, he will not allow us to be deceived at all. He argues from the bane of abuse against the benefits of use. All this comes of slovenly logic and an over-indulgence in Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin himself used to maintain that the worn-out stone cushions on which recline the semi-effaced effigies of sages in the Church of Santa Croce are far 'truer' than if they still resembled cushions. It is puerile.

And so Mr. Jones is driven to denounce the mob's instinct to hiss the villain.

'The only case,' he says, 'in which you would be right to hiss certain sentiments apart from their acting, is when they are so embodied in the general drift of the play as to be contrary to the plain teachings of your moral sense. . . . But then it would be the author and the play against whom your judgment would be rightly aroused,



aroused, and your hissing would imply a condemnation of them quite distinct from your feelings towards the actor. The next time you see a villain playing his part well applaud him as vigorously as you think his efforts deserve; and this will show that your dramatic education is sufficiently advanced, and your dramatic judgment sufficiently balanced, for you to enter upon your examination of the play from the author's standpoint, from the point of view which, while never confounding right with wrong, or good with evil, stands artistically apart from both, and with the omnipotence of a potter over his clay moulds, an Othello and an Iago, a Rosalind and a Macbeth, a Satan and a Raphael, with equal sympathy and delight.'

If Mr. Jones had hunted for a *reductio ad absurdum* of his so-called argument, he could not have lit on a happier specimen. Because human nature is the centre of the stage, and because human nature in self-contemplation at the theatre is aroused to sympathetic ebullitions, therefore human nature is wrong. Tom Jones's Partridge is an idiot, and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's dramatic educator a wiseacre. The audience is to identify itself with the author, and not with his work. Unless we are to laugh, weep, and be indignant in the playhouse, why should it exist at all? And why, in the name of all that is rational, should Mr. Jones, simply because he discerns that applause and the reverse generally direct themselves to the persons and not to the spirit or style, exact a chastened council of moral and literary censors at a first-night performance? If this unwished-for consummation were ever attained, all we can safely predict is that many more plays would be damned than are at present. The error springs from an undue exaltation of the author above his audience, who, if we reflect, come to efface themselves. We will accept Mr. Jones's morality, but not his logic; and it is a pity that so much single-hearted vehemence should be expended in advocating a contention which refutes itself.

Another pet pretension of Mr. Jones for the New Drama is that it should tingle with passion.

'Our drama,' to quote him anew, 'is just now in a state of rapid transition; it is popular with the masses as a recreation and a spectacle, but it has not won for itself a steadfast position as an art. Fifteen years ago we had a nearer approach to a school of authorship than we have now. What is called the teacup-and-saucer school of the drama was then in the ascendant; when authors had exactly copied and reproduced the littlenesses of social life they were thought to have attained perfection. Great passions were eschewed because they were felt to be out of place in a drawing-room. . . . Finally, we began to doubt whether there was in modern life any capacity for great passion or emotion. . . . But it is impossible to disguise from

ourselves that that school is passing away, and that the next step forward for the English drama does not lie in that direction. It is with the drama as it is with painting; the greatest and worthiest and most enduring cannot be rendered in exact copy of nature. As Ruskin says, "You can paint a cat or a fiddle so that it may be mistaken for real life, you cannot paint the Alps in such a manner." So it is with the human passions.

Here once more we must quarrel with Mr. Jones, and once more we are bound to point out his inconsequence of reasoning. If Ruskin meant anything, it is that the play of light, shadow, contour, and effect is, in the case of a great Alp, Protean; it eludes any one rendering; it allows of infinite mood and interpretation: a cat or a fiddle manifestly does not; in their case one reproduction can secure complete fidelity. Whether it be the gigantic moments or the small episodes of life that an artist attacks, whether the painter be Michael Angelo or Meissonier, is a matter of occasion and temperament; what is necessary, alike for each, is the revelation of truth: both, doubtless, must reveal, not merely transcribe, to be great artists, but truth is in every case the goal and impulse. To apply the analogy: even Shakespeare does not always make great passions his chief concern, though intensity underlies all his dramas. Where the self-sacrifice of love or the love of self-sacrifice is at stake; where ambition, revenge, patriotism inspire; where the witcheries of Circean charm, the horrors of ingratitude, the baseness of envy, are his motive powers,—there the electric spark of passion thrills the whole drama; it is an artistic behest. Not so in his chronicles of intrigue. Where is the passion in the 'Taming of the Shrew,' the 'Comedy of Errors,' even in 'Henry the Eighth'? And this, although the Elizabethan age was one of passionate and poetic adventure. Men had not to ransack mouldering wardrobes to furbish forth the picturesque.

Mr. Jones is mistaken, too, in coupling passion with emotion: the normal state of the present age is emotional; emotional drama should now be the rule, passionate drama the exception. Not that passionate heroism and passionate self-abandonment are unknown, but neither for good or evil do they find such constant and immediate expression. We have no duels; broken hearts are mended by damages for breach of promise, and injured honour is repaired in the Divorce Court. It is patent that passion cannot usurp such a tyrannical sway. The consequence is that, in the domain of the theatre, it tends to resolve itself into what is now dubbed the 'Sex Problem'; so that an author who wants to appear extra-passionate

passionate is always pressing this text into prominence. But the fountains of contemporary life are not exhausted by Mrs. Ebbsmiths and Rebellious Susans. These have their niche, it is true, but there are other altars in the temple. Why do not the Pineros and the Joneses manifest an equal compression of feverish energy in depicting the love of an ordinary man for an ordinary woman? Obviously, because the commonplace romances of life, like Mrs. Primrose's wedding-gown, wear better than they look; and so the extraordinary must be ransacked for author and audience to vent their exorbitant 'passion.' And yet the average spectator loves to contemplate conventional courtships, so that the teacup-and-saucer school has its practical vindication. Even Mr. Pinero's 'Sweet Lavender' itself appertains to this school. And when we are reminded that the 'littlenesses of social life' lend themselves to traditional monotony, where, we would enquire, are the unique character-studies in Mr. Jones's own plays? Are not his deacons and socialists and visionaries, his rascals and humbugs and prigs, ancient friends, not always in a new dress? Mr. Pinero is, as we shall shortly see, on a much loftier pedestal. His newest women are no conventional types; but his pompous *parvenus*, his toying and slangy youths about town, and his invariable mutual friend—himself borrowed from the French comedy—tend ominously to repeat themselves; the audience expects them.

But what is more significant and far more interesting in the New Drama is that this passion for passion, so to speak, has brought the psychology of the feminine into glaring relief both in literature and on the stage, so that the modern play and the modern novel are women's plays and women's novels, while the study of the masculine degenerates by comparison. But we shall return to these topics when we investigate the plays themselves. All that we need here urge on the New Dramatist is that 'passion' may become as uninteresting as placidity; that Naomi Tighe's love-making, for instance, is far more poetical than Mrs. Ebbsmith's, because the one is alive in miniature, the other is a morbid curiosity dragged from a psychological museum. There are phlegmatic dead-levels which are repugnant; but there are also neurotic heights from which a prying gaze should be averted, notwithstanding the rays of self-sacrifice which may pierce their mists. We are not protecting the young person who seems exceedingly well able to protect herself; certainly, let us shun mock delicacy; but, on the other hand, let us also guard against the prosaic mock-immodesty that masquerades under the thin and chilly mantle of scientific analysis. If instead of 'passion' Mr. Jones had written

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'intensity,'

'intensity,' we should have heartily agreed with him. Intensity is the undercurrent of every good play, whether its theme be high or low, great or small; and the three rough, regulative limits on which we have laid such stress are indeed focussing lenses for the requisite concentration and compactness; the great crises of a great play must be intensified where the ordinary chronicler would employ a diffuser method. Take the instance of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.' Its supreme moment is where the heroine reiterates 'Je ne veux pas mourir.' In that one phrase is a window to her passionate, impetuous, life-exuberant soul. But a novelist would have evolved her character in chapters. The novel is the *Oratio obliqua* of fiction; the drama is the *Oratio recta*. Take a more classical example. Thomas Heywood's 'A Woman Killed with Kindness' is an Elizabethan poetical version of the text affected by the modern French novel. A squire's wife is betrayed by his friend; we can imagine how the late Guy de Maupassant would have treated the subject, how the background of the *genius loci* would have been brought to bear in impressionist dashes upon the flickering moods of the unhappy wife. But Heywood's power is that of the theatre at its prime. 'My soul is wandering and has lost her way,' ejaculates Mistress Frankford, and the whole woman is before us. In so far as the New Dramatists have been able to swing the search-light of interpretative intensity over the heart, to condense character into a phrase, to express these psychological epigrams, so far they have succeeded, whatever their shortcomings in other respects.

And this leads us to the consideration of their published works. We have seen that their aspirations are after originality, a literary sense, a freedom of dealing largely with contemporary conduct, a disregard of conventionalities and of stage traditions. Let us now see how their performances chime with their aspirations. And as their main ambition is to be literary, let us add one word to what we have already advanced on this head. It is exceedingly difficult to define what constitutes 'literature.' Mere survival in popular estimation is insufficient, for one condition of survival is that the book should respond to some enduring desire of humanity. Famous myths and fairytales have hitherto so responded to child-nature, but that does not make all of them literature; Nursery Rhymes are certainly, none of them, literature. Mr. Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy' is still in circulation; it is positively not literature. Nor, again, is it enough that books should vigorously elucidate permanently vexed questions. Mr. Disraeli once cleverly observed that nothing that Mr. Gladstone had ever written was literature;

literature; didactic treatises are rarely literature. We may, however, affirm one thing with safety. For a book to justify literary pretensions, it must possess inherent *style*; and a playwright's work must do so in double measure, because its author can tell us nothing of his characters that they do not speak themselves; he is at the mercy of actors who can only express the literary quality through the style which distinguishes their parts. More than this: the drama as literature demands a constant divergence of style; each character should sound its own *timbre* as well as the author's. In other literature this is otherwise. The novelist's dialects differ, but his own voice is their accompaniment; his libretto follows his music, and the music is his style. The lack of such harmony in divergence is the main drawback, we consider, to Sheridan's plays; so literary are they that all his characters speak the same language—the language of Sheridan. In addressing ourselves, therefore, to our task, we shall start by inquiring whether the works before us exhale this scent of style. Style would at any rate form one of their credentials to be entitled literary; without style they cannot be so classed.

And let us be frank at the outset. Herr Sudermann is a dramatic and theatrical stylist; so, in a marked degree, is Mr. Pinero; but not so Mr. Jones. His tones lack modulation; he has no way with him indistinguishable from another's. In so saying, we do not wish to disparage his real abilities, his broad sense of humour, thoughtfulness, sympathy not without insight, striking skill, and unflagging industry. His diction is eloquent, but its eloquence is of the redundant order immortalized by Mr. Matthew Arnold in 'Friendship's Garland': 'Delicacy! Surely I have heard that word before. Yes, before I knew Sala, before I wrote for that infernal paper, before I called Dixon's style "lithe and sinewy."' And so it happens that, although steeped in the Elizabethan drama, although broad-minded and earnest, he lacks that severe taste, those notes of nicety and distinction, without which style is impossible. Inspiration of idea is his in abundance, but his expression of ideas is cheap and second-rate.\* We will judge him by his best. In that interesting and successful play of 'Judah,' the hero, a simple methodist-mystic of the Welsh hills, thus avows his love for Vashti Dethic, the miracle-monger:—

'I love you. Forgive my daring to say it. I'm mad to speak of human love to you. You're scarcely of this world at all. Oh! but

\* We can only recall one instance in Mr. Jones's plays of what we have termed 'psychological epigram.' It is the fine 'O God, give me back yesterday,' in the 'Silver King'; but it is apparently borrowed from Heywood's 'A Woman Killed with Kindness,' Act iv. sc. 6.

I love

I love you, I love you! From the first moment I saw you, when that poor woman tried to thank you for the health you had given her, and your face turned to her like an angel's in your pity, I have loved you. You have been the secret spring of all my power. When I speak to the people it is your voice that speaks through me. Your love is a flame to my tongue. All the world is transfigured because you are in it. When I walk along the streets all the men and women seem to be smitten with your beauty. There is nothing common or mean or wicked anywhere. Everything is good and bright and pure. Your presence makes all the earth beautiful and sacred. And your goodness is like your beauty; it spreads goodness all around you, as your beauty spreads beauty. You make me half-divine. I love you, I love you!

It is fervid and sonorous; but it is turgid and unrhythmical; it lacks reticence; it lacks style. Contrast it for one moment with the smouldering passion of Paula in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' when she pleads in vain for the affection of her saintly step-daughter:—

'I'm not sneering; I'm speaking the truth. I say that if you cared for me in the daytime, I should soon make friends with those nightmares of yours. Ellean, why don't you try to look on me as your second mother? Of course there are not many years between us, but I'm ever so much older than you in experience. I shall have no children of my own, I know that. It would be a real comfort to me if you would make me feel we belonged to each other. Won't you? Perhaps you think I'm odd; not nice. Well, the fact is, I've two sides to my nature, and I've let the one almost smother the other. A few years ago I went through some trouble, and since then I haven't shed a tear. I believe, if you put your arms round me just once, I should run upstairs and have a good cry. There! I've talked to you as I've never talked to a woman in my life. Ellean, you seem to fear me. Don't! Kiss me.'

Here we have passion, emotion, character, finely pointed, pregnantly compressed. The eloquence is pathetic, not bathetic; pure Doric by the side of Mr. Jones's florid Corinthian; and this is no picked example. Quite apart from the questions of the theatre, Mr. Pinero has set his seal on literature; he has a signal style.

With these compare two excerpts from Herr Sudermann's 'Heimat.' Magda, the daughter of the 'Residenzstadt' home; Magda, who has wildly taken her life into her own hands and achieved fame and independence, thus addresses her old lover, the gentle pastor, whose life has been one patient suppression of self. He asks her if she repents her decision to return to her narrow home. Her answer is—

'No,



'No, my friend, I don't repent it, but I feel strangely; I loll as it were in a warm bath; it is all so soft and snug. The vapour of old German sentiment hovers around me. Ah! it's a long time since I have breathed it in. My heart is like a Christmas number of the "Gartenlaube," all moonshine, betrothal, subalterns and the rest of it. But the lovely thing is, I know it is only a game. I can toss it away like a child does her dolls and return to my old self afresh.'

And the pastor, some little time afterwards, thus permits his own hidden sorrow to illumine, as by a flash of lightning, the chasm between her self-realization and his self-suppression:

'Yes! it's true—I've had to—to kill—much of—myself—of my soul. I am at rest now, but my repose is that of the dead. And, when you stood before me yesterday in your personality, your native force, your—your *grandeur*, I said to myself, that is what *you* might have been if joy had entered your life ere it was too late.'

Here, too, is the true ring. The feelings are complex; their expression simple and restrained. Mr. Pinero's is a lighter style than Herr Sudermann's. That of the one is a scimitar, that of the other a broadsword; but their weapons are each of tempered steel. Indeed, in our judgment, both 'Heimat' and 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' deserve to rank with the best of contemporary fiction; we believe that they will live as literature even when they may have ceased to be performed as plays. But the two composers of these *chefs-d'œuvre* are a head and shoulders taller than their compeers. If Mr. Jones's test of a play, the test whether it will act *and* read, were true, his own plays would not stand it. Our contention has been that his test is too wide; that you may get good dramatic literature which is not a good play, and a good play which is not literature at all. And, appraised from our standpoint, Mr. Jones has given the world some excellent plays. He has a quick instinct for dramatic situation; he is no mere journeyman; his romance is wholesome, his reverence devoid of cant; he handles unconventional subjects, but, despite his own theories, with a conventional touch; and though he often fails to rise to the possibilities of his situations, the situations are generally excellent. His plays profess to be serious, and suggestive studies of modern life. In 'Judah' he idealizes the same compound of faith and imposture which is ruthlessly anatomized by M. Zola in 'Lourdes.' The 'Crusaders' afforded him a spirited tilt against social quacks. The 'Dancing Girl' exhibits heartlessness in low as well as high places. 'Saints and Sinners,' despite its assumption of being a 'study' of provincial hypocrisy, is, like 'The Silver King' and 'The Middleman,' only an old story in a new setting. 'The Masqueraders,'

Masqueraders,' which tries to anatomize the idealist, is really a sermon on infatuation; 'Rebellious Susan' and 'The Triumph of the Philistines' are social satires with a moral. He is versatile, progressive; everywhere he is for expansion; but he is not original, and he cannot escape from himself. The fact is, his calibre is melodramatic; a sort of pulpit-redundancy is his perpetual note. His plays are melodramas refined and intellectualized. Their persons are deficient in actuality. His fiery flights after modern life and modern movement too often render him fantastic without being convincing. His male characters especially are constantly ridiculous when they are intended to be poetical. Mr. Jones belabours Clapham and Brixton and Little Bethel with impatient derision. His hands are those of Mr. Matthew Arnold, but his voice is that of Mr. Spurgeon. Notwithstanding his rather strident scorn for the idols of the market-place, he virtually bows down before them. He falls between the two stools of enlightened culture and vulgar energy. He is indiscriminate; above all, he is not creative. Judah is his nearest approach to a creation, but Philos Inglefield is only a theory incarnate; his prigs—Juxon especially—are amusing, but they are caricatures, not characters. He persistently copies books rather than men. His sentiment incessantly reminds us of the penny reading. If Mr. Jones had not read so much and stage-theorized so freely, we cannot help thinking that he would have proved a better student of human nature.

We pass on to Mr. Pinero—the greatest contemporary master of dramatic moments. Mr. Pinero is nothing if not creative. In the first place, he has invented a new form of drama. Penetrated with the conviction—the same conviction which dominated the Elizabethan drama—that character is an amalgam, not a mould, that the purely tragic and the purely comic are alike unnatural, he conceived the idea of naturalizing farce. The conventional farce has always been a pliant medium for the playwright, because its absurdities are easily conformed to our theatrical limits. Buffoonery, skilfully contrived, needs little selection to fall into stage-perspective; any climax will serve where only the unexpected is expected; an audience will never be cantankerous while it is amused. Farce is a sort of rough-and-ready satire, the theatrical form of the practical joke. It bears about the same relation to satire as horseplay does to wit. But Mr. Pinero is reflective and ambitious. He perceived that the ordinary farce was a great obstacle to the education of an audience. It occurred to him that a whimsical irony might with advantage take its place;  
and

and so he inaugurated this departure with a series beginning with 'The Magistrate' in 1885, and culminating in 'The Cabinet Minister' in 1890. His method has been to make ridiculous situations the outcome of character instead of *vice versa*; the result is a *genre* of ironic pathos. At first the audience of the Court Theatre laughed at the incidents, but resented the pathos. Mr. Pinero, however, habituated them with painstaking persistence, and 'The Cabinet Minister' was an unqualified success. The Cockney money-lender, and the uncouth Laird with his canny yet sentimental mother, Mr. Joseph Lebanon and the Macphails, are true creations; to have made both the guests of Lord Drumdurris well illustrates the irony of the New Farce. There is one passage we cannot refrain from citing as a tribute to Mr. Pinero's laconic originality. It is from the ballroom conversation in the last act between the Honourable Mrs. Gaylustre, 'Lady Milliner,' widow-adventuress, and sister to Lebanon, with The Macphail:—

'Mrs. G. Then why hide your light at Ballocheevin?

'M. Well, the Macphails have lived there since eleven hundred and two.

'Mrs. G. How romantic!

'M. So mother's just got out of the way of moving.

'Mrs. G. Charming attachment to an old home.

'M. Aye, it's old. It hasn't been papered and done up since Robert Bruce stayed with us.

'Mrs. G. Robert Bruce!

'M. Aye—just from a Saturday till Monday, I'm thinking.

'Mrs. G. There must be a legend attached to every stone of Ballocheevin.

'M. Aye, it's interesting, but it requires papering. I'm so tired of Ballocheevin.

'Mrs. G. But you love the rugged country, the vast, overwhelming hills, and the placid lochs?

'M. Mother's been telling you that.

'Mrs. G. Isn't it true?

'M. Eh, I'm just weary of my native scenery.

'Mrs. G. But what about the misty charms of Ben Muechty?

'M. That's an awfully damp place. That's where I caught my bad cold.

'Mrs. G. And the gray shore of Loch-na-Doich? Your mother says you adore it.

'M. Eh, I am sick of Loch-na-Doich.

'Mrs. G. And your feet don't ache to press the heather?

'M. It's when they're on the heather my feet ache. It's poor walking, heather!

'Mrs. G. Then you don't watch the sun rise from the jagged summit of Benna-fechan?

'M. (*cunningly*).

'*M. (cunningly).* Eh, but I do though, every day when I'm at home.

'*Mrs. G.* But why?

'*M.* To get away from mother.'

This, to our thinking, is admirable. There is simplicity; there is *nuance* both of character and of style; it deserves to live. One laughs at, but one feels sorry for, the poor, gawky Macphail. And it occurs in a 'farce'! The same indulgence towards foible-in-earnest is to be found throughout the lambent humours of his comedies. Lady Vivash in 'The Weaker Sex,' Spencer Jermy in 'The Hobby-Horse,' Mrs. Egerton Bompas in 'The Times,' above all Camilla Brent, the sweet, misguided 'Lady Bountiful,' all display his gentle attitude towards error. His whole earlier group of dramas, widely varying in grasp of life, in literary power, in adequacy, all agree in this. There is a faint echo of Cervantes, something old-Spanish, about Mr. Pinero. He treats the Quixotic lovingly even when he smiles at its blunders.

A fondness for human nature is, in truth, necessary for a great dramatist. Though a play spoke with the tongue of men and of angels, and lacked this kind of charity, it would still remain a tinkling cymbal. It is the absence of this philanthropy that has caused Mr. W. S. Gilbert, our modern Aristophanes, so often to miss the mark, in the teeth of his magnificent literary gifts, constantly misappreciated, and his perfect control of the conditions of his art. Indeed, its presence in far coarser quality has enabled inferior playwrights—Mr. J. M. Barrie, for example—to be temporarily successful. People will forgive much to moralists who forgive. The one dose that no audience will swallow is the unadulterated vinegar of human unkindness.

But Mr. Pinero did not rest satisfied with the naturalization of farce. He resolved to naturalize *tragi-comedy*.

Ibsen had meanwhile been read, and even acted, in England. With Ibsen's plays we do not intend to deal, because it is their influence rather than their achievements that will endure. We do not believe that his plays themselves are lasting. Norwegian psychology is neurotic and pessimistic. If the New Drama is to succeed, it can afford to be neither. Ibsen will always offend against our canon of the audience, because the drift of audiences is to be, in the main, healthful and hopeful. The plant of Ibsenism refuses to be acclimatized; its aroma is garlic. Ibsen's persons are dingy and local. His frowsy Bacchantes, his petty Lotharios, are grotesque; his rustic orgies are those of intoxicated boors. His fine manipulation and conspicuous intensity cannot, in our eyes, redeem

redeem the sordid monotony of his *milieu*. He is the Teniers of the drama, and not, as a coterie believe, its Rembrandt. But he is awakening. He stirs the stage to re-echo the soul and the contemporary movements that agitate it, unhampered by the 'lived-happy-ever-afterwards' mode of 'reconciliation.' He anatomizes such hysterical character as he affects with the microscope. He has given us the soul *en déshabille*, eminently the spasmodic female soul. He has brought the 'sex problem' into prominence.

Now, here, as we have before remarked, is a main modern opportunity for 'passion,'—not for the 'high passions and high actions' of Milton; but for passion of a sort and, under healthier possibilities, of a fine sort; and so Mr. Pinero has been attracted towards the same problem. But, from the outset, he approached it differently. Ibsen was the impetus, but not the inspiration. Mr. Pinero touches the theme with severity, we had almost said with austerity. He employs, at any rate in 'The Profligate' and 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' a wholesome reserve; and his sense of humour, the best safeguard of theatrical sanity, never quite forsakes him. 'The Profligate' was tentative and half a failure, because, in the rugged earnestness of his purpose, Mr. Pinero neglected both grace and harmony. The dialogue shows less style than any other of his plays. The incidents are crude, and the motives ill-proportioned to the situations. In his vehement eagerness to prove that the reformed rake makes the worst husband, he exaggerates both his villain's offence and his heroine's revulsion. The delinquent himself is of the hectic description, one of the men 'whose natures are like bright colours'—a prototype of Lucas Cleeve in 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' and even his remorse and repentance leave a maudlin taste behind them. His minor society characters are secondhand, drawn from Dickens rather than from personal observation; types to which Mr. Pinero in his earlier days of inexperience was democratically prone. The whole drama is laboured without being elaborate, ill-digested, neither a good play nor a good story. But it was a bridge to the 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' both for author and audience, and we only regard it in the light of a parenthesis.

In 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' we have the finest English play given us for at least two generations. Familiarity with it only enhances our admiration. By virtue of its depth and height, its balance, its reality restrained by art, its terse intensity of style, its rhythm modulated to its meaning, it towers above the Victorian, and even measures itself with the Elizabethan, drama. The petulant Paula, like the imperious

imperious Cleopatra, falls into the mire, not because she is weak or erring, but because her fitful being is rebellious and undisciplined. There is nothing of the consumptive 'Lady of the Camellias' about Paula Ray; she is no dragged flower, nor discarded plaything. She is a living, loveable woman who has never learned the lesson of patience or obedience. The very aspirations which raise her so immeasurably above a doll like Lady Orryed (whom the vulgar standard includes in the same black category) bring about the catastrophe. She hungers after the heavenly, but the earthy around and within her drags her down. And the dramatist himself is adamant against her charm. Not one ugly blot which she herself recognizes and bemoans is slurred over or veneered. The environment and the style compose a background adequate to the central figure. Aubrey Tanqueray is *par excellence* the good friend—steadfast, patient, sanguine. Disappointed by his first marriage, and, as he supposes, despoiled of his daughter by the convent, he wishes to befriend this woman whom he admires. She is too good not to be rescued, and he dares conventionality with a chivalrous defiance; but he is afraid that his friends may desert him; he cannot therefore completely sacrifice conventional surroundings; and when Fate summons back the daughter he adores, both his doom and his bride's is sealed. Ellean's unmerciful purity, Drummle's cheery cynicism, the good-natured sottishness of Orryed, and the low self-complacency of the vulgar woman he has married, Mrs. Cortelyon, the quintessence of chaperonage, —all, as lights and shadows, accentuate the steps upward to the inevitable climax. If we had to find a fault, it would be with the cramped development of Hugh Ardale, who has not space enough allotted to him to mark sufficiently the contrast between courage and moral cowardice. The prelude is the best opening within our recollection. The three witches do not point the path of destiny more grimly to Macbeth than do his three friends to Tanqueray. As regards the style, we ventured in a previous paragraph on the phrase 'psychological epigram.' This drama is psychologically epigrammatic. Such sentences in the lips of the heroine as 'I believe the future is only the past again entered through another gate,' 'She could forgive *him* easily enough—but *me*!' That's just a woman,' and 'I love fruit when it's expensive,' look both before and after. The final duologue between Aubrey and Paula is really superb, both in meaning and rhythm:—

'Aubrey. You're frightened to-night; meeting this man has frightened you; but that sort of thing isn't likely to recur. The world isn't quite so small as all that.

'Paula,



'Paula. Isn't it? The only great distances it contains are those we carry within ourselves—the distances that separate husbands and wives for instance; and so it'll be with us. You'll do your best—oh! I know that! You're a good fellow. But circumstances will be too strong for you in the end, mark my words.

'Aubrey. Paula!—

'Paula. Of course I'm pretty now—I'm pretty still—and a pretty woman, whatever else she may be is always—well, endurable. But even now I notice that the lines of my face are getting deeper; so are the hollows about my eyes. Yes, my face is covered with little shadows that usen't to be there. Oh, I know I am "going off." I hate paint and dye and those messes, but, by and by, I shall drift the way of the others; I shan't be able to help myself. And then, some day, perhaps very suddenly, under a queer fantastic light at night or in the glare of the morning—that horrid irresistible truth that physical repulsion forces on men and women will come to you, and you'll sicken at me.

'Aubrey. I —!

'Paula. You'll see me then at last with other people's eyes; you'll see me just as your daughter does now, as all wholesome folks see women like me. And I shall have no weapon to fight with—not one serviceable bit of prettiness left me to defend myself with! A worn-out creature—broken up, very likely some time before I ought to be—my hair bright, my eyes dull, my body too thin or too stout, my cheeks raddled and ruddled—a ghost, a wreck, a caricature, a candle that gutters, call such an end what you like! Oh, Aubrey, what shall I be able to say to you then? And this is the future you talk about! I know it—I know it! [*He is still sitting staring forwards; she rocks herself to and fro as if in pain.*] Oh! Aubrey! oh! oh!

'Aubrey. Paula! [*Trying to comfort her.*]

'Paula. Oh, and I wanted so much to sleep to-night [*laying her head upon his shoulder.*]

Paraphrase this into Elizabethan poesy or into Greek iambics, and it would be certainly called 'classical.'

We have dilated thus much because we fancy that this drama's greatness is insufficiently accredited. An exceptional actress and a risky theme are presumed to have given it a *cachet*. On its first publication in print we remember to have perused a supercilious diatribe in a leading journal. It is well that it has been published, so that we may at last boast of at least one fine addition to our dramatic literature.

But Mrs. Tanqueray has been lately succeeded by 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith.' In our opinion the successor is not so much a falling off as a falling away. It is an apostasy. The sex problem could scarcely be attacked twice running by the same hand with equal strength; but the root of our disappointment

ment strikes deeper down. In Mrs. Tanqueray the problem was dramatized, as we think, aright; in Mrs. Ebbsmith it is manipulated wrongly. Mrs. Tanqueray is from the heart; Mrs. Ebbsmith from the head. Mr. Pinero seems to us to have thought that, in this region, Aspasia should be depicted after Phryne, and the woman who would not be a wife, if she could, as a pendant to the woman who cannot be a wife though she will. Agnes Ebbsmith is a sort of aggressive Mary Woolstonecraft. Theoretically, she flouts the form of wedlock; practically, she is forced into its gradual acceptance, although not for herself. The dramatic process is to us repulsive. It can only arise through a self-confessed failure. Mrs. Tanqueray fails from aspiration; Mrs. Ebbsmith from degradation. Her ideal of unmarried comradeship with Lucas Cleeve is in the mire from the moment when she ejaculates, 'My sex has found me out.' That is a moment unfit, in our judgment, for theatrical exposure; and it exacts a story so revolting as to double the argument against the play. The drama is full of much good writing and some happy turns, but the subsidiary parts are neither original nor always relevant. The Duke of St. Olpherts is our old friend the cynical nobleman; the two physicians are excessively stagey; and the Venetian attendants remind us of Ollendorff. Lucas Cleeve himself is one of those hysterical men who so often emasculate our modern play. Mr. Pinero would, of course, rejoin that it is just such natures towards which the Ebbsmiths of this world are attracted. That is only an additional argument against the Ebbsmiths. The morbid male is seldom interesting and never desirable. We do not believe that he is peculiarly characteristic of our times. He springs from the 'woman's play,' with its dips into the neurotic and Norwegian.

We are sorry that Mr. Pinero has written this play. He yielded to the temptation of completing a subject which had afforded him a triumph, and, we suppose, to the fascination of his Bible-in-the-fire ante-climax. That alone would spoil it for the stage; there is nothing left to play for after that scene. And further, Agnes is incessantly indignant without being passionate. The sole dramatic excuse for her great social lapse would have been passion. The cold theorist in revolt, the blue stocking misbehaved, Girton astray, offends not only propriety but the proprieties. We would urge Mr. Pinero most strongly, if his coming dramas are to be passionate, to eschew the sex problem *per se*. Passion still riots even in humdrum England, and in a century 'wherein,' to quote Mr. Hardy, 'sordid ambition is the master passion that seems to be taking

taking the time-honoured place of love.' There is the passion of the gambler, and there is the whole gamut of ambition on which to ring the changes. There is moreover the fine theme of passion repressed—a theme delicately handled by Mr. Anthony Hope in his novel of 'Father Stafford.' But, should Mr. Pinero still harp on the marriage-string, surely there must be some cases where the *man* as well (or as ill) as the woman discovers too late that his union is ill-assorted, and yet can be magnanimous enough to bear and forbear; where the man moreover has fibre, and is no mere bundle of nerves for the woman to play with.\* And then there is also the *Leitmotif* of duty—in itself a sort of ethical passion—which beckons the dramatist to a long vista of stirring conflicts and strange surprises. There are further the passions of past ages and remote careers. In any event, whatever passion he tackles next, if passion he must have, let love of some sort be its foundation. On no account let us again be treated to a vixen of the shrieking sisterhood as heroine. The platform and the pamphlet are their pride; and it is to these forms of advertisement that they should, in our judgment, be restricted. Mr. Pinero is certain to progress; we cannot doubt that; and it is just because we rate him so highly, that we here tender him our candid criticism.

We cannot close without a cursory mention of Sudermann—a novelist who is now devoted to drama. Two only of his three published plays are known to us, 'Die Ehre' and 'Heimat.' Intensely human, deeply philosophical, keenly incisive, he is yet never untheatrical. His character-paintings are stage-portraits *par excellence*. His *technique* is old, but his colouring is new. 'Die Ehre' is an essentially German play. It emphasizes the false codes of honour in removed castes of Berlin society. The hero, son of an *employé* in a prosperous manufactory, has been educated by his chief, dispatched to India, and crowned with commercial success. He returns home, warm with unspoiled affection for his humble relations, only to discover that his pet sister is pursuing an intrigue with his principal's dissipated and snobbish son. The striking feature of the story is that the injured parents acquiesce, and are actually anxious to receive money as a recompense. The vignette of the artisan interior contrasted with that of the plutocrat is disagreeably forcible; but the climax is lame and tame—a marriage between the hero and his employer's noble-minded daughter. The action is laboured, but full of purpose,—often violent, never trivial. The style is pithy but unadorned; the staging, awkward but effective.

It is in 'Heimat,' however, that Herr Sudermann suddenly emerges

emerges as a dramatist of the first rank. It is absolutely original; quite unlike anything that we have ever read. 'Heimat'—or 'The Prodigal Daughter,' as it might be rendered—is a tragic idyll; a novelty in theatrical experiment. The setting is tranquil and homely. All the storm and stress have preceded the rise of the curtain; they have left their traces on the nerve-shattered father, the reformed rake but unaltered sneak Von Keller, the chafing but uncomplaining pastor; above all on the self-made daughter who is the heroine. They have happened in the big world, and we are shown the tiny world of a retired officer's home in a provincial 'Residenzstadt,' with its huffy etiquette, its would-be fashionable patronesses of good works and retailers of scandal. The big world returns in the person of Magda, and the tiny world is in ruins. The catastrophe bursts like a bolt from the blue, and yet is the most natural emanation from idiosyncrasies developed. The stern martinet-father, whose fault and virtue are a patriarchal pride; the daughter, mistress of her own fame and freedom, whose fault and virtue are her uncompromising independence; the self-renouncing pastor, who discerns that renunciation may mean defeat as well as victory,—these are the three sources of action. Magda, the now world-renowned *prima donna* who has found the fulness of life in the loss of home, and a grand career through the stimulus of girlish innocence betrayed, is persuaded to return to the military Lares and Penates which are the idols of her father's hearth, under the promise that he will keep silence as to her unknown past. But his curiosity will not rest until he has tracked her secret, nor his code of honour be satisfied until it has extorted her affiancement to her seducer. From that moment the gulf between their several outlooks on life is widened. Magda, whose religion is 'her art and her child,' whose 'vocation is her home' instead of the converse, for whom home implies personal affection but not blind fetich-worship of authority; disdains to countenance the smug requisitions of the worldly-holy Von Keller. Her family see in the detested marriage, with its circumscribing conditions as to the pursuance of her art and access to her child, the sole reparation for wounded honour. The gentle parson, with his catholic sympathies, deplors the sacrifice which he demands for the preservation of the home. 'Home' has come to signify opposites to each. The father, so dear to the daughter, dies in his paralytic anger; and Magda is left to work out her own salvation.

This, like so much of modern fiction, is a study of people 'with a past,' but, unlike the majority, its interest centres on their  
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their 'present.' There is nothing of Norwegian insanity or heredity, nothing of the hospital about Magda; nor is there anything of Sarah Grand's 'bald-headed man with a past' in the aspect of Von Keller, who has throughout his life been the same whited sepulchre; he plays indeed a most subsidiary part, and only accentuates the ideals of Magda and of her father. The true antithesis is between these and that of the pastor's compromising tolerance. We must be contented with three excerpts to point this antithesis. 'Ideas of the period!' rejoins the father to Von Keller, who praises his ideal of 'authority.'

'Ideas of the period! Ha, ha! what are they? Just enter the quiet homesteads where brave soldiers are reared for their monarch, and modest brides for *them*. You'll hear no fuss there about heredity, no arguments about existence or the rights of individuality; no scandals are enacted there. The ideas of the period may go to the devil, and yet *here* the blood and sinew of the Fatherland are at peace. Look at this particular home: no luxury, scarcely so-called good taste, faded draperies, deal furniture, wooden pictures. But you have only to watch the sunset smiling in through the white curtains on all our litter to feel a voice whispering, "Happiness dwells *here*."

And Magda thus turns on Von Keller, who professes to repent his past indiscretion.

'H'm. I don't reproach you. Nay more, I'll explain why I'm actually grateful to you. I was a silly, trustful creature enjoying its emancipation like an escaped monkey. *You* made me a woman. All that I have attained in my art, all my personal capabilities, are due to *you*. My soul was like . . . Well, in the cellar here when I was a child lay an old Æolian harp that was left to moulder because my father could not bear its music. My soul used to be just such a cellared Æolian harp. Through you it was abandoned to the storm, and the storm has played on it to distraction—the whole gamut of sensations that transform us women into complete human beings—love, hate, hunger for revenge, thirst for renown (*springing up*) and want—want—want, thrice I repeat want; and the highest, the hottest, the holiest feeling of all, the love of a mother for her child. I am your debtor for that also.'

And, finally, the following is from the interview between Magda and the pastor, when he—the silent lover, for refusing whom she was originally sent out of her home—strives to induce her to marry the father of her child:—

'*Pastor*. Dear Miss Magda, there is an hour for almost everyone when the broken pieces of life must be picked up and cemented afresh. I have learned this lesson; it is your turn now.

'*Magda*. I won't do this; I won't do it.

Vol. 182.—No. 364.

2 F

'*Pastor*.

'*Pastor.* You must do it.

'*Magda.* I would rather take my bairn in my arms and be drowned.

'*Pastor* (*shuddering with terror; then, after a silence*). Yes! This, I grant you, is the simplest way out—and your father can follow you!

'*Magda.* Pity me. I must do what you ask. I can't help myself. I don't know how you get such a hold on me. Dear friend, if a ghost of what you once felt wavers in your memory, if a spark of pious reverence for your own youth is still yours, you cannot sacrifice me.'

It is impossible to collect the whole from such fragments, especially in translation. The humorous relief of the local surroundings, the general who wishes 'to be acquainted with none but soldiers,' the ladies of his Excellency's court who make religious societies a stalking-horse for their paltry jealousies, and inquire scornfully if 'any daughters of good families are on the stage,' are undeniably German. But the spirit of the play and of the heroine are universal and international; and herein lies its greatness. We may further briefly direct the reader's attention to two remarkable features.

In the first place this drama, though redolent of reality, is allegorical. The dark riddles it interprets proceed from the simple oracles of 'Home.' And, by a most beautiful irony, Magda herself, whose love is for individuals not ideas, is herself made an adherent of the authority to which she has renounced allegiance when she vehemently claims her right to her child. In a word 'Heimat' is a philosophy of life unfolded in the simplest story.

Secondly, the 'passion' of the play is not for passion's sake. It glows through the characters and develops through them: it exists for them, not they for it. The problems of a woman's life are presented with fearless frankness, equally unclouded by sentimental haze and neurotic obscurity. Magda is as far removed from Olivia as she is from Mrs. Ebbsmith. For, it must be observed, she neither quits her home on account of her lapse from virtue, nor seeks to re-enter it as a penitent. She was dispatched to be a 'companion' in Berlin because she repudiated the marriage-orders of her father. She returned, after an honourable career of triumph, partly, as she avows, from affection, partly from curiosity, partly in defiance. The 'Home' cramped her; she rose above it. A man abused her innocent love; but so far from being 'ruined,' she was saved for herself and her art. She is no 'Gretchen,' as she herself asseverates; no strayed and maimed lambkin reclaimed by a good



good shepherd. The pastor himself—a symbol of true Christianity contrasted with the sham Christianity around him—honours and appreciates her self-realizing energy by the side of his timid self-effacement. It is a work of genius to have treated such a many-sided theme within the clogs of theatrical shackles and under an aspect at once poetical and philosophical; just as it is a work of genius to have threaded the labyrinths of Mrs. Tanqueray on the stage. The two plays are immensely different. Herr Sudermann's style is heavier than Mr. Pinero's, but his subject is more solid. It is, so to speak, the massiveness of Gothic symbolism; Mr. Pinero's, the gossamer of Arabesque fancy. But the two dissimilar dramas both agree in this—they are exceptional.

To epitomize the issue of our investigations. What is new in the New Drama is neither its machinery nor its theories. It resides in its 'modernity'—its determination to mirror the contemporary agitations of modern existence. 'Sensation' has always been the food of the playgoer, but the earlier Victorian drama never dared to sensationalize psychology. Its diet was either the milk-pudding of mild romance or the tripe of 'Blood and Thunder.' But the doctrines of psychology and of physiology are fast affecting our every-day attitude towards sex and sin, towards religion and morals; towards the whole countenance of life. So that a 'sensational play' is beginning to mean one that thrills us with a startling picture of the soul, and not one of local lay-figures, or of pungent plot. The very language of the New Drama is shorter and sharper; more by gaps and breaks than by speeches answering speeches. It is, as was the Elizabethan, a cosmopolitan drama; with the distinction, however, of self-consciousness. Science percolates it, forcing us to think before we feel, and making the very characters analyse themselves.

Where then, to close with our opening quotations, is Mr. Jones's 'National Drama'? 'Put into connection with all that is vital and preservative of English life,' where is his 'atmosphere' of literary plays? If we have proved anything, it is that we must no longer hope for a school of national dramatists; there is no point of union for a 'school'; the 'national' recedes before the peepshow of the soul. But this peepshow has, as we have seen, its limits. By respecting them, we may secure good plays; and occasionally great dramas, like 'Heimat' and 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' Nay more. As life becomes more complex, we may discover recombinations of ancient forms, fresh grouping and colouring, like the pathetic farce of Mr. Pinero and the tragic idyll of Herr Sudermann.

But honest workmanship and healthy purposes are much more vital than showy pretensions to literary immortality. This is an age of diffusion; in taste, in education, in culture. There are far fewer bank-notes and much more small change than heretofore. Let us see to it, that our small change is truly minted and never counterfeit. There will be no mistaking our bank-note when it flutters in our hands. But clippers and coiners abound for our small change. Above all, do not let us, however sincerely, delude ourselves into calling a new farthing even half a sovereign. Do not let us term a melodrama a 'study' or a comedy of types one of character. For melodramas and for comedies of types there is, we repeat, useful room in this huge world. We need never despise our farthings. And as for 'studies of character,' human nature was never so enamoured of its own image as at present, nor so richly rewarded for self-inspection. The wonder is not that we have so much, but so little of it now on the stage. And the reason is that our triad of theatrical boundaries, our three walls of the stage, if regarded, make the characterization of modern context immensely difficult, and, if discarded, transform the so-called 'character studies' into merely artificial type-writing.

We give Mr. Jones every credit for sincerity and for energy; but the old Arabian fable is true. It was easy to conjure the genius out of the bottle, but to win him back again tasked all the magic of Solomon. These cloudy and somewhat blurred theories, these children of the mist, are deftly enough released from the durance of art-condensation. As the giants hover above us, they fascinate by their vague grandeur. But, when we want to fill our bottle with genius again, we are driven to own that, though the genius, of course, transcends the bottle, he is a much more tractable familiar spirit when cooped, sealed, and stoppered.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Report of the Tenth Indian National Congress at Madras*. Calcutta, 1895.  
 2. *The Protected Princes of India*. By W. Lee Warner, C.S.I. London, 1894.  
 3. *The Flower of Forgiveness, and other Stories*. By Flora Annie Steel. London, 1894.

TWO different schools of politicians advocate two different methods of governing India. One is content to look for the regeneration of the country in the peaceful evolution of the present order of things. The other, represented by the Indian National Congress and the Radical Party in the House of Commons, wishes to remodel the Indian Government on the basis of the advanced political ideas of Western civilization. In order to weigh fairly these conflicting views, it will be necessary to arrive at some conclusion as to what the natives of India really think of the way in which England governs them. We must, however, never forget that in India no community of race, language, or religion exists, and that the idea of political combination is most imperfectly developed. It is an axiom, which necessarily forms the foundation of all enquiries on Indian subjects, that 'India is not one nation but many.'

There are the following classes to be considered: those which have assimilated education on Western methods, the landholders, the warlike tribes, and the cultivators of the soil, who alone comprise 90 per cent. of the population. The opinion of the class first named expresses all that can be called 'public opinion' in the sense that it is enunciated by political leaders, and represented by the public press. The Bengalees, the Mahratta Brahmins, and the Parsees are the most highly educated classes of India in Western learning; they are indeed the only classes in which English education has made much progress. Keenly interested in politics, they are to a certain extent accustomed to act together. Their bond of union is English education, in which there is therefore 'a germ of national organization.' Education has spread among the educated classes a lively sense of the benefits to come from the English connexion and of the amenability of the British Government to political pressure. Babu Surendranath Banerjee at the Congress of 1888 asked:—

'Is it for one moment to be supposed that we have become so idiotic and have taken such utter leave of our senses as not to see that we owe all we possess—our position and our prestige—to the English connexion?'

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The Congress party assumes a tolerant attitude towards the British Government, lest a worse thing come unto them. Groaning as they profess to be under the whips of the English bureaucracy, they yet have a wholesome dread of being chastised by the scorpions of the Russian Tchinovniks. This tolerant attitude depends upon their ability to modify our government to suit their own ends, or, as the phrase goes, to satisfy their legitimate political aspirations. In doing this they are aided by a party of Radical doctrinaires in the House of Commons—the Indian Parliamentary Committee—who are eager to gain notoriety by exercising in India ‘the restless, dissatisfied interference of English theorists.’ It is of men like this that Sir James Stephen wrote, ‘If the British Government in India is ever seriously disturbed and ruined, it will be by reason of an agitation set up at the instigation of Englishmen against institutions with which the natives, if left to themselves, are perfectly satisfied.’

It is to exert this political pressure that the educated Hindus, for the satisfaction of their own class interests, have set on foot the Indian National Congress. In the resolutions and debates of this assembly their opinions are most prominently brought to the notice of Englishmen. Let us therefore briefly consider the theory, constitution, objects, methods, and opinions of the Congress, and its claim to be in any sense representative.

The claim of the Congress to call itself ‘National’ is, to say the least of it, premature. Its germ is to be found in the British Indian Association and in the ‘Anjumans’ of Bengal and Bombay—societies founded by the Hindus and Mahomedans respectively in order to bring their wishes and grievances to the notice of Government. Another source which may have contributed to the growth of the idea is imitation of the debating societies in our Indian Colleges, and of the Municipal Boards founded for the purpose of local self-government. A third source is imitation of the English method of public meetings for the consideration of matters of public interest, and the representation of grievances. The Congress itself is essentially a Western growth, a conception foreign to Indian ideas,—the offspring, according to the Rajah of Bhinga, of the ‘exclusively literary’ nature of English education, and of ‘indiscriminate and ill-digested study, by immature students, of European philosophers, the speeches of English statesmen, and the history of English institutions.’ This origin reminds us of the French Revolutionary Assemblies, and of the relation of the ideas of their orators to the classic writers of Greece and Rome. But there is this essential difference between the two bodies, that  
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behind the French Assembly stood an united nation, while the Indian Congress has not and never can have this support.

The theory of the Congress is given in the Report of the Madras Congress of 1887, that it is 'an assemblage composed of every race, of every creed, of every community, that in the aggregate compose the population of India, chosen by their fellows to represent their views.' Its declared objects are:—

'I. The fusion into one national whole of all the different and, until recently, discordant elements that constitute the population of India.

'II. The gradual regeneration along all lines, mental, moral, social and political, of the nation thus evolved.

'III. The consolidation of the union between England and India, by securing the modification of such of its conditions as may be unjust or injurious to the latter country.'

If the Congress even imperfectly corresponded to this theory or even partially realized these objects, we might see in it the 'portent' in Indian history that its supporters behold. Let us apply to the theory the test of experience.

The first of the following tables gives the number of delegates from each province; the second divides these delegates according to caste or race.

PROVINCES.	YEAR AND SEAT OF CONGRESS.						
	1886, Calcutta.	1887, Madras.	1888, Allahabad.	1889, Bombay.	1892, Allahabad.	1893, Lahore.	1894, Madras.
Madras .. .. .	47	362	95	366	38	31	954
Bombay and Sindh ..	48	99	163	821	77	124	132
Punjab .. .. .	17	9	80	62	19	482	4
North-West Pro- vinces and Oudh ..	74	45	583	261	324	133	13
Central Provinces and Berar .. .. .	10	13	73	214	61	38	30
Bengal, Behar, Orissa, and Assam .. .. .	240	79	254	165	106	59	30
Total .. .. .	436	607	1248	1889	625	867	1163

The Congress of 1885 at Bombay consisted of only 72 delegates, of whom 38 were from the Bombay Presidency. The detailed figures for the Congresses of 1890 and 1891 are omitted in order to avoid the multiplication of statistics. They will be found to confirm the general inferences drawn from the figures given here.

	Hindus.	Mahomedans.	Europeans and Eurasians.	Indian Christians.	Jains.	Sikhs.	Jews.	Parsees.	Total.
1885 .. ..	58	2	1	2	1	..	..	8	72
1886 .. ..	387	33	1	5	2	2	..	6	436
1887 .. ..	492	81	10	15	4	..	..	5	607
1888 .. ..	965	221	16	22	11	6	..	7	1248
1889 .. ..	1502	254	23	31	31	3	1	44	1889
1892 .. ..	520	87	10	1	4	2	..	1	625
1893 .. ..	732	63	6	10	2	35	..	19	867
1894 .. ..	1118	20	9	10	..	..	..	6	1163

The basis upon which the Congress is assembled is of the most arbitrary character. The electoral divisions are partly sectional, partly territorial. The sections are designed to secure the representation of minorities, and each includes a special community or an Association (Sabha or Somaj) representing such a community. No attempt has been made to define the area of a territorial electoral division. This unfortunate omission seems to have struck the framer of the Report of Congress of 1887, who regrets that

‘no attempt has been made to divide the country into districts or to restrict the number of delegates from any particular locality. Anyone could be represented, but no one troubled about those who did not come forward. An association of 50 members could send as many as a town of 50,000.’

The only restriction imposed on the number of delegates is that no electoral circle can send more than two delegates for every million of its population.

How far does the Congress make good its claim to be a national and representative body? To what extent is it at the present moment, or does it show signs of becoming, ‘an assemblage composed of every race, of every creed, of every community, that in the aggregate compose the population of India, chosen by their fellows to represent their views’? In the face of facts it is impossible to contend that the representative system of the Congress rests on the basis of population. The widest discrepancies exist between the number of delegates for each province and the number of persons by whom they are supposed to be chosen. No manipulation of figures can explain away the variations. Thus, in 1889, the number of delegates per million of the population averaged 9·5 for the entire country; but it varied from 96·1 in the Bombay and 52·3 in the Poona circles, to 0·9 in the Rajeshaye circle of Bengal. This grave defect in the representative system is aggravated and



and intensified by the enormous preponderance of delegates from the particular province in which the Congress happens to be meeting.

If the representative system thus breaks down in what may be considered the simplest part of its machinery, it can scarcely be expected to triumph over more complicated and difficult details. When so little correspondence is secured between the number of delegates and the population by whom they are chosen, we should not expect to find that the Congress is successful in securing an adequate representation of rival races and creeds. Thus, except in 1893, when the Congress met at Lahore, the inhabitants of the Punjab, the home of the warlike races of India, seem to have taken comparatively little interest in its proceedings. Still more marked is the abstention of the Mahommedans. They do not support the Congress in anything like the ratio of their number to that of the Hindus. According to the Census of 1891, there were in British India 49 million Mahommedans to 155 million Hindus. But at Madras in 1887, though the Mahommedans number half the population of Bengal, they were represented at the Congress in the proportion of 1 Mahommedan to 78 Hindu delegates. The Hindus in fact practically swamp the Congress. But important sections even of the Hindus are opposed to it. Thus, in 1888, the Talukdars Association of Oudh, a body largely composed of orthodox Hindus, formally resolved that their Association should not join the Congress. An analysis of the profession and nationality of the delegates from places out of Bengal or Madras, shows that the bulk of them are Bengalee and Madrassie schoolmasters or pleaders. The public and representative character of the meetings at which these gentlemen were chosen is sometimes open to doubt, and they are often quite alien to the places they claim to represent. Though 90 per cent. of the population of India consist of cultivators of the soil, only 3 out of the 625 delegates to the Congress of 1892, and, in 1893, 1 out of 867, appear in the list as cultivators by profession.

Finally, if we ask whether the persons represented interest themselves in the Congress or do all that is necessary to make it succeed, we find that the first requisites for the success of representative forms of government are conspicuously absent. The Report of 1887, by counting the number of persons present at the preliminary meetings and composing the associations that sent delegates, estimates that 'about half a million of men directly took a part in the elections.' According to the Report of 1888, the number present at Congress meetings, at divisional head-quarters, or at minor local meetings, amounted

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to about three millions. Accepting these figures, they do not represent a large number of electors for an assembly which claims to represent a population that exceeds 222 millions. The Congress Reports note, as a mark of the reverence of the people to the Congress, that the women, even in Bengal, personify it as a god under the name of 'Kangres,' and worship it with offerings. This worship is relied upon by the Congress to show its popularity. To us it tells the other way, for it proves how absolutely ignorant the masses are of the simplest ideas which such an institution embodies.

We pass from the composition to the objects of the Congress. The first of these is the fusion of discordant elements into one national whole. It is difficult to understand in what respect the institution can really promote this desirable end. The Rajah of Bhinga, in his 'Democracy not suited to India,' justly remarks that, even if it were possible to weld the various nations of India into one, the unwieldy mass thus constituted would not be preferable to the various elements of which it is composed, as none of the elements on which nationality depends could possibly be brought into operation.

The way in which the Congress propose to realize their second object—the mental and moral regeneration of their fellow-countrymen—is remarkable. Keenly alive to the interests of the educated Hindus, it neglects those of the masses. To take one conspicuous instance of this selfish policy, the Congress is unanimously opposed to the Government policy of withdrawing State support from high education. The reason is that the middle classes work the Congress, and they have long enjoyed an almost gratuitous education, at the expense of the State, in Government Colleges. The Congress wishes to continue this condition, and even to extend it by the entire remission of fees to indigent pupils. Resolution VIII. of the Congress of 1892 runs as follows:—

'That it is highly inexpedient, in the present state of education in the country, that the Government grants for high education should in any way be withdrawn; and, concurring with previous Congresses, this Congress affirms in the most emphatic manner the importance of increasing the public expenditure on all branches of education.'

Similar Resolutions were adopted in the Congresses of 1893 and 1894. What is this but an attempt to make the education of classes, who in most instances can well afford to pay for it themselves, a charge on the public funds?

Towards the mental improvement of their fellow-subjects the Congress adopts the selfish attitude of defending its own class-interests.

interests. Towards the moral regeneration of society it takes up a position which is characterised by indifference, if not by hostility. It has steadily refused to touch any questions of social reform, and this refusal is thus defended :—

‘These are matters too delicate for a stranger’s handling, matters which must be left to the guidance of those who alone fully understand them in all their bearings, and which are wholly unsuited for discussion in an assembly like this, in which all classes are intermingled.’

In pursuance of this policy, the Congress took up a neutral, if not an actually favourable, attitude towards the agitation against Lord Lansdowne’s Age of Consent Bill. The truth is that, whilst the Congress is loth to incur the unpopularity likely to result from touching any of these social matters, which cry loudly for reform, it prefers to aim at cheap popularity by turning exclusive attention to politics. Swayed by the selfish and exclusive interests of class and creed, the Congress is only another instrument for the perpetuation of evils which civilization struggles to remove. To strengthen its influence is to build a new barrier to moral and social progress. The truth of this statement is emphatically confirmed by what it has left undone. In the words of the ‘Times’:

‘When the hardships of caste, the cruelties of custom, the turbulent ambitions of the warlike races, and the fanatical hatred of creeds and sects are things of the past; when the weak are safe from the strong, and when education and intelligence do actually take the place of oppression and force among the Indian peoples, then perhaps the British Government may chant its *Nunc Dimittis*. But the evidence, both public and private, which reaches us from every Province and Native State in India, proves that this time is still afar.’

It is for its sins of omission, chiefly, that we judge the work of the Congress adversely. When has it stirred a finger to lighten the hardships of caste, or raised a protest against the cruelties of custom, or spoken a word to mitigate the fanatical hatred of creeds and sects? Even in Madras, the favourite seat of the Congress, the Government has to establish special schools for the outcast Pariah race, because parents of the higher castes will not allow their children to attend school if Pariah boys are admitted. Pariah boys are also rigorously excluded from the great Hindu educational institution in Madras, Pachappa’s College. Is not this an eloquent commentary on the claim of the Congress to call itself national? Representative of the educated classes, it may, to a certain extent, be; of the masses, no! Its selfish neglect of social reform

reform is our chief reason for weighing the Congress in the balance and finding it wanting.

In the advocacy of some political changes Congress has done good work. The introduction of the representative element into the Viceregal and Local Legislative Councils, carefully guarded as it has been, is no doubt an advantage. This reform is due to the Congress, and it can triumphantly point to the fact that the recently elected members are almost to a man pronounced Congresswallahs. The agitation for enquiry into the home charges, and for the separation of executive and judicial functions in the duties of magistrates, will produce good results. The suggestion that opportunity for economy in the military charges may be found in a reversion to the old policy of a local long-service army for India, and in the establishment of military colleges to educate natives for a career in arms, is worthy of consideration. There is also justice in the demand that England should bear a share of the expenses of wars undertaken beyond the Indian frontier for Imperial purposes.

With reference to the agitation for simultaneous examinations in England and India for entrance into the Civil Service, Congress orators argue that, unless this change is made,

'it is idle to say that, because the examination is the same, therefore Europeans and Natives are placed on a footing of equality. It is singularly unjust to compel the people of India to go ten thousand miles away to pass an examination to qualify themselves for service in their own country.'

Till the examinations are held both in England and India, the power of competing for the Civil Service

'merely purports to be the sham shadow of a gift, which the giver simply holds out in his hands, but never really intends to part with.'

The change to simultaneous examinations in England and India would probably benefit a few sharp Bengalees and Parsees, but it is not clear what the masses would gain by it. So far as there is any reasonable ground for discontent in the matter, it may be hoped that the resolution of the Government to adopt the recommendations of the Public Service Commission will remove all cause for dissatisfaction. The practice of appointing to this service comparatively uneducated or illiterate young men, who have nothing but their birth or their fathers' services to recommend them, should be discontinued. It is this practice which has been the cause of the bad name under which the service suffers. The pretensions of the Bengalees and their kindred spirits in this direction are, however, somewhat excessive. Their ideal is the despotism in India of the English-educated

classes

classes supported by British bayonets. Tommy Atkins is to be carefully retained in the country to prevent what would happen if the Bengalees tried to assert the supremacy of intellect over the warlike races, without the much-abused English being present to keep the Pathan and the Ghoorkha in check.

Here again the Congress is working in the interests of the classes against those of the masses. The 'Homeward Mail' of August 13, 1894, quotes a petition to Parliament from the Pariah community of Southern India, which amounts to a population of approximately nine millions. The petition points out that, if more high-caste natives enter the Civil Service, it will only increase their power of exercising caste tyranny. The Pariah community desire no change, and are well content to be ruled by Europeans.

Very few resolutions of the Congress directly affect the condition of the masses. Perhaps the most important are those which refer to the Forest Laws and the income-tax. On the first of these points a change has been made. An order has been issued by the Indian Government to its Forest officials, the spirit of which is that the forests were made for man, not man for the forests. The business is not to be exclusively conducted with an eye to profit. The forests have been classified, and only those which contain valuable timber are to be managed on strictly commercial principles. Resolutions have been passed by successive Congresses that the minimum of taxable incomes should be raised. The demand is based upon the fact that the average annual income of the population of India per head is estimated to be about 30s., as against 37l. in the United Kingdom. It is argued that the present system is oppressive, because under it persons only possessing the barest necessities of life have to contribute to the income-tax, the minimum being fixed too low.

The ninth resolution of the Congress of 1892, substantially repeated at Lahore in 1893, covers wider ground in its advocacy of financial changes:—

'Having regard to the fact that fifty millions of the population, a number yearly increasing, are dragging out a miserable existence on the verge of starvation, and that in every decade several millions actually perish by starvation, this Congress deems it imperatively necessary that the cost of administration, especially in the military branch of the public service, should be greatly reduced, and that measures should be taken to give, as was promised by the British Government over thirty years ago, fixity and permanence to the revenue demand, and thus permit capital and labour to combine to develop the agriculture of the country, which, under the existing system

system of temporary settlement in recent times, often lasting for short periods, in some cases only extending to ten or twelve years, is found to be impossible, and to establish agricultural banks.'

This Resolution is somewhat inconsistent with the constant advocacy by the Congress of economy. The State is in theory owner of all the land of the country, and the land-tax is probably the most elastic source of revenue in India. The history of the Permanent Settlement in Bengal does not warrant the Government in formally binding itself not to increase the land-tax in other parts of India. By the Permanent Settlement the Government formally divested themselves of the power of participating in the 'unearned increment' of the wealth of the landlords from the improvement of their estates by the construction of roads and railroads. The Permanent Settlement failed to grant any status or protection to the tenants; and ever since 1859 repeated laws have been passed to remedy this failure. It does not appear that the Zemindars as a class have bestowed those benefits on the community, in expectation of which their land-tax was permanently fixed, or that the fixing of the land-tax has to any considerable extent attracted capital to be invested in agriculture in Bengal. The great embankments and canals in Bengal have almost entirely been constructed at Government expense. Altogether it is an established fact that the Zemindars of Bengal contribute much less than their proper share to the necessities of the Empire, and it would be suicidal for the Government to repeat the mistake, which allows them to escape their fair burden, in other provinces of the Empire.

Other resolutions of Congress are comparatively unimportant, and require no detailed notice. No one can blame the Congress for its efforts to remove conditions which are, in its opinion, unjust or injurious to India. Our condemnation of its action rests on other grounds,—on the inconsistency of its practice and its professions, on the discrepancy between its real and its nominal objects, on its preference, alike in what it does and in what it leaves undone, for class above national interests. Nowhere are these discrepancies and inconsistencies more conspicuous than in the methods by which it seeks to attain its ends. Professing to desire the consolidation of the union between England and India, it spreads broadcast by its literature a spirit of suspicion and discontent among the native races. Claiming to have at heart the mental and moral regeneration of India, it does not scruple, for its own political ends, to pander to the ignorant fanaticism of its fellow-subjects.

The literature of Congress merits a passing glance. Its best known pamphlets are the 'Congress Catechism' and the 'Dialogue between



between Moulvi Fariduddin and one Rambaksh of Kambaktpur.' Mr. Hume has declared that the political ideas contained in these writings are 'loyal and kindly alike in spirit and in word.' Let us briefly examine the Dialogue, and see whether we come to the same conclusion. It purports to be a comparison of the present Government of India with what that Government would be under representative institutions. Kambaktpur, 'the city of ill fortune,' a village under the control of an absentee Zemindar, or landlord, is compared with Shamshpur, 'the city of the sun, or prosperity,' which belongs to two hundred co-sharers, all managing their own concerns. The oppression of Kambaktpur by the Zemindar's naib, or bailiff, and the misery caused by the liquor shops, which the Government allows to be set up to increase the revenue, are dwelt upon at full length. A parallel follows between the way in which the absentee Zemindar governs his village and that in which the absentee English Government governs the country. The collector and district magistrate, Mr. Zabberdast ('one who is arbitrary, tyrannical, and unjust'), is described as offering personal violence to unhappy petitioners before him in a way which would never be tolerated in real life in India. So far from agreeing with Mr. Hume, the Dialogue must be described as a deliberate attempt to misrepresent the truth, and to bring the English Government into disrepute. It is not, however, worse than the well-known speech of Mr. Hume, in which he described the Sepoy as the cornerstone of British power in India. The Sepoy, he continued, might be won over, and therefore his hearers were not to imagine that the English tenure of power in India was as secure as was commonly supposed.

In nothing is the action of the Congress more reprehensible than in its appeals to the ignorant fanaticism of the common people. Though the educated classes have themselves discarded all religious prejudices, they use them for their purposes to excite the common people against the Government. The establishment of Gaurakhshini Sabhas, or cow-protection societies, all over the country, is a case in point. It is impossible to believe that the 'England returned' native shares in the superstitious reverence of the masses for the cow; but any stick is good enough to beat the Government with: hence the agitation. It is the lever by which the Congress hope to raise the masses, the cry which is to induce the people to play into the hands of the educated classes. There is some ground for believing that the anti-cow killing movement, religious in its origin, has unhappily combined in Behar with the agrarian movement against the Cadastral Survey that is being made of the country.

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This is a survey on the most minute scale of every field and holding. To its cost the Zemindars are required to contribute largely, as Government maintains they will be remunerated by the more accurate measurement of the area of their estates. Government presses on the survey, though neither Zemindars nor rayats want it. It professes to be moving in the interests of the rayats, but the latter unfortunately cannot be induced to see the advantage. The Survey may, or may not, be useful. It is not demanded by the people for whom it is designed; it excites their suspicions and their discontent; and it affords one among many instances of ill-advised activity on the part of the Government. It is not in this matter only that a meddlesome policy is alienating the affections of the princes and the people, and playing into the hands of those who have something to gain from the spread of disloyalty.

In this connexion the remarks of an Anglo-Indian paper, the 'Capital,' seem apposite:—

'What the peoples of this country want, from the Nizam on his throne to the ryot in the field, is to be let alone, and the Government of India seems unable to appreciate this simple fact. With the spirit of unrest abroad, with a feeling of discontent pervading all classes, the responsible Government needs to gang warily, for there is not a class or interest that they have not in some way touched. Be it the case of Native princes, as in Manipur; be it the rights of property, as in the Behar survey; be it the manners and customs of the people, as in the Age of Consent Act; be it their food and drink, as in the Opium Commission; be it the raising of the revenue, as in the case of the income-tax—everything seems to have been done as if it were the aim and object of Government to sow the seeds of distrust and suspicion. Great indeed will be the service rendered by him who succeeds in restoring the *status quo ante*, in regaining the confidence of the princes and the people, who are thoroughly loyal at heart; and this should be the object of Government.'

Manipur is not a case in point. In this instance the Government of India could not have declined to interfere. But the general contention of the paragraph is true. The Indian Government has of late constantly transgressed the old maxim *quieta non movere*, and its intentions are consequently viewed with suspicion by almost every class. It is not in the least likely that the combined anti-cowkilling and anti-Cadastral Survey movements will result in any outbreak against the Government, or in any attack of the Hindus upon the Mahomedans. But the mango-tree smearing in the spring of 1894 excited vague feelings of unrest in Behar, and prognostications of evil were by no means confined to a single newspaper at home.

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One remark on the cow-killing controversy, though it is in the nature of a digression, may be permitted. The champions of the Hindus appeal to the name of the Mahommedan festival Baqr I'd, or the Festival of the Goat, and say that the Mahommedans have no right to sacrifice a cow, the true sacrificial animal being a goat, and that they only do so to outrage the religious susceptibilities of the Hindus. It is difficult to see how Dr. Leitner and Mr. Pincott can claim to know more of these Mahommedan religious matters than the Moulvis themselves who sacrifice cows. At any rate, the matter can be disposed of on the common-sense principle that the Government is bound to protect its subjects in the enjoyment of their personal liberty so long as they commit no crime against the law: personal liberty includes the right of disposing of their property as they choose, and therefore a Mahommedan can claim to be protected by the British Government in killing cows. Sir Charles Elliott, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, recently ordered that cow-killing should only be carried out in duly licensed places, secluded from the public gaze, and this represents the utmost limits of the concession that can properly be made to the Hindu agitators.

Another striking instance of this misplaced activity, this wish to leave nothing for their successors to do, is furnished by the proposal of one, at least, of the local Governments to place Hindu religious endowments under the charge of Boards composed of Government nominees. The Madras Congress of 1894 passed a resolution to this effect, and nothing probably would have given more pleasure to the managers of the Congress than to find the Government embroiled on this question with the orthodox section of the Hindus. Fortunately the good sense of the Indian Government kept us clear of this danger.

Another, and perhaps the most unreasonable, attempt to interfere with the manners, customs, and habits of the Indian people was made by the well-meaning but ignorant fanatics who clamoured for the Opium enquiry. It is, as was well shown by Sir George Chesney, most unfortunate that unscrupulous opponents of British rule can point the moral, by a reference to the Opium Commission, how much England cares for Indian interests when in competition with her own. This latest instance of injudicious parliamentary interference with the affairs of India has been described 'as the outcome of a meddling philanthropy on the part of people who fail to perceive that their own house sadly needs putting in order.' It is an idea commonly believed in India that the British Government contemplated putting an end to the consumption of opium, in the

interest of the importers into India of cheap spirit from England. Nor will the mischief of such an impression be wholly undone by the tenor of the recent Report.

The Congress is not the only weapon wielded by the educated classes. In political agitation, by public meetings and petitions, and in the control of a vernacular press, they find other instruments for their purpose. With Western education, the educated classes have adopted Western methods of political agitation. Anyone familiar with the East knows how quickly many people can be gathered together at any public spectacle. Nothing is easier than to collect as large a crowd as is wanted at a public meeting, and to telegraph to Calcutta, 'The people of such and such a place, gathered in their thousands, have passed such and such a resolution in public meeting assembled.' There was a great public meeting on the Maidan, a large open space or common in Calcutta, to protest against the Age of Consent Bill. A Hindu mendicant, being asked the reason of his presence amongst the crowd, replied that another man owed him money, and he hoped to meet him there. This may be taken as a type of the reasons why many people assemble at an Indian public meeting. Another reason is a wish for a cheap method of obliging the local magnates, who may be interested in the success of the meeting. Very few of the audience at a public gathering of this sort take the slightest interest in its objects, although it may suit the promoters to assert that all who come take an intelligent view of them.

Similar arguments lead us to look with distrust on the petitions from various places in India, which it is now the fashion for the pro-Congress members to present to the House of Commons. When a petition in favour of simultaneous examinations for the Civil Service in England and India is presented from a place like Kurigram, Rungpore (Bengal), it would be interesting to enquire into the genuineness of the signatures, how they were obtained, and whether the signatories understood for what purpose they were affixing their signatures. Even in England, signatures to petitions are sometimes bogus or forged; but has any one thought it worth while to scrutinize the signatures of an Indian petition?

The vernacular press is another weapon in the hands of the educated classes. The Bengal Government, by the late prosecution of the 'Bangabashi,' the most widely circulated, as well as one of the most scurrilously abusive, of the Bengali prints, read the whole Native press a well-deserved lesson that there were limits to English endurance of indiscriminate and unde-  
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served abuse. Let us hear Syed Mehdi Hosain, Chief Justice of Hyderabad, on the subject of the vernacular press:—

‘The abuse levied at successive Viceroys by the Native press is so marked a piece of ingratitude to those who have spent laborious years in the attempt to better our condition, that we cannot be induced to identify ourselves with those who employ these political methods.’

More deserving of weight is the opinion expressed by the late Sir George Chesney in his ‘Indian Polity’:—

‘It is unlike the press of any other country, in that it is not divided by party lines to represent various sections of the community; and with a few honourable exceptions it is all cast in the same mould, and animated with the same spirit—a desire to disparage the Indian Government and render it odious in the eyes of the people. Not only are the actions of that Government continually misrepresented, and its officers denounced and reviled, but the most insidious attempts are made to arouse the feelings of the masses, by appealing to the prejudices which have been affected by previous legislation.

‘These papers are contemptible as literary productions, and the circulation of many of them is extremely small, but the number of copies sold would be a very incorrect index of the number of readers; and although the mass of the people of India are still quite uneducated, the subject-matter of these newspapers, which is the only thing read at all, undoubtedly filters down to the classes below the readers, and cannot but in the long run tend to produce serious mischief.’

The influence of each individual newspaper may be trivial, but in the aggregate it is great. Week by week, and month by month, baseless fabrications and complete misrepresentations of Government policy are promulgated uncontradicted among an ignorant populace, which takes everything it sees in print as Gospel truth. Seldom or never is the bright side of the picture of British government brought before the readers of the Native press. *Litera scripta manet*, and there is unhappily now no Vernacular Press Act to check the baneful influence of the ‘reptile’ press. It is supposed to be a safety valve to allow this free expression of opinion, but this unchecked promulgation of poisonous ideas would seem to be more dangerous than a Vernacular Press Act, the operation of which, in any district, was capable of being suspended by Government order. It may be objected that a free press is a blessing in England, and why should it not be so in India? The advantages of that freedom, as journalism is now often conducted, are even in England sometimes doubtful. But in India freedom of the press exists without that high sense of public duty and personal honour which alone prevents liberty from degenerating into

licence. Many journalists of the vernacular press have no sense of duty to their profession or the public. Their only wish is to sell their papers. Men often start a paper when they have failed in other walks of life, and endeavour, by reckless abuse of all persons of eminence, to extort money from their victims as the price of silence. The safeguards which prevent abuse of their position by journalists in England, unfortunately prevail only to a limited extent in India.

It is a work of supererogation on the part of the Government to create these unnecessary grounds of complaint against British rule in India, for, unfortunately, there are substantial grievances which supply the agitator with political capital. The great danger that threatens our hold on the affections of the Native races is the ever-increasing burden of taxation, which is largely caused by the fall in exchange. Those who endeavour, for their own purposes, to stir the masses to discontent are quick to seize their opportunity. When Congresswallahs and the Native press call attention to the financial defects of our rule, or preach the necessity of economy, they carry with them the sympathy of the Anglo-Indian. He may, and does, repudiate the arguments which are used by native politicians, agitators, and journalists, and differ from them as to the best means of retrenchment; but he agrees with them as to the principal facts. And these facts are sufficiently striking without partisan comments.

When financial exigencies demanded the re-imposition of the cotton duties, the Native makes the most of the counterbalancing excise on Indian manufactures. When the Indian Government presses upon the Home authorities the reform of the currency, it is easy for him to ignore the difficulties that stand in the way of any international agreement to accept bimetallism, and to argue that the attitude of England is not impartial, that appreciated gold and cheap silver are to her advantage, and that the Secretary of State has stultified the decision of his own Committee on the Indian currency question in order that Lombard Street and the gold party might flourish. When in India today, as compared with half a century ago, there is, with the exception of the salt tax in the Upper Provinces, no appreciable diminution of the burden of taxes, he is able to draw an effective contrast with the more favoured condition of England, which in the same period has remitted seventy-five million pounds of taxation. When the expenditure on the Home Office establishment has reached its present magnitude, or when the expense of costly frontier wars for the maintenance of Imperial interests is thrown upon the Indian Exchequer, he can insist, with a plausible



plausible appearance of truth, on the disregard of the English House of Commons for burdens which do not touch their own pockets. When he compares the searching investigations, which were customary in old days whenever the charter of the East India Company was renewed, with the tardy recognition by the English Government of a similar principle, and the long-delayed appointment of a Royal Commission, he makes out a strong case against the apparent indifference of the Home authorities to the injustice of their financial rule.

It is on its strenuous protests against defective finance, and on its successful advocacy of a few political changes which have proved useful, that Congress rests its only real claim to the gratitude of the native races. In every other respect its aims are inherently selfish, and in the manufacture or the counterfeit of political opinion it follows the worst precedents of Western methods. Its claim to represent the voiceless millions of India is ludicrously falsified by facts. It is the passive instrument of those educated classes who form a microscopic minority in proportion to the uneducated and those who despise learning. Mr. Cotton tells us that 'the Bengalee baboos now rule public opinion from Peshawar to Chittagong.' A late distinguished President of the Congress is of opinion that 'the thinking and educated men of all classes and creeds were becoming the leaders of the people,' and that the British rulers of India, 'having created this great force, should draw it to their side by taking it into their confidence.' With all deference to such distinguished authorities, it seems to us that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's picture of what happened on the Afghan frontier, when a Bengalee Deputy-Commissioner was appointed to a frontier district, represents more truly the attitude of the warlike tribes towards the *fin fleur* of Western education in India. The Congress does not really represent the cultivating class, who care only for their own local concerns, for peace and a sufficient amount of good government to ensure that each man shall enjoy the fruit of his own labour. Neither does the Congress party represent Mahomedan interests. Distanced in the race of education by the Hindus, the Mahomedans keenly resent the fact that education is now adopted as almost the sole test for Government employment. Bullied by the Hindus in all municipal matters, and in great measure ousted from service under Government, they feel bitterly the loss of the prominent position they formerly enjoyed. Their attitude towards the Congress is, in most cases, one of complete indifference. We thus arrive at the opinion that the educated classes represent only themselves, and that the public opinion as represented

represented by the Native press is only that of an infinitesimally small and disproportionately noisy minority. But this minority embraces all those who are able to make their complaints audible to Western ears, and for this reason its clamour seems all important to the average English public.

It is difficult to arrive at the opinion of the landed classes, as their leaders do not often attract public attention ; but their influence is none the less real. It may be conceded that the classes which owe their position to the British Government, such as the Bengal Zemindars, are grateful, and would support us with their purse and influence. Men of birth, wealth, and extensive landed property, such as the Maharajah of Durbunga, are rare in the Congress ranks, and decline as a rule to identify themselves with the sentiments and interests of the middle classes. Sir Syed Ahmed, 'the sage of Allyghur,' founder of the Anglo-Mahomedan College, avowed his disbelief in the view entertained by the Congress of the benefits to be derived from the supremacy of intellect in India. The importance attached to his opinion is shown by the great self-congratulation with which the Congress hails some slight approximation that he has recently made to their side.

The landholding classes have a special grievance of their own—the hard and fast operation of the British legal system. The 'sunset law,' which, in permanently-settled Bengal, puts up to auction the estates of defaulting payers of revenue at sunset on the last day on which the Government demand can be paid, and allows them to be bought in, often at a nominal price, by some sharp lawyer or money-lender who can neither cultivate nor administer the land, is the fruitful cause of discontent among the landed classes. A useless and often disaffected class is thus pandered to at the expense of the backbone of all Government authority,—the old holders of the soil. It has been said, 'Law is the salt in a Native State, but in British districts it is the whole banquet.' The points in our legal system viewed with most disfavour, as detailed to Sir Richard Temple by Sir Salar Jung in 1867, are the following : 'Imprisonment of civil debtors, sale of real property under decrees of Court, non-recognition of castes or class privileges in matters of law and justice, and the imposition of legal penalties incurred as much in carelessness and thoughtlessness as from any desire to offend the law.'

Another undoubted grievance, and one insisted on by the Congress, is the union of judicial and executive functions in one officer. The Collector, who is the executive head of a district, in his judicial capacity often hears appeals from orders passed

passed by himself in his executive capacity. A young civilian acting as district judge may reverse the orders of the Collector, and, on the return of the permanent incumbent of the judgeship, revert to a joint magistrateship and become the subordinate of the Collector, upon whose orders he has sat in judgment. This state of things causes undoubted friction, and it is due to the Congress to say that it has called attention to the anomaly. The separation of these functions is, as Lord Dufferin remarked, 'a counsel of perfection to which we all subscribe.' Expense alone has hitherto blocked the way of this most necessary reform.

The attitude of the warlike tribes towards the Bengalees and the other classes, whose only claim to preferment is proficiency in Western learning, has been alluded to above. The *pax Britannica* prevents these tribes from gaining for themselves the position their strong right hands would otherwise have ensured them, and for this reason they are restless under control. They are grateful to the Government for the career in arms provided for them, and it is a question whether this career might not be widened by enlisting regiments of Native troops exclusively officered by Natives. At present a Native officer cannot rise beyond the rank of Subahdar or Native captain, and is generally promoted from the ranks. The objection, that Natives should not in any circumstances have British officers under their command, might be met by exclusively officering certain regiments with Natives, as is done among the Imperial Service troops. The want of education in military subjects, which is the chief difficulty in promoting military officers from the ranks, might be remedied by the establishment of an Indian Sandhurst. To this College might be nominated cadets of good birth, to whom commissions in Native regiments would be given on passing through a College course of instruction. It may be safely affirmed that the establishment of such an institution would widen the foundation of English popularity, by opening a career to those who are shut out from service under Government by the want of certain intellectual qualifications. The Native press would no longer be able to institute unfavourable comparisons between English and Russian rule, by pointing to the careers open to the subject races in the Russian service, as evidenced by the promotion of a Loris Melikoff or an Alikanoff.

The cultivating classes remain to be considered. Their attitude towards Government is purely neutral; they have always accepted the *de facto* ruler of India, and their interest in public affairs is purely local. They suffered in Bengal from the operation of the Permanent Settlement, owing to the wish  
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to create a class of landed proprietors and attach them to English rule. The neglect of their rights in 1796 has, however, been remedied by successive legislative enactments. They have been granted under certain conditions a practical fixity of tenure, and the grounds on which their rents can be raised are strictly limited. Like the landed proprietors, the cultivators suffer from the unsuitability of the English legal system to their needs; but in general it may be assumed that they only need to be protected from injustice and left free to manage their own concerns. The special dangers which threaten them lie in the wiles of the money-lender and the oppression of the Zemindar. The cultivator takes a loan from the money-lender for a marriage ceremony or for the purchase of seed, and in his ignorance contracts to pay an usurious rate of interest; and if he makes the slightest default in doing this, the money-lender seizes his land. The creditor's action is supported by the English courts, the judges of which, in their regard for the sacredness and freedom of contract, rarely enquire into the consideration for the contract, or reduce a rate of interest, however excessive, which a man has once agreed to pay. They treat both parties to the bargain as on an equality, in spite of the astuteness of the money-lender and the proverbial stupidity and improvidence of the peasant.

Rent suits, in which the tenant strives to escape payment of his just dues or the landlord to enforce illegal exactions, form the chief work of our Moonsiffs and subordinate judges, and are too much governed by hard and fast rules of law. In one of Mrs. Steel's admirable stories this point is strikingly illustrated. All the passionate love of the Punjabi peasant for the soil nerves the arm of Jaimund to kill the sleek money-lender, who, under the strict interpretation of a law which the ignorant simple tiller of the soil has never understood, has defrauded him of his ancestral acres. We cannot too highly praise the skill with which the story is told or the power with which the picture, without any apparent effort, is thrown upon the canvas. We believe Mrs. Steel's statement to be true that, by permitting the soldier peasants of the Punjab to alienate their holdings, we are throwing the land into the hands of a worthless class of unscrupulous money-lenders, and reducing the men who stood by us in our hour of need from the position of virtual freeholders to that of actual serfs. Paradoxical though it may sound, there is more to be learned of the real needs of the masses of India from such stories as those of Mrs. Steel than from a wilderness of resolutions passed in the interest of the educated classes by the much-lauded Congress.

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The ignorance of the cultivating classes makes them the prey of designing schemers, and enquiries in the far-off province of Assam have revealed a system of boycotting those who paid the enhanced Government revenue, which would have done credit to the Irish Land League. The peasantry of Assam formerly paid a very insufficient land-tax, and would have willingly paid the enhancement, if persons of superior intellectual attainments had not taken advantage of the prevailing discontent, and established courts, as secret and irresponsible as the old *Vehmgericht*, for the punishment of those who made the obnoxious payments to Government.

There is one grave cause of distress which especially affects the cultivating classes—the tendency to over-population. The old checks of war, famine, and pestilence have ceased to exercise their former effect in reducing the population, owing to the prevalence of peace, the extension of irrigation and railways, and the increase of medical knowledge combined with the more extended employment of sanitary measures. In North Behar the population is 667 per square mile, and in other crowded districts it varies between 400 and 282 to the square mile. Other districts in which a similar congestion prevails, but to a less extent, are the Nerbudda valley and the tracts in the Punjab immediately under the Himalayas. In all these districts the population is pressing very hardly upon the land. The Government has tried to relieve the congestion in North Behar by allowing the great landlords of that tract of country to take up land for occupation in Burmah on very favourable terms. There are also systems for migration to Assam, and to certain English, French, and Dutch Colonies. But the relief is necessarily partial, and the distress resulting from this over-population is an unquestionable drawback to the advantages of English government.

It is difficult to arrive at any general conclusion as to Native opinion of British rule in India. The head and front of our offences to the Native mind may be stated in the words of Sir Richard Temple's account of his interview with Sir Salar Jung:—

‘He (Sir Salar Jung) used to hear it asked how it was that such violent rulers as Aurungzebe, far more violent and troublesome than the British ever were, who did wrongs such as the latter had never ventured to do, did not excite such animosity as seemed to rage against the British in some quarters. He thought that the answer might partly be found in this, namely that none of our predecessors were ever so utterly foreign to the country as we are; that, with all their faults, they settled among and amalgamated themselves with  
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the people, which we, with all our virtues, can never do. This he seemed to think the most insuperable of all objections to our rule.'

Another objection, sentimental but none the less powerful, the same critic found in

'the impartial, unbending, sometimes frigid and unsympathetic demeanour, observed by Englishmen to all alike, gentle and simple, rich and poor.'

These adverse criticisms can be urged with greater force now that the Anglo-Indian official has ceased to make his lifelong home among the people, and to adopt to a certain extent their customs and sentiments. Improved communications allow him to take longer periods of leave to Europe, and continuous residence in India has become the exception rather than the rule. The official of the present day is not so thoroughly familiar with the people as he was in the days of the old Company. One reason of this comparative ignorance is that Anglo-Indians no longer know the native languages so well as formerly. Government examinations in the vernaculars are too literary and not sufficiently colloquial. Men like Mr. John Beames, with exceptional knowledge of the native languages both literary and colloquial, are unfortunately rare at present in India.

Besides this effect of alienating Englishmen from the Natives, improved communications with India have not proved an unmixed blessing to it in other ways. There is too much disposition to govern India by the telegraph from Downing Street, and to regard the Viceroy as a mere head-clerk whose duty it is to execute the orders of the Secretary of State and of Parliament. India is more and more becoming a battlefield of party politics. According to the Duke of Argyle's despatch to Lord Mayo, the Government of India are

'merely the executive officers of the Home Government, who hold the ultimate power of requiring the Governor-General to introduce a measure, and of requiring also all the official members of the Council to vote for it.'

Lord Lansdowne, in a weighty speech, one of the last he made in Calcutta, deprecated the growing tendency of the House of Commons to interfere with the Executive Government of India, and the cramming of Western political nostrums down the throats of people unfit to receive them. He said:

'Another and a greater danger lay in a tendency to transfer power from the Indian Government to the British Parliament. Parliamentary powers perpetually exercised by irresponsible persons constitute  
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a great menace to the safety of the Empire. The tendency of the Legislature to usurp the functions of the Executive Government was the most dangerous tendency of the present day, and specially dangerous when the subject of these usurpations marred the government of such a dependency as India, when the policy of a body of experts was likely at any moment to be upset by another body swayed by emotion and sentiment. A chance vote in a thin House of Commons may any day carry over the heads of the Secretary of State and the Government of India resolutions vitally affecting the welfare of the country.'

It is these opinions of Indian 'experts,' whether official or otherwise, that are especially disagreeable to modern Radicals. If the views of officials contradict Radical theories, or if it be objected that these theories are not of universal application in a country like India, then it is the constant practice to stigmatize these views as given from interested motives. Travelling members of Parliament place themselves under the tuition of astute Natives, who offer to each tourist in turn the exclusive privilege of their confidences and teach them to regard the warnings of Anglo-Indians as the prejudices of ignorant officials. 'Padgett, M.P.,' is constantly abroad in India, seeking out fancied grievances to form the subject of future philippics in Parliament. The disposition has thus arisen to look beyond the Government to the House of Commons as a court of ultimate appeal, and this has unquestionably altered for the worse the attitude of the Natives towards the local authorities.

The rule of the East India Company, with all its faults, was at least that of men familiar with the country they professed to govern, and with sorrow it must be acknowledged that there was less disposition in India to look upon the English as aliens then than now. The claim of the educated Natives for an increasing share in the government of their country is one which it is impossible to deny. The Queen's Proclamation of 1858 promised office under Government to all who were fit for it, in the following terms:—

'That, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted to our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity to perform.'

The 'Times' points out that

'the crux lies in the words "so far as may be." To this parenthesis divergent meanings have always been attached. So far as may be compatible with the supremacy and interests of the ruling race, say many of our countrymen in India. So far as may be possible from the supply of fit and qualified men among the educated Natives of India,

India, says the Indian National Reformer. So far as may be consistent with the welfare and good government of the Indian race as a whole, and with the stability and integrity of the British Indian Empire, has been the reply of one Viceroy after another.'

The promise of the Queen's Proclamation must be scrupulously kept both on the score of plighted faith and for the purpose of interesting as many Natives as possible in the stability of the government, on the ground that the governing classes are selected mostly from themselves. An administration manned exclusively by Europeans is too costly for the finances of the country to bear; therefore the employment of Native agency must be extended to the utmost limit compatible with efficiency. Any one, however, who, without desiring to make party capital from the subject, examines the whole tendency of recent legislation, will scarcely conclude that the Government of India wishes to refuse the Natives any share of power which they can exercise beneficially to the country. Lord Ripon's Local Self-Government scheme, the formation of the Provincial Civil Service, and the recent reform of the Viceregal and Local Legislative Councils, are all steps in the same direction—the admission to power of Natives qualified to exercise it. The Government has wisely kept in its own hands the right of judging what Natives possess this qualification, and does not take them at their own valuation.

We have seen that all classes of the community have their peculiar grievances. The sovereign princes of India are probably the only class more contented under the present system than they were under the old Company. Mr. Lee-Warner allows them the title of Sovereign on the ground that the attributes of sovereignty are divisible, and belong partly to the Native princes and partly to the paramount power. His book is a careful explanation of the principles which have from time to time guided the policy of the British Government in its intercourse with the Native States, and of the varying status which it allows to the different classes of these States. He shows that annexation was unavoidably the last resort of the British Government, when it pursued the policy of non-intervention. After the Mutiny, however, it became 'the declared object of the Imperial power that the Native States should grow with the growth of the British Government and strengthen with its strength.' It was not till then that 'a larger idea of co-operation and union, coupled with the personal responsibility of rulers,' made annexation no longer necessary. The treatment by the British Government of Hari Rao Holkar in 1835, when his subjects rebelled against misgovernment, may be compared with

with its action towards Jafer Ali Nawab, of Cambay, in 1890, under similar circumstances. The action taken in both cases is an excellent illustration of the policy in vogue at the time. In the former case the British Government declined to interfere in the internal affairs of the State; in the latter case a political officer was at once sent with full powers to effect the necessary reforms. The confidence of the Native princes, that the British Government will be faithful to this 'policy of co-operation and union,' has been vastly strengthened of late years by the rendition of Mysore, and the mere transference of the sovereignty of Baroda and of Manipur to other branches of the reigning family, as the penalty of the misconduct of the rulers of the respective States. The assumption of the title of Empress of India by the Queen showed the Native that the claim which it involved was recognised by the Western Powers, and in this sense he accepted it as 'a permanent symbol of the union of the British Crown with the interests of the princes and peoples of India.' Their loyalty in the face of Russian aggression has been recently recognised by the distinguished author of 'If it be Real, what does it Mean?'

There is a class in every country which seeks its profit in revolution, and which would unquestionably rise against our rule in India, should we suffer a reverse on the frontier in a war with an European Power. It is now, however, clearly realized that no single Native State can, as Mr. Lee-Warner says, 'keep the peace, arbitrate between State and State, and unite these isolated groups of Hindu, Mahomedan, or Aboriginal Societies, under one standard of allegiance and one tie of common interests.' To do this, it is acknowledged that the supremacy of an alien race is necessary. However much particular classes may desire our government to be modified in their own interests, this, at least, may be confidently affirmed, that, as they see they must be governed by aliens, no class in India would exchange English rule for that of any other European Power.

*Festina lente* is a good motto in the politics of the Western world. In the East it is an axiom of statesmanship. We prefer to hope for the regeneration of India in the quiet development of the present order of things, rather than in the hasty introduction of reforms which, however theoretically desirable, are not always practically applicable to the races to which it is proposed that they should be applied.

- ART. VIII.—1. *A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven* (Pauline de La Ferronnays). With Extracts from her Diaries and Correspondence. By Maria Catherine Bishop. London, 1894.  
 2. *Le Récit d'une Sœur*. Par Madame Augustus Craven. Paris, 1866.

IN spite of the vast amount of biographical literature which crowds our circulating libraries, it still remains true that really good biographies are welcome from their rarity. A large proportion of memoirs are written either by or about dull men and women. A man who is distinguished in public life dies; and forthwith we have memorials of him by surviving friends or relations. They forget Dr. Johnson's remark, 'It is wonderful, Sir, with how little real superiority of mind a man can make an eminent figure in public life.' The letters of the person commemorated form the staple of the book, and they naturally prove dull. The incidents of such lives are mainly those belonging to official routine. The residuum, which may be a contribution to the political or diplomatic history of the day, and ought to be interesting if well told in a brief volume, loses all power of arresting attention if distributed through a lengthy series of heavily-written letters. The most interesting events and figures become insipid if looked at through the medium of a dull mind; and the letters of men of real practical ability, if that ability be unaccompanied by the gifts of insight and expression, may be as dull as those of simply stupid people. The special qualities to which a successful career has been due, and the really instructive features of the personality, which are seldom wholly wanting, need to be recorded by an onlooker who has had both exceptional insight and exceptional opportunities for observation; and such a biographer is in most cases not to be found. Thus even great men may cease to live until a Carlyle or a Walter Scott arises to breathe life into the scattered memorials. And those lesser public men whose gifts are practical rather than mental, remain for future generations even duller than they were in real life.

In ordinary cases, then, the only absolute security for a readable biography, even where the record touches public events and persons of great importance, lies in the endowment of its subject with remarkable powers of observation and expression.

If it were only for her possession of these powers in a high degree, and for her opportunities of exercising them on men and things of wide interest in the course of a long life of eighty-two years, the *Memoirs of Mrs. Augustus Craven* would be well worth reading. The daughter of a distinguished French Ambassador, the

the Marquis de La Ferronnays; connected by ties of relationship and intimate friendship with many of the most prominent of the French and Italian great families; intimate with Montalbert, Ravignan, Cochin, Gerbet, Dupanloup; married to an English diplomatist; in frequent contact during many years with such English families as the Palmerstons and the Granvilles, and a constant guest at Holland House; seeing at different times the best life that was to be seen at Rome, Paris, and London, Mrs. Craven had opportunities as extensive and varied as her powers of turning them to the best account were exceptional. Her impressions of the world with which she came in contact partook of the character of the three nationalities to which she in some sense belonged. They give evidence of an artistic temperament which is almost Italian; her letters and journals are French in their *esprit*, candour, sense of the dramatic, and perspicuity of expression; yet her judgments are neither impulsive nor idealistic, but are marked before all things by sound English common sense, often accompanied by a touch of English humour. There are to be found in her journals and correspondence some records of her intercourse with Englishmen of whom we are always glad to hear. We have a masculine and very definite, though limited, estimate of Lord Palmerston. Her impressions of Mr. Gladstone vary to some extent, but gradually converge to a decisive condemnation both of his aims and of his methods. She was keenly appreciative of his personal charm, and of what has been called his 'intellectual effervescence'; sensitive, likewise, like a true Frenchwoman, to the full effect of his earnest rhetoric. Yet she seems gradually to have realized, more and more, that his genius for making the worse cause appear the better, to himself as well as to others, not only led him astray, but had a disastrous effect on the national mind. Her opposition to his Irish policy came to be the absorbing feeling of her later years. He professed to defend Ireland from her 'mortal foes'; he was himself, she said, her 'mortal friend.'

Mr. John Morley, whose acquaintance she made at Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff's house, comes in for a page of acute criticism; Mr. Bright for a shorter panegyric. 'He is to me,' she writes, 'the very personification of good sense, firmness, and honesty. These used to be rather common traits of the English character; but Mr. Gladstone has done much to obliterate them.' General Gordon seizes her imagination and holds it captive. 'I believe in Gordon with the most undoubting faith,' she writes; but she adds, in frankness, 'I can well understand [however], that for practical English statesmen (like Lord Granville) it must be difficult

difficult to put entire confidence in one who looks for guidance in political and military affairs to the Book of Isaiah.'

These and many other prominent Englishmen pass across the scene. And we have descriptions of political and religious crises—as, for example, of the various stages in the unification of Italy, of the Irish Home Rule Bill of 1886, of the Vatican Council—all marked by the same emotional sensitiveness to all the characters and features in the drama, and the same strong sobriety of judgment as to the practical outlook.

Such characteristics are enough by themselves to make these *Memoirs* a readable book,—the record of the impressions left by noteworthy events and persons on one of whom M. Taine remarked, 'Elle est la femme la plus spirituelle que j'ai jamais vu.' But it is something more than this. 'C'est par l'esprit,' Madame Swetchine has said, 'que l'on s'amuse; c'est par le cœur qu'on ne s'ennuie pas.' The saying is true of a book also. Something more than brilliancy is needed in it to give its reader the sense of permanent satisfaction as distinct from passing amusement; and Mrs. Craven's *Life* has that 'something.' Readers of her beautiful work, '*Le Récit d'une Sœur*,' will look in the biography of its editor and part-author for certain characteristics very distinct from that *esprit* which fascinated M. Taine when he met her; and they will not be disappointed. This clever Frenchwoman, so shrewd in her judgments of men and things, so capable of political enthusiasm, so sensitive to all the pleasures of art and of intellect, an excellent amateur actress, and for years delighting, apparently, in the whirl of social amusements, was living throughout a deep inner life of the mind and the affections, which she describes with the same vividness, the same realism, the same intense eagerness, and the same strong practical and unsentimental judgment as to its import and true direction, with which she chronicles her impressions of Mr. Gladstone or her views of the Italian revolution. The work before us is indeed a combination of a volume of social and political '*Reminiscences*' and diaries, with a *Journal Intime*. This latter aspect occupies a comparatively small space; but to many the pages devoted to it will be the most interesting; and they reveal a personality which adds greatly to the interest of the purely secular portion of the work. Mrs. Craven was powerfully affected by the wave of religious reaction which took its rise in France after the Revolution, and grew in the middle of the century to be so great a power. It was the depth of Pauline Craven's religious faith and her firm belief that religion was the one hope for the stability of civil society, which gave her much of her eagerness and zest,  
even



even in matters political and social. It gave a greatness of scale to the drama of contemporary history as it passed before her. So critical a mind might without it have tended, perhaps, to cynicism and pessimism, and to what Mill has called 'the disastrous feeling of "not worth while."' Her faith in religion made her, on the contrary, earnest and hopeful. It made her view public life, not as do so many of the unconscious sceptics of our own generation, as a source of pleasurable excitement or an avenue to success, but as something involving sacred and far-reaching issues, as a great battle of various forces, one of which was the Christian Church, whose very presence in the strife was a reminder that the cause of right and truth was at stake. Thus it was in the religious issues, involved in so many of the political struggles of her time, that her deepest interest centred. Hence her passionate delight in the victories of the Church over the hearts of infidel France, which she witnessed in the conferences of Lacordaire and Ravignan, and her passionate regret when the clergy in Ireland or in Italy took a line which she held to be in one case unprincipled, in the other retrograde and narrow—a deeper regret than the persecutions of Paul Bert aroused, because the cause of the Church was in her eyes more seriously injured by the errors of its own ministers than by the attacks of its enemies.

Let it be added that the reality of feeling which made the fortunes of the ecclesiastical world so vital to her, likewise kept her free from the slightest touch of what is invidiously known as professional clericalism. We see this throughout her correspondence and her Journal. She is as sensitive to the faults of Churchmen as she is impressed by the genius of Christianity. And the peculiarities typical of a religious caste or sect are foreign to her whole conception of the Church Universal. Her letters on secular subjects are entirely free from 'religiosity'; though we see throughout them a nature to which the claims of religion are paramount. There is no anxiety to introduce a moral in and out of season, or to speak for edification. Unreality was her *bête noire*, and even the Puseyites, in whom she naturally took a deep interest, came in for a share of her criticism, from a tendency which she thought she saw in them to avoid looking frankly in the face the special characteristics of their position, and to use Catholic language without realizing its import or submitting to Catholic authority. 'In her many-sidedness,' wrote a shrewd observer, one who differed from her both in politics and in religion, 'she threw her soul into all she had to do, whether politics, religion, or social life'; and thus, while we have pages on the love of

God and the spiritual life which might have come from Fénelon or St. Francis of Sales, her appreciations of social and political life are as free and natural and untrammelled by theological bias as those of Lord Macaulay or Mr. Greville. The Church indeed, as a power in society and in politics, is something to her which it is not to them; but she is able to measure men and things by the standard to which they appeal, while she neither suppresses her own conviction that there is a higher and more spiritual standard, nor obtrudes it out of place or season.

In attempting to place before our readers this personality with its two aspects,—that of the *femme du monde* and that of the Catholic *dévoté*,—both so intimately part of herself and yet so distinct from one another, we shall touch first on the more external and superficial side, although this is more fully represented in the later than in the earlier part of the memoir. We may cite, to begin with, some of her estimates already referred to of English persons and things of political prominence. Here is an account of Lord Palmerston after a visit to Broadlands in the sixties:—

‘Lord Palmerston has been extremely kind and cordial to us during this visit. I have talked with him very often, and always found him the same—that is, quite other than his reputation. I should be almost tempted to say, above it; but he seems unlike it rather than unequal to it.

‘He is not a great party leader, as his friends represent him to be, and as the position he holds would indicate; neither is he the evil genius which the greater part of Europe will have him to be. In fact, he is in no way a genius, and he is nothing great. His nearest approach to greatness is in his imperturbable good temper, which remains unshadowed whether he is in or out of office, beaten or triumphant, violently attacked or unduly praised. He is always the same, always ready to do justice to his adversaries, never embittered against them, never even impatient. In 1852 I was at Broadlands at the time when he resigned office under Lord John Russell’s Government. I saw no traces of resentment in him: he did not say a word of recrimination or bitterness, nor did he assume affected moderation. The only perceptible difference appeared in a greater elasticity of spirits in his conversation. He was less reserved and more playful, and gave more time to society.’

More noteworthy is the judgment of a cosmopolitan like Mrs. Craven, as to the sources of Palmerston’s unpopularity on the Continent, and of the mistakes in his foreign policy, which the march of events is now bringing home to an increasing number of his own countrymen. Mr. Bagehot, many years ago, maintained that Palmerston’s genius lay in his retentiveness of the lessons of experience; his weakness in his inability to reason in the

abstract

abstract or to form correct conclusions outside the sphere of his personal observation. The innumerable cases in which he could bring forward his 'I knew a man who,' &c., and cover the facts of the case by a precedent, gave him a great hold on the people of England, the land of his experiences; but when he touched on continental matters this intimate personal knowledge was no longer there to guide him. Consequently he blundered often and seriously. Somewhat similar is the verdict of Mrs. Craven:—

'He is,' she writes, 'in England, generally master of his hearers, because he knows them so well, while his ignorance about foreigners is extreme, and his tolerant spirit towards his fellow-countrymen becomes coloured by the strangest prejudices when he has to do with other people. That explains some of his mistakes and the dislike felt for him outside his own country; and yet this dislike is unjust. Notwithstanding his misconceptions, nothing is less true than that he has the wish attributed to him to revolutionize Europe for the benefit of England. He loves justice as sincerely as he hates oppression. He thinks it is for the interest of all nations that they should be governed as well as possible. He has the right to think that the political experiences of his country have been fortunate, but he is wrong not to see that elsewhere the risks of English methods might be greater than their advantages, and that though it is easy to mimic English institutions it is not easy to imitate them.'

The misconception of continental politics here attributed to Palmerston was, in Mrs. Craven's opinion, common among English Liberals. This view—less evident in the early days of her Italian enthusiasms—gained ground with her in later life. Forces which on the Continent were really tending towards a practical atheism, destructive of public order, were often regarded with genial approval by those whose estimate of practical results was due to experience of the slow-moving English temperament. Liberalism was supposed by Englishmen to be naturally allied with liberality rather than with licence. The shortsightedness of this view, as applied to continental politics, once it became apparent to Mrs. Craven, was insisted on by her strongly. Thus, when her friend Mr. Grant-Duff met Gambetta on friendly terms, she openly expressed her opinion that he did not really know what tendencies he was encouraging. 'I object,' she wrote, 'to a man like Mr. Grant-Duff—an advanced Liberal, certainly, but a gentleman, utterly incapable of tampering with such social doctrines as are . . . those of Gambetta's party—I object to such a man conversing with him as if they belonged to *à peu près* the same camp.'

And similarly, when she met Mr. John Morley at Mr. Grant-Duff's house, she felt that, in his views of the revolutionary party in France, he was dealing with his own ideas and not with facts.

'Mr. Morley, the celebrated writer, one of the notable men of the advanced party, was there. He is agreeable and unaffected. He converses well and knows everything, or nearly everything. Like all ultra-Liberals, he is mistakenly *Francomane*, and he judges his favourite eighteenth century, with which he is in love, as I think, very incorrectly. I could measure the distance between our ways of thinking when since our meeting I read his volume on Burke. His style as such is almost equal to that of Burke himself. He is, for the most part, just in his appreciation of that great man's talent and personality, and he rises to the height of the noble character he describes. But when he comes to the point in which Burke so shines by his clear foresight,—his judgment on the French Revolution,—all changes, and the writer takes the colour of that system which governs Liberal freethinkers, of whom he is one. The crimes of the Revolution are represented as momentary exasperations of sentiments in themselves just. Burke's previsions, which received such terrible confirmation, are but the exaggerations of his party spirit, &c. In England there is in Radicalism and Atheism a certain good faith, which makes their professors, if not less dangerous, less odious than elsewhere, because they are not possessed, as in other countries, by special hatred of Catholicism. Their indignation against the persecution of Catholics equals our own; and on that subject John Morley is nobly eloquent.'

By far the most characteristic, however, of Mrs. Craven's political estimates are those relating to Mr. Gladstone and the Irish crisis. And these are given in her letters to English friends, which, although written in English—a language in which to the end she did not habitually think—are certainly such as to deserve a place of their own as specimens of that class of literature. An old woman of seventy-eight when the Home Rule Bill was brought in in 1886, not a resident in England, but only an occasional visitor, her intense eagerness and public spirit on this subject are indeed noteworthy. It must be remembered that she had already met Mr. Gladstone on several occasions and had been attracted by him, although she did not fail to see in his temperament something which did not inspire confidence. These earlier meetings are recorded in her letters, and are very characteristic. She sits next to him in July 1881, at a dinner-party at Holland House, and thus chronicles the impression left upon her:—

'He was most pleasant, talkative, brilliant, eager, full of poetry and earnestness, and yet, to my mind, how visionary on some points, and

and how unpractical. We talked of everything, and it certainly was most interesting. One thing he said with an energy which added to the feeling he expressed, that the growth of infidelity was the one evil to be resisted before all others, and that whoever served the cause of Faith and Christianity was doing the greatest of all the deeds to be done. "In comparison with that, nothing whatever signifies much in this world." I said it was a good thing for England that her Prime Minister should utter such words.

She meets him again at Lord Lyons's house in Paris, in 1883.

'I found him in good health and spirits, pleasant as ever, and altogether very much like himself. What is particularly like him is this: after dinner we had a long conversation on those subjects (not political) in which he is ever the most interested, during which an article I have just published in the "Correspondant" (on the Salvation Army) was mentioned, and he expressed a wish to read it. He was leaving for London the next morning (Friday), so I sent it him at once; and—would you believe it?—in the midst of the ocean of work into which he must have had to plunge on his return to town, he found time to write me a long and interesting letter about that article, which reached me here on the Sunday morning.'

From the moment when the Tory Government went out in February 1886, Mrs. Craven's letters are full of the Irish crisis. 'What is to happen now?' she writes. 'The whole game is in the hands of Parnell.' She saw in an instant the full significance of Mr. Gladstone's attitude. On February 16 she writes as follows from London to Mr. Grant-Duff, who was living in India, being at the time Governor of Madras:—

'You must wonder indeed at what is going on here, and Mr. Gladstone is, I hope, as great a puzzle and a trial to you as he is to us. I doubt of your approving the nomination of your friend Mr. J. Morley, and altogether England never was in such a position; at all events not since I have belonged to it. The hesitation and vacillation of the Liberals, the dreamy nonsense they talk in the presence of an organized conspiracy like that of the National League, is perfectly astounding. . . . I often keep wondering what other proof of weakness and imbecility we are to expect from that dear old foolish great man who is now (even now) asking people to tell him what is going on in Ireland. I hope I am not hurting your feelings. Mine are, I own it, much roused, and it is as well that I should go away. I leave England on the 23rd.'

A month later she continues the subject.

'When one sees Englishmen rushing to the support of such Irishmen as are the leaders of this movement, it seems as if a spell had fallen on the two countries to work the destruction of both. . . . How any gentleman, how any statesman, can be found to treat seriously

seriously with such men as Parnell, seconded by Biggar, Healy and Co., after reading their Irish speeches, is just one of those incomprehensible things only to be explained by the spell I speak of. When a French Republican wrote, "*Fusillez-moi tous ces gens-là*," even French Republicans felt ashamed of him; but Mr. Biggar says, "I don't *advise* you to shoot your landlords; in the first place, because you often miss them, and kill other people instead of them," and Mr. Gladstone thinks it not unworthy of the policy of England to attempt to satisfy the man of whom Biggar is but the *alter ego*.'

Mrs. Craven characterises Mr. Gladstone's policy of granting Home Rule because it is inevitable as 'the policy known in France as that of *Gribouille*, who, because it was raining, *s'est jeté à l'eau pour ne pas être mouillé*.'

Gladstone's great speech in April 1886 is described with a keen sense both of its power and of its evil effects:—

'Our "sometime friend" has now spoken his best and said his worst. The words can no longer be recalled; his splendid and fatal eloquence has not failed him. There they are—the 27,000 of them, already under your eyes, at this moment probably, and giving you, I dare say, much my own feeling of present and future certain mischief as their result. It is an astounding speech in its beauty and in its folly. However, I again say, it can't be recalled, and who can foresee what will happen? There is danger in rejecting these insane measures, almost as great as in passing them. Anarchy and civil war on one side, dynamite on the other, bloodshed anyhow. It is certainly not a cheering prospect.'

A month later she writes—

'It really looks as if Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain had flung themselves efficiently at the heads of the runaway horses which Mr. Gladstone was whipping so furiously downhill. If so, it is a brave and useful act of strength and courage.'

The news of the rejection of the Bill came to her while, by a coincidence, Lord Granville's brother-in-law, Mr. Fullerton, was staying in Paris and seeing her constantly. Her intense exultation, which she longed to express to every Englishman she saw, had to be kept within the bounds which civility prescribed. The situation touched her sense of humour. She writes, however, to her friend (now her biographer) Mrs. Bishop with ecstatic delight of the 'great event,' and adds—

'Think of my lips being absolutely closed on the subject at such a moment as this. But Mr. Fullerton is still my daily guest, and we get on amicably and comfortably, but on condition that Irish politics are never to be mentioned. I could not help, however, saying (with great composure), "The Bill is rejected, and by a large majority."



majority." He said, "Yes, indeed, and it is an awful calamity; we are now plunged into revolution." To this I replied, that "if the Bill had passed, that would have happened still more surely, I thought." He then said, "Don't you remember Lord Beaconsfield's answering the Irish Bishops in a very insolent manner?" . . . I dropped the subject in a hurry.'

A racy letter to Mrs. Bishop in July expresses on the whole a hopeful view as to the future, and she can still afford to see the humorous side of things. Mr. Gladstone's intensely earnest explorations of the history of Irish wrongs, and his discovery that Cromwell had once been to Ireland, delighted her.

'It looks as if really "the harp was not to be uncrowned," nor "the Shamrock parted from the Rose," and so far hurrah. But I don't feel easy at all yet, unless dear Mrs. La Touche is also quite right in thinking that the Irish themselves wish to be "aisy," and have had enough of all this fatiguing agitation. If not, if in that way they are indefatigable and insatiable, I am afraid that Mr. Gladstone . . . will still have it in his power to do us a great deal of harm, except that in his fury he oversteps the mark, and people may realize more and more that he is not a safe man to have at the helm in stormy weather. Have you read his letter to G. Leveson? It looks as if he had never read till quite lately anything about Ireland, and reminds me of the Bishop of Orleans [Dupanloup], who all of a sudden, not many years before his death, discovered the frightful ill-usage to which Marie Antoinette had been subjected, and astonished everybody by advising them to read her history. He seems to have been, at that time, the only person in France who did not know all about it.'

We must reluctantly break off from this piquant commentary on the successive phases of the situation. Our readers will do well to pursue it for themselves. Mrs. Craven's indignation at the action of the French Clergy, her horror at the *Freeman's Journal*—('Don't send it me any more,' she writes, 'it makes me sick with disgust and alarm')—her pained surprise at the policy of such men as Lord Aberdeen, Lord Spencer and Lord Ripon, her delight at Leo XIII.'s attitude on the Irish question, are all given with a keenness in her joy or in her anger worthy of a rising English politician in his twenties, and are truly remarkable in this Frenchwoman, born in the days of the First Empire and now in her eightieth year. It should be noted, however, that though she looks on the crisis as one calling for the strongest expressions, her language is not that of the partisan, but conveys the sense of measured and deliberate, as well as severe, judgment on the merits of the case. Nothing can be more intense than her feeling on the policy of the Irish leaders—it is as though

though they were doing some personal injury to those nearest and dearest to her. 'I cannot conquer what I feel about it,' she writes; 'it is such a frightful connivance at lawlessness that it seems to me that nothing like it has ever been seen.' Yet, when she reads Charles Greville's 'Past and Present of Ireland,' there is no lack of sympathy with the oppressed.

'Oh, what a story it is!' she writes. 'But what a terrible thing it is, too, that all the pity and indignation it must arouse are now useless—indeed, dangerous feelings to indulge in! It is dwelling too much upon those recollections that has turned Mr. Gladstone into the mortal friend of Ireland he now is. Of course, that past is detestable, and can never be sufficiently abhorred, but it cannot turn a socialistic revolution into a remedy; it cannot turn the present leaders of the Irish into wise, safe, honest (giving that word its usual meaning) men and rulers. No, there is nothing to be done but for England, who has done so much harm to Ireland, to do her best now; patiently, persistently, and firmly to do her all the good she can.'

We have been led to exhibit Mrs. Craven's sustained commentary on one important crisis of English political life more or less fully, because it belongs to the time at which the biographer's epistolary material is most abundant. But it was evidently only a typical instance. The eager interest in public affairs revealed in her letters appears to have been almost universal, where she had the opportunity of knowing the facts of the case. And it was the same with matters ecclesiastical, and with literature. A new book or a new article is sent for at once, read thoroughly, discussed eagerly, its effect on the public mind—if it is serious—weighed, its artistic value, if that be the true standard of appreciation, duly appraised. The judgments given both on public affairs and on literature are fearless and independent. The great majority of mankind are, as Mr. Balfour has recently reminded us, strongly affected by various 'psychological climates'—by the opinion of the age, or of their neighbours. There is *some* public opinion, whether of their co-religionists or of their compatriots, or of those among whom they are living, or of the would-be representatives of the intellect of the day, which affects them deeply. They are normally either carried with it, or in a state of protest against it. Mrs. Craven appears to us to have been free from both extremes. She gives to each phase of public opinion its weight, considers it, decides upon it. Generally she discriminates—finds part true, part false, part doubtful. Yet she is not afraid on occasion to identify herself with one party, with a thoroughness which the typical philosopher would condemn

condemn beforehand as unintellectual and indiscriminating. In the war for Italian unity she goes on the whole against the majority of her co-religionists and with the Liberal school. Yet we have distinct reservations, in her clear recognition of the dangers of modern Liberalism, and strict regard for the rights of the Papal See. In Irish matters, even before the public opinion of the educated classes had declared itself unequivocally, she opposed vehemently the slightest tampering with democratic ideals; and when the Unionist party was formed, she identified herself unreservedly with its programme. In the case of the Vatican decrees she professed from the first sympathy with the minority, but at the same time her readiness to bow to the final decision of Authority; and after the Council, with prompt and frank logic, she carried out her determination. She had an obvious scorn of the habit, perhaps especially characteristic of modern England, of thinking and judging by fashion. And yet she was entirely free from that unwise insensibility to the signs of the times and to the inevitable future which marks the stubbornness of a blind reactionary. '*La faiblesse tremble devant l'opinion*,' says Madame Roland; '*le fou la brave, le sage la juge*.' We do not go so far as to say that her knowledge of the facts and her breadth of mind were always sufficient to guarantee the unerring judgment of 'the wise': but she *did* keep her head and judge; and she was never either timid or foolhardy. This remark applies to her interesting estimates, not only of politicians and persons, but of such books as '*John Inglesant*,' the '*Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff*,' Mrs. Oliphant's '*Life of Montalembert*,' Montalembert's own '*Essay on St. Simon*,' and many other works referred to in the course of her letters.

The inner personal life which underlay this incessant and vivacious mental activity appears to have been mainly determined by two influences. The first was a personality characterised in some respects by great intensity—an intensity evinced especially in the extraordinary vividness with which her early life remained ever present to her. An English philosopher has named memory as the chief mark of personal identity. And it may be said, somewhat analogously, that what Tennyson calls the 'abysmal depths of personality' may be in great part gauged by the strength of that sense which binds the past and present together. The life of an intense personality is one marked by deep impressions. And impressions can scarcely be deep if they are readily forgotten. Pauline Craven has given us the story of her early sorrows, so wonderfully blended with spiritual hopefulness, in the '*Récit d'une Sœur*.' One after another, brother and sisters were taken from her before their time,  
bound

'bound to each other and to herself by an ideal of family affection which could scarcely be surpassed. They had gone, full of that religious hope which is nowhere more definite than it is among religious French men and women, as it is nowhere more scoffingly set at nought than among the compatriots of those who in the days of the Terror tore the crucifixes from the hands of the dying, and took a pleasure in substituting ribald blasphemy for the last prayers of the priest. These memories and these hopes became in Pauline Craven an inseparable part of herself and of her own personal religion. She lived over again each word and act of the past as anniversaries recurred, or scenes of bygone events were revisited. The wounds were never healed; the early feelings never became dim. Later scenes and persons were not to her new gifts replacing what was gone, and helping her to forget; they were the supplement and continuation of the earlier. The deepest friendship of her mature life was hailed as intimacy with one who would understand her past, and prolong for her those sweet interchanges of sympathy which death had cut short. Madame Swetchine was the *confidante* of the story of the beloved dead—of Albert and Alexandrine, of Eugénie and Olga, of all that Pauline herself had hoped, of all she had lost, of all that religion still gave her to hope for in the future. 'I have always had a passionate love of memories,' she wrote in her journal, 'and felt the need of connecting what is past with what is present. I have for long had a profound dislike for all that can end as well as for all that can begin.'

The other determining element in her *vie intime* was the great religious movement in France, which was brought into such close connection with her life. Montalembert and Père Gerbet were two of her most intimate friends, and they had drunk in at La Chesnaie the intense enthusiasm with which the famous Abbé Félicité de Lamennais inspired his followers. To work for the regeneration of French society through the instrumentality of a purified French Church, inspired by a new devotion to the Apostolic See, and absorbing into itself all that was generous and true in modern liberalism, was an idea which in these men amounted to a passion. The irreligion of the eighteenth century was in their eyes responsible for the horrors of 1793. 'The old state of society,' said Père Lacordaire, 'perished because it had expelled God. The new is suffering because God has not yet been admitted into it.' The religious movement, then, so intimately blended with the idea of social regeneration and reconstruction, naturally affected at its outset the statesmen and diplomatists of the time. The very earliest pioneers of the movement—Chateaubriand and Vicomte de Bonald

Bonald in France, Joseph de Maistre in Savoy, Leopold von Stolberg in Germany—all held prominent positions in public life.

The family of the Marquis de La Ferronnays was a noteworthy instance of this influence. Readers of the 'Récit d'une Sœur' need not be reminded how closely the atmosphere of the religious revival surrounded its members. It was an atmosphere full of bright and imaginative enthusiasms, and with none of the gloom of English Puritanism. It blended with the love of art, of intellectual pursuit, of Catholic symbolism. With this atmosphere Pauline Craven was impregnated. It underlay all her other interests, even in the days when society had the greatest charm for her.

In her forty-ninth year, however, its hold on her visibly deepened; and the change, so far as we can see, lasted until the end of her life. Up to this time the war between intense French impressionableness, a certain native waywardness, and all the temptations of a brilliant success in society on the one hand, and on the other the fixed ideal which she shared with the friends of her youth, and which she had never allowed to be obscured for long, had apparently lasted. The cause of the Church was ever to her the one great cause, the life of devotion the one real life; and yet her imaginative sympathies and her aims were scattered in various directions. The great effort to sum up and appraise the value of conflicting attractions, which alone could give unity of purpose, had yet to be made. We gather that it was made in 1856, and made once for all. And yet what gives to our mind a special character to this 'conversion,' as contrasted with many others, is that her eager interest in external events and persons, her freedom and spontaneity of mind, her downrightness and independence of expression and judgment, continue after it as before. The extracts already given from the letters of the last decade of her life are sufficient testimony to this fact. Indeed the element, which in different forms so often gives opportunity for an effective sneer at religious conversions, which enabled ill-natured persons to call Dr. Arnold's pet sixth-form boys 'prigs,' which gave Mr. Toole his typical Quaker in the 'Serious Family,' which filled the soul of Charles Dickens with disgust, and created Pecksniff, Chadband, Stiggins, and a host of others, was completely absent from Mrs. Craven. These latter instances are no doubt the broadest caricature, but they are the caricature of real features in human nature; and of these features not the least rudiment was apparent in Pauline Craven. She was as delightful, racy, *spirituelle* a companion after

after as before her religious change; but her life was more consistent, her purpose more definite, her affections even deeper and more constant. She gained in weight of character without losing in lightness of mental movement, or in any way impairing its freedom or contracting its range.

The change came, as in so many cases before and after St. Augustine's 'tolle, lege,' from reading something which came home to her as apposite to her own life. Père Gratry had lent her a manuscript containing the private record of struggle and conversion. Mrs. Craven notes the result as follows:—

'I mark September 29th and 30th as the days on which I read a certain manuscript. I pray that its effect may be lasting on me.

'In the first place, amid a thousand differences of circumstance, there was an extraordinary similarity at least of aspiration to mine, if indeed I may compare desires which have borne no fruit with unconquerable resolve and heroic sacrifice. There, too, was clear to me the only evident means for me—means which I have fully understood, but which I have never really adopted. To overcome love by love, what is perishable by what is eternal, the visible by the invisible, the human by the Divine, and this not by the extinction, but by the full development of our faculties. Never have I read anything that so corresponded to my inner consciousness. My heart tells me that herein is truth.

'Is it for nothing that God has given me this narrative to read, and has shown me these manifestations of His perpetual presence, and has made known to me these accepted prayers—these petitions and the answers to them?

'Is not all this truer than what we see with our eyes?—stranger, sweeter, and more limitless than all we could dream?

'I know not what will come of all this. Nothing, perhaps. Nothing! Great God, that is impossible! I shall have seen and heard and tasted all this, and make no further steps along the path Thy grace has shown me? It may be so, for so it has been a thousand times with me. Ah, that indeed is to be feared and grieves me, and there is nought else in the world that need be feared. I should never again feel sorrow or alarm if I could be, and knew that I was, faithful. But such as I am, it is no wonder that I am trembling and troubled, and that I live uneasily between earth's delights, which no longer please me, or are not for me, and that heavenly peace which I have not known how to attain.'

Ten days later she goes to see Madame Swetchine at her house at Fleury. She notes with her usual candour, both then and a little later, that the vivid impression which the manuscript had made has by this time passed away; but her resolution that it shall take effect is fixed.

'It



'It is strange. Since that flash of fervour, that momentary view of an entirely different order of things which suddenly revealed to me this world and its affairs in their absurdity; since that day and in spite of the resolves I have made, and to carry out which I again renew my determined intention, the impression of which I spoke has absolutely disappeared. I know that what I felt was true, both as regards my real desires and my real needs—true, in fact, about myself, and the true light in which things of this world should be seen. I do not express myself clearly, but I understand myself, and I have noted this here, so that if that flash of light never again illumines my life, I shall still remember what it has made clear to me. I shall still train my rebellious will in that direction. Even when this breath of enthusiasm may possibly be quite over, my will will remain fixed, I am sure.'

Almost smiling at herself for the minuteness and triviality of the rules in which what had seemed to her a burst of heavenly light resulted, she begins to practise early rising, and regularity in attending daily mass and meditation. Such apparently small practices seem to lead steadily upwards, as little things lead fast downwards. And we read between the lines that there are occasional failures to carry out her resolves, and that these failures are due often to trifles. She quotes her Dante—

'O gente umana, per volar su nata,  
Perchè a poco vento così cadì?'

Still the change appears to have been on the whole permanent, and we are conscious of the new strength which it brings increasingly as time advances. It was at this time that she began her '*Journal of Meditations*,' a part of which was published in her lifetime.

The habits and thoughts belonging to this period of inward reflection blended themselves with memories of the past. On February 10, 1857, she writes: 'Yesterday and to-day are days for me of dear remembrance, of sad and sweet thoughts which lie deep in my life—thoughts which are ineffaceable and always present.' She recalls the companions and scenes of earlier days, and the hopes which belonged to them:—

'We did not desire this world's splendours, nor anything which is counted earthly prosperity. We wished to love and be loved. We wished for life in which there should be affection, and duties transfigured by affection. We wished for busy but private lives, spent among our friends, and given to religion and study and love. Albert, Alexandrine, Eugénie, Olga, were not those our dreams? They are the dreams of many another, and they are righteous dreams; and if God does not let us realize them on earth, it is that by well-endured privation we may hereafter earn their complete fulfilment.

'And yet, when the bolt falls on our youth, which destroys our faith

faith in happiness, it seems for ever dead; and when I recall the time and the way in which all those dear ties were broken, and all those pleasant forecasts proved illusions, I confess that even now I feel deeply the pain of that loss. Yet in all I acknowledge that every one of us has to bless God. During these last two days I have for some moments felt a living sense of that heavenly happiness which is most within our conceptions—that of reunion. I must altogether doubt God's mercy, or believe that those dear souls are saved and are together. My father, my mother, Albert, Alexandrine, Eugénie, Olga—have they not all believed, suffered, loved, hoped, and worked the works of faith; some in the strength of their innocence, others in that of their repentance, and of their perfect and un murmuring faithfulness to the law and the will of God?

'Dear, dear souls, I cannot fear for you. I hope and I believe in your happiness. What would mean faith and hope if it be not that you have reached the height of all these joys, by the lapse and loss of which we were once so grieved? Past sufferings have become but faded dreams; and for you, awaking for eternity will be the realization of all perfection.

'Their lives and their deaths allow me, as I believe, to think thus of them without presumption. There is such happiness in the thought, that joy, and not sorrow, is the right word to use on the day of their entrance into their true life.'

The next two years are years of peace and tranquillity. They were probably her fullest realization of the inner life of peace for which she had learned to pine; though the higher purpose continued through later times of trial. She put aside as a religious duty the sense of anxiety, which the circumstances of her external life even then suggested, and her natural sensitiveness fostered; and she reaped her reward in great inner tranquillity. 'There are sufferings,' she writes, commenting on the text 'be not solicitous,' &c., 'which Our Lord has named Beatitudes, but there is one suffering forbidden to us. It is one which can so possess my soul that there is hardly an instant of my life in which I do not feel it, and that is anxiety in all its forms.'

Madame Swetchine, who had been so great a support to her resolutions and affections, had passed away in 1857. Pauline Craven mourned her loss; but it seemed only to help to consecrate afresh her resolution to lead an inner life of devotion and of retirement from worldly thoughts and temptations. We have the picture of this life, amid the lovely Italian scenery of Castagneto, early in the year 1858.

'At this moment I believe I have all I need for calm and progress—solitude amidst this enchanting scenery, work to do which I love, interesting and improving books, long hours, and even days of blessed silence which are necessary to my peace. For never, if I talk

talk for long, do I fail to regret something that I have said. I have far greater spiritual resources than at Naples, or, indeed, than I can have in the country anywhere else. I have a chapel so close by that it seems to belong to the house—Mass every morning, and every evening the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I have an unexpected happiness in finding a confessor in one of the Benedictines of the fine Monastery of La Trinità. Often in this silence have I heard that dear voice which used to speak to me not a year ago. Often have I visited Fleury in thought, and listened here to what she used to say to me there. Her words made, two years since, such an impression on me that, notwithstanding a thousand failures and through all the occupations of the world, it has never been effaced. A little more than a year ago, during the last day I spent there with her, what tender and good advice she gave me! With what wise and trenchant sayings did she make me understand and accept it!

"She was witness, as no one else was, of the anxieties my life occasioned me. Often she said that I must make a refuge in my heart to which I could retire in times of uncertainty; she said that I needed an immovable central point in my soul whatever were its external agitations. . . . "*Il vous faut l'assiette dans ce repos intérieur.*" She often repeated and wrote the phrase, and sometimes she hurt me by so doing, because it did not seem applicable to what I was suffering at the moment—painful anxiety, anxiety about circumstances independent of my will. Sometimes she said almost harshly to me, if the word could be applied to her sweet and gentle words, "You suffer because you are wanting in calm." And yet it appeared to me that I was not calm just because I suffered. Sometimes I wept as I listened to her, and looked at her in dumb appeal that she would console me in a different way. How I remember her sweet smile at such moments, and I see her now especially as she was one evening. It was not at Fleury, but in her Paris drawing-room. I had given my thoughts free course as I never did but with her. Neither my mother, whom I loved so tenderly, nor my sisters, to whom my heart was open, had known how to read it as she did. I would not appeal to their affection, which was too ready to sympathize in my troubles and to excuse me. I felt that their tenderness might have enervated me, and I knew that I required strengthening. For this reason my dear friend could help me more than any other, for, however tender might be her love for me, I did not fear weakness in her. For that reason I hid nothing from her. That same evening I was kneeling by her side and crying. She gently shook her head and stroked mine so tenderly, so lovingly, and the expression of her countenance remains so vivid in my memory, that I feel certain that her love for me endures, and that her prayers for me are still offered in heaven. Then she laughed a little, and said to me, "You look at me with your great suppliant eyes as if I had said something very cruel to you. Yet what I said is truth, believe me. Of course, I ardently wish for you all external help from a tranquil life; but whether

whether we have that or not, there is a complete interior stability which you ought to acquire."

Again, with the candour with which she ever marks the limitations of her spiritual progress, she notes the human satisfaction which the new life of calm has brought to her, and which she seems to record as a set-off against any claim to heroic self-conquest in her comparative abandonment of the pleasures and excitements of worldly life. 'Quite independently of its spiritual advantages,' she writes, 'I love this uniform and peaceful life. It pleases my taste, and it really would be my ideal of happiness, not only for a few months, but at all times, if now and then the society of two or three good friends could be added to it, as well as some possibility of hearing good music. I crave for music sometimes, and feel the need of it and of poetry.'

In perusing this minute record of impressions, sensations, aspirations, noble ideals, in Mrs. Craven's Journal as in the '*Récit d'une Sœur*,' one point of contrast between the English and the French or Russian mind becomes apparent. Alexandrine and Madame Swetchine, no less than Mrs. Craven and her own brothers and sisters, express each thought and sensation with an unreserve which appears to an Englishman almost inconsistent with the deepest feeling. When Alexandrine writes down the record of her grief and prayer, placing the sheet of paper on her husband's yet unburied coffin, and when Pauline depicts the vivid glimpses of a higher world which remain to her imagination as a beacon light after they are withdrawn, there is to some English minds a suggestion of shallowness, or of self-consciousness, or even a little of both. Englishmen are in the habit of contrasting words with deeds, volubility with reality, profession with execution. The minute record of one's own aspirations reads to them like mere wordy profession; and the story of their fulfilment, even if balanced by that of incidental failure, belongs to no category they know of except the utterances of the self-conscious poser, even if they hesitate to qualify it by an epithet so distinct. We have heard such judgments passed upon the self-revelations in the '*Récit d'une Sœur*.'

And yet for ourselves we must confess that such a verdict appears to us quite unjust,—an instance of the deep and almost impassable prejudice which separates races or even persons of opposite temperaments, and prevents them from being fair to one another. We believe that the French habit of self-analysis and self-expression really belongs to a stage of self-realization radically different from self-consciousness, and which is characteristic in some respects of a higher advance in purely mental civilization

civilization than our own countrymen have yet reached. That it may present some of the undue flexibility, tending to instability, which highly civilized minds, from the Greek to the Gallic, have been wont to exhibit, we are not concerned to deny. But neither unreality nor self-consciousness is necessarily involved in it. It is in fact a habit of dramatic self-realization which makes each man at once actor and spectator in his own life. He instinctively loves to express fully for himself a drama which interests him so deeply. He does it not with the self-consciousness of an Englishman,—to whom the attempt does not come naturally, who hesitates, fails to concentrate his attention or to see truly or candidly, and looks back at his attempt in the pause which ensues, and is half ashamed of it, and thinks to himself, ‘How will such interest in myself appear to others?’ It is this very pause and hesitation of mind which, like something which interrupts the illusion in a play and reminds you that it is not real, opens the door to English self-consciousness. The Frenchman is too deeply dramatic for this. He may remain in totally unconscious concentration on the phenomena of his own mind and on their interest as the scenes of a drama.

In extreme cases of this he may appear to the Englishman to be *simply* bragging, and talking for effect, or, again, playing a part with a purpose, until he astonishes his Saxon critic by some deed of heroism, or of brutality, or of daring, in which he acts out his idea, and shows thereby that, whatever his ‘wordiness’ was or was not, it at least corresponded to something which was wonderfully or terribly real. We have known readers derive from the early part of Père Chocarne’s ‘Vie Intime’ of Lacordaire the impression of a self-conscious and almost vain Frenchman, and they have been amazed to read in the sequel of the mediæval austerities by which Lacordaire actually shortened his life.

We believe, then, that such an outcome of the dramatic temperament as we have in the reflections of Pauline Craven or of Alexandrine de La Ferronnays is compatible with the intensest reality; and while some possibility of self-consciousness remains even amid deep reality—and perhaps this was not entirely absent in some instances which we might name—its extent and prominence are far less than an Englishman would suppose. The drama of life occupies a far larger, self a far smaller, space, than would be the case in similar circumstances with one of our own countrymen. The candour of the French nature is a form of mental eyesight which is generally wanting in the Englishman. Consequently, contemplation of the phenomena

of their own minds becomes a true and, it may be, an absorbing occupation to those who can see so much and so accurately : and the record of it is not *rodomontade*, but an exact register of observations. The average Englishman has not this power of vision, and he is therefore, when trying to fancy himself in a similar position, much like a man placed in a picture gallery amid a company of artists. While time passes for them in unconscious absorption in the interest of what they are studying, he looks about him and becomes self-conscious, because what is an occupation for the eye of an artist is none for him.

Hitherto we have dealt almost entirely with the personality of Mrs. Augustus Craven as revealed in these pages. Yet a biography is naturally the story of a life, and not merely the exhibition of a character. What is to be said of the book from this point of view ?

In truth there is much less to be said of it. Mrs. Craven's life was not a public life ; her husband's career as a diplomatist was not greatly distinguished ; his ambition to be a statesman was never fulfilled. '*Le Récit d'une Sœur*' did, no doubt, bring fame to Mrs. Craven when she was approaching sixty ; and that fame was due, not only to the unique interest of the materials at her command and the story of love and devotion she had to tell, but to her own supreme powers of literary expression and selection, her penetrating sympathy and delicate appreciation of the drama she set forth. Yet notwithstanding this, any expectation of a career of public interest, even in the same sense as George Eliot's or Thackeray's lives could be so characterised, remained unfulfilled. The brilliant success of '*Le Récit d'une Sœur*' naturally led its author to write again. She wrote several novels ; they were well written, and in some cases well received at the time, but hardly one of them can be said to have taken a permanent place in literature. She remains, and will remain, known as the author of the '*Récit d'une Sœur*.' Her perfect sense of literary form and expression, her acute judgments of intellectual character and of political and religious movements, even her deep appreciation of the drama of life as it passed before her, did not involve the creative genius which is essential to the really great novelist. She was a critic rather than an originator. Keenly sensitive to dramatic incident when it occurred, she had no proportionate power of inventing it. Her insight into character even in real life did not touch those deepest springs which give the great novelist his inspiration. Her appreciations of Palmerston, Bright, Gladstone, Gordon, are wonderfully vivacious and acute, and true so far as they go ; but their scope is most definitely limited.



limited. The effect of the policy of these men, their impact on the world about them, the broad features of their method, are very exactly estimated, but we do not find anywhere the finest analysis of personal character or detection of the inmost sources of human motive. The '*Récit*' succeeded because the characters were ready made, and were revealed in their own letters and journals. All that was needed was the highest sympathy of the dramatic critic, as distinguished from the creative dramatist, and the sense of literary form and proportion. And these gifts Mrs. Craven had in a very high degree. When she had, in addition, to create the characters herself, she had not the special genius required for work of the first class.

Thus the only public distinction Mrs. Craven attained to she failed completely to sustain. And yet if her eminence was not sufficient to ensure her *Life* being written in the history of the times, assuredly some of the history of the times is written in these pages. Of the passing glimpses of events of political interest we need say no more. They are not perhaps considerable enough or sustained enough to call for further mention in this connection. But this *Life*, like the '*Récit d'une Sœur*' itself, contains a chapter in the history of the religious revival of the present century which cannot be overlooked by its historians. This aspect of the book may seem at first sight to promise comparatively little that is of interest to English readers, from its apparently exclusive connection with the fortunes of the Papal Church. And yet we believe that such an anticipation will be agreeably disappointed. We do not propose to deal with it at length, but we would briefly indicate what appears to us its significance; and we may add that here especially the biographer has filled in the picture with great discernment and literary ability.

Mrs. Craven was born four years after Napoleon was crowned Emperor. The French Church was feebly attempting its own reconstruction after the frightful scenes of the previous years, during which, in Lacordaire's words, 'the Church presented to men and angels the appearance of nothing but a vast ruin.' Chateaubriand's '*Atala*' had already been published when she was born. Joseph de Maistre's '*Du Pape*' and Lamennais' '*Essai sur l'Indifférence*' appeared in her early girlhood. In one shape or another, thinking minds in France were beginning to urge on their fellow-citizens that the destructive philosophy of the eighteenth century had left them without rudder or compass; that it had ignored the accumulated experience of ages, to which in reality we owe so much more of our practical knowledge than the individual critic can hope either to justify

or to discredit; that Christian tradition must be once more invoked to rescue society from anarchy and individuals from pessimism.

De Maistre and Lamennais were filled with the difficulty of trusting the fortunes of the restored Church to a more or less infidel State. They urged the enfeebled French Church to cast itself unreservedly on the Apostolic See as the protector of its liberties against the encroachments of the civil power. This was its one chance of restoration to health and strength. The religious life, which began to revive in earnest soon after the Revolution of 1830, gradually acquired the special *esprit de corps* which personal loyalty naturally breeds, and centred round the Apostolic See and the Ultramontane cause. The same phenomenon became apparent in Austria, in Belgium, in Bavaria, in Prussia, in Tuscany. Churches which had formerly developed on the National side, and resented the interference of the Papacy as an encroachment on their liberty, now welcomed its protection as the best security for necessary freedom. Catholics realized their weakness and became penetrated with the sense that union is strength. German Febronianism and Austrian Jansenism, as well as French Gallicanism, passed into Ultramontanism.

But this movement which, to Englishmen, may appear at first sight to be significant politically, almost as much as religiously, can only be understood in its true moral bearings by studying the men and women whom it fashioned and the type of religious character it fostered. And this study can nowhere be pursued more vividly than in the 'Life of Mrs. Craven' and in the 'Récit d'une Sœur.' These works deserve to be read with the pages of Montalembert, the lives of Lacordaire and of Ozanam, by those who care to understand the inner as well as the outer aspect of a remarkable revival. The combination of sympathy with all that is best in the spirit of the times, including a genuine love of liberty, with the tendency to ecclesiastical centralization and loyalty to the Papacy, remind us that, at the outset, Liberalism and Ultramontanism were, as religious movements, one and the same, and were opposed to Gallicanism and to the narrower forms of Nationalism.

It does not fall within our scope to trace the successive phases of the movement itself. They are abundantly illustrated, alike in Mrs. Craven's own character and in the side-lights which her letters throw upon it. It moved onwards with rapid strides—in France especially—between 1830 and 1857. In 1830 a priest dared not venture into the streets of Paris in his *soutane*. In 1848 some twenty priests were elected members of the Assembly. In 1857 Cardinal Newman avowed that 'France professed

professed Catholicism with an ardour unknown since Louis XIV.'s reign.' The share in this transformation borne by Lacordaire's conferences at Notre Dame reminds us that it was essentially a change, not merely in religious practice, but in public opinion. Even those who remained free-thinkers were deeply influenced by his contention that religion was necessary for society; and the tone recently adopted by M. Brunetière in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*' was in the early fifties characteristic of a large section of French society.

But the conferences did also bring back to numbers the faith they had lost, and fill the churches which had been so long emptied. And in this respect, as in others, their effect was to a great extent lasting. When Père Félix preached in 1857, his audiences were as large as those at the earlier conferences of Lacordaire. Mrs. Craven gives us a characteristic glimpse of her own feelings,—intensified no doubt by her memory of the days when what she now saw had been only an aspiration and a hope,—at the sight of Frenchmen gathered together once more in prayer. Here is her account of a visit to Notre Dame in the Holy Week of that year.

'To Notre Dame. Strong and profound emotion was caused by the scene, both as it was then and as memory recalled it to me.

'Nothing has ever, in my eyes, surpassed the general effect of what is to be found in that place, and at that hour, during those holy days. The crowd of men was greater than in the days of the finest sermons from Père de Ravignan and Père Lacordaire; yet Père Félix does not at all equal either of them. That compact mass of listeners is all the more edifying. But what gave me one of those spiritual shocks, rarely felt, but which strike from the soul a living spring of urgent and fervent prayer, was the anthem "*Parce, Domine,*" which followed the sermon. Without having heard it, it is impossible to imagine the effect of the cry, first uttered by one voice and then by the five or six thousand voices of the men who overflowed the vast nave of Notre Dame. "*Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo.*" Never were words and music in such accord. Never did the impression of unanimous prayer—the prayer which obtains—strike me so strongly.

'The men of Paris, so powerful alike for good as for evil—when I remembered that it was their voices I heard, I could not help joining them with confidence and hope and faith in the future of our sick and troubled commonwealth, which is yet so full of the vigorous sap by which national prosperity may be always resuscitated.

'It is when I remember this that I love France, and that I feel I still belong to her. In no other country does one feel so happy, so pure, and so full of energy in the presence of evil. Fighting it at close quarters, not disguising it by specious names, not yielding to it; keeping our souls at their highest level, using the words self-abnegation

abnegation and devotedness in a sense that is more thorough than the meaning in which they are understood elsewhere—a sense that is the highest, and which is forgotten by other nations. Of such Frenchmen I am the fellow-citizen and the sister.'

It is instructive to see how a religious revival, which had so profound an influence on the French people, and which remained throughout more or less homogeneous in its effect on their ethical ideals, nevertheless eventually separated in the intellectual temper of its representatives into many divergent and even conflicting streams. In this respect Lacordaire's conferences may be compared to Newman's sermons at Oxford. They imparted an unworldliness and spiritual enthusiasm to many representing entirely different schools of thought. And although in France the divergence of intellectual position was necessarily limited by the common deference of so many to the Papacy, the contrast of intellectual temper was not less. Matthew Arnold and Clough, Jowett and Stanley, drank deeply of the same stream from which R. W. Church and Pusey, as well as Oakeley, Ward and Faber, drew their inspiration; and Principal Shairp and Mr. J. A. Froude have given us, in language the significance of which is not to be mistaken, records of the ethical transformation, wrought at a time of life when impressions are so lasting, by those Sunday evening sermons from the pulpit of St. Mary's.

And so, too, the religious movement in France—due, it is true, much less to one single influence—seized upon many who ultimately represented different schools, and stamped them with its genius. We discern, both in Mrs. Craven's Life and in the '*Récit d'une Sœur*,' features of the inner character of many different French Catholics of interest, which supply materials in this connection which the historian cannot afford to neglect. The girlhood of Pauline de La Ferronnays was passed in the days when Frayssinous and De Quelen were reviving the better aspect of the pre-Revolution Catholicism, solid and undemonstrative in its piety, Gallican in its creed, unenthusiastic in its temper, rendering before all things to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; her early womanhood and the years of the most romantic interest of the '*Récit d'une Sœur*' are full of the echoes from La Chesnaie, where Félicité de Lamennais, no longer a Royalist but by a sudden *volte-face* a Liberal of Liberals, was urging papal absolutism and the democracy to combine in forming a Church which should consecrate all that was noblest in the Revolution. This phase of thought, coupled with a new zeal and depth of the spiritual life and tempered by the sanctity of Lacordaire and Gerbet—both of them disciples of the Master

at

at La Chesnaie—determined once for all Mrs. Craven's own aspirations.

But it was destined to be succeeded by others. Papal absolutism and Lamennais' theory of freedom first collided; Gregory XVI. refused to endorse Lamennais' scheme which would have invested the Roman See with an inconvenient power under inconvenient conditions. Lamennais' journal, the '*Avenir*,' was condemned; the leader himself renounced allegiance to Rome. Later on, the modified Liberalism—still one with Ultramontaniam—of Montalembert and Lacordaire separated itself from the aggressive and, as it seemed to many, extravagant Papalism of Louis Veuillot and the '*Univers*.' And at the Vatican Council came the apparent paradox that Montalembert, the chief representative of that Liberalism which had defeated Gallicanism and made France Ultramontane, was in alliance with men who drew some at least of their inspiration from the old Gallicanism of the France of Frayssinous and De Quelen.

It will not, perhaps, be of interest to the general reader to follow this sequence of events farther. Its significance appears to lie in this fact, that, as we have said, amid all the differences which suggest that most irritating of all forms of prejudice, the *odium theologicum*, and which as appearing on the surface of things are the part of the story best known to the world, we find in the inner character of some of those who were furthest apart, the same breadth of religious sympathy, the same self-devotion, the same almost saintly type. And the two works we have named afford substantial assistance in enabling us to detect this, from the abundant indications they give, in letters and journals, of the spiritual temper of many different persons. We come, in reading them, to see a true unity amid divergence, and to understand how the movement had in reality that union which gives power. Abbé Gerbet, whose policy was in the main that of Louis Veuillot, excessive in its claims for the Papal prerogative; Dupanloup, so considerably tinged with the Gallicanism of an earlier time; and, on the other hand, Montalembert, Lacordaire, and the family group which was so closely united with their aspirations and views, however different in intellectual temper and practical policy, are remarkably alike in that spiritual character which reveals itself in the story of their private lives, their letters and their writings. It is startling to those who look on the '*Syllabus*' as the embodiment of all that was reactionary, and as especially directed against the followers of Montalembert and Lacordaire, to find in the letters of one of its chief promoters, Abbé Gerbet, that union of large-hearted  
tenderness,

tenderness, with uncompromising maintenance of religious principle, which made Abbé Lacordaire himself so great an influence on the youth of France. And Dupanloup—although he figures less prominently than Gerbet in these works—whatever he may have retained of Gallican sympathies, had evidently imbibed just that temper of ascetic zeal and hopefulness which characterised the revival, and was almost conspicuous by its absence in the French Church of the twenties. The whole movement had one definite religious *ethos* of singular spiritual charm, and we see this *ethos* in very different persons, far apart both in temperament and in cast of mind.

That theological disputes did lead to asperity, and even to breaches of charity, is evident. Mrs. Craven rebukes, as Cardinal Newman did, the censorious uncharitableness of the extreme Catholics, both French and English, towards those who did not agree with them. She observes that such an attitude must necessarily prejudice those who view the Roman Church from without, and give it in their eyes the appearance of narrowness and bigotry. But this makes the similarity observable among such different men, when their action was not influenced by narrow intellectual views and their *ethos* could display itself naturally, the more remarkable. And it helps us to see that acuteness of controversy does not necessarily involve a proportionate depth of divergence, and to understand how the religious movement remained for so long a great, and in a true sense homogeneous, power, affecting the French nation. The historian who should note the differences and omit to observe the inner unity, would give a misleading picture of the time and of the men.

And this leads us to make two remarks in conclusion. First, the whole book in its more serious aspect suggests a train of thought similar to that we have just indicated, as being applicable beyond the limits of any particular time and place, and as much so to England in 1895 as to France in 1850. Mrs. Craven is devoted to General Gordon, and says he is at heart a Roman Catholic. Many an English reader, who is far from having sympathy with the Roman Church, will feel, while reading these pages, the truest sympathy with Mrs. Craven's inner life and religion. Men like Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, the late Dean Church, and Mr. Matthew Arnold are known to have been as deeply fascinated by her spiritual experiences as any Roman Catholic. Without committing ourselves to the proposition that one religion is as good as another—for there are varieties of *ethos* as well as of doctrine even among various local exhibitions of Christianity of which obviously this can not  
be



be said—it is nevertheless important for us all to learn this lesson of comparative unity amid divisions. The cause of religion and the cause of law and order are more and more felt to be one. M. Brunetière goes to the Vatican, and his favourable opinions are emphasised by the French Ministry from the point of view of political philosophers rather than of believers in Catholicism. Mr. Balfour writes on the ‘Foundations of Belief,’ and his readers feel that the cause of Authority has been brought home to him as a political and social need as well as a religious. The feeling that all religious men must act to some extent in concert if society is not to be dechristianised, and if the forces which are exhibited in terrible caricature by the Anarchists are to be successfully resisted, is unquestionably on the increase. A life, then, like Mrs. Craven’s, which brings home to Englishmen how much sympathy may exist between them and members even of the ‘exclusive’ Church, has great practical value.

Secondly, we would remark that Mrs. Craven’s history brings home to us just that critical march of events which has so signally identified religion with the cause of Authority and of a rational Conservatism. We see in her life the dawn, the testing, and the failure of the attempt of the present century to fuse religion with what has proved to be a revolutionary and fatalistic conception of social and intellectual progress. The enthusiasm of her youth was united Italy. The enthusiasm of her old age was Unionism in Ireland, or more truly anti-Radicalism. We pass with her through the remarkable era when civilization was supposed to promise universal peace; when it was hoped that an extended suffrage would perfect our Constitution; when our Constitution was expected, by transplantation to Italy and France and elsewhere, gradually to civilize the world; when Science was promising to subdue the earth for men and quickly to bring the Millennium; when Darwinism and German criticism were to widen the intellectual horizon to a degree of which our benighted forefathers could not have conceived; when every change was regarded as a manifestation of the underlying Great Power, the Spirit of Progress, who was to bring us blessings which were only not described in detail because they were too vast for description; when all the Freedoms—free-trade, free criticism, a free press, and many others—were invoked, lest man should fetter the action of this ideal controller of our destinies, and the poet whose voice was that of the nation sang with triumphant gladness—

‘Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.’

We

We will not undertake the melancholy task of singing in full the threnody of these hopes. Reform Bills have extended our franchise, and yet the Progressive party have arguments to advance other than those from experienced results. France and Italy have the desired constitutions, yet they are not the envy of the surrounding nations. The horrors of war are not at an end. The advance of Darwinism has not been homogeneous,—indeed it has illustrated the law of reversion as well as that of evolution. The various freedoms have done a good deal, but hardly with the stately march and ideal equilibrium for which the poet looked. The hero of ‘Locksley Hall’ was not satisfied with the fulfilment of at least this part of his dream. ‘Freedom of destruction’ was not in his programme; and yet it marched under cover of the great banner he raised; and somehow, as the ‘great world spun,’ it seemed to fuse with and absorb the other freedoms. The disenchantment grew, and the poet lived to write another memorable line on Freedom; but the years had changed enthusiasm to something less than indifference. If the Freedom of the first ‘Locksley Hall’ was that of the ‘Star of the morning, hope at the sunrise,’ that of the second was equally characteristic of the ‘Gloom of the evening, life at its close.’ We remember the line—

‘Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name.’

And the change which came to Tennyson and his hero came too, in its measure, to Mrs. Craven. Though she was less affected than the poet by the scientific enthusiasms of the day, its political ideals had moved her deeply, and her disappointment threw her all the more absolutely on the preservation of Christian principle as the great hope for the future.

We take leave of this fascinating book with regret. The biographer has on the whole executed her task excellently. We regret that in one or two places the sequence of the narrative has not been made more clear. But on the other hand the selection and arrangement of the material are done with admirable judgment, and the incidental estimates of Mrs. Craven herself and of the problems which exercised her are often given with remarkable power of analysis and literary skill. The net result is a work which some readers will class with the political and social Memoirs of our time; others with the biographies of Arnold and Pusey; and others, again, with the self-revelations of Maine de Biran, of Amiel, and of Père Lacordaire.

- ART. IX.—1. *Derecho Consuetudinario del Alto Aragon*. By Joaquin Costa. Madrid, 1880.
2. *Derecho Municipal Consuetudinario*. By several Writers. Madrid, 1885.
3. *Derecho Municipal Consuetudinario en el Norte de León*. By E. L. Morán. 1892.
4. *Les Assurances mutuelles du Bétail et le Cheptel*. By Wentworth Webster. Bayonne, 1894.
5. *Études d'Économie rurale: la Néerlande*. By Émile de Laveleye. Paris, 1865.

THE singular fascination for historical students that the study of the village community has, of late years, possessed, is by no means wholly academic. Socialists have seen in this ancient institution the vision of a golden age: scholars, like Vinogradoff in Russia and Dr. Andrews in the United States, have pointed out, almost simultaneously, that the wave of disillusion and reaction that has succeeded the revolutionary epoch has coloured, however unconsciously, the study of the village community, and taught us to suspect its alleged foundation on the basis of a modern democracy. The still more marked reaction against the policy of *laissez faire* and individualism unchecked has, on the other hand, led enquirers to take a kindlier view of the old communal life, as was shown in an article by Prince Krapotkine on 'Mutual Aid among Barbarians.' Lastly, the demand for village councils and for the decentralization of local government has imparted a new and practical interest to the results that scholars have obtained.

Spain, with its touch of the unchanging East, its juxtaposition of past and present, its medley of races and institutions, affords a peculiarly favourable field for the study of communal life, but a field as yet unworked. We speak not of the house-community lingering in Pyrenean valleys, nor of Andalusian *latifundia*—where anarchism is face to face with the heirs of the *conquistadores*—but of the wild and remote districts in the north-western provinces, the *duræ matres* of that hardy peasantry who once fought the battles and won the victories of Spain, and who now fight, for their own existence, with a cruel climate and a barren soil. A people hardly yet emerging from the pastoral stage, little self-governing clans holding in common the lands around them, field and pasture, wood and mead,—such has been till now their character. And among them we can trace to-day,

to-day, in varying stages of development, institutions which became extinct centuries ago among ourselves, as problems not of antiquarian research, but of immediate and living interest.

For our knowledge of these rural communities we are indebted to the scattered monographs of a school of Spanish jurists—Joaquin Costa, de Linares, Azcarate, Morán, and others—who represent the reaction against a *doctrinaire* uniformity which they trace to the principles of the Revolution, and who contend that local government has broken down in Spain, because the present system is of arbitrary introduction, and is based on the study of the institutions of every country but their own. Writing in the scientific spirit, they demand evolution in the place of revolution, and insist that to treat a population like counters, irrespective of their environment and their needs, can only destroy the institutions to which those needs have given birth, without the possibility of providing efficient substitutes. Holding that reforms must be based on practical experience and existing facts, they have set themselves to study the facts and to record the results of experience.

One of the most interesting of these studies is that of Sr. Pedregal on the Asturias, where primitive institutions have lingered on among the mountains and forests of that rugged land. Along the *cordillera* that fences it off from the adjoining provinces, the peasantry, whose wealth is in their flocks and herds, are dependent on their customary possession of vast common pastures; agriculture is subservient to pastoral pursuits, and individual property in land insignificant. The *concejos*, some seventy in number, into which the province is divided, hint by their name ('councils') at the democratic character of their government; while the term *vecinos* (neighbours), which here, as in the Basque country, describes the heads of families, is suggestive of their equality and 'fraternity.' The local government has been purely democratic; the council, which consists of all the *vecinos*, assembling on Sundays at the summons of the church bell. As with the *beffrois* of mediæval France and the campaniles of Italy, the bell-towers play an important part in Spanish rural autonomy. Under the presidency of a *Regidor* or *Procurador*, elected by the council and acting as its mouth-piece, the *vecinos* discuss matters of common weal; trees hampering the course of the streams are ordered to be cut down; the departure of the village flocks for their summer or winter pastures is arranged; the financial burdens (*cargas*) assessed; the progress of the children at the communal school reported, and parents not sending their children, sometimes, fined.

fined. Police is provided for by fines on those who harbour suspected characters, and by the hunting down, in common, of thieves and pilferers. The churlish or indolent villager who does not attend the council is fined, in money or wine, and occasionally, as with our college 'sconces,' the *vecinos* assemble at the sound of the bell to drink in common the wine thus obtained. The 'bytt-fylling' that, in the days of Æthelstan, prevailed among ourselves was probably a similar custom, and an exact parallel is found in the practice of the German mark-courts as described by Von Maurer in his 'Markenverfassung.' The woods, once the pride of the province, were jealously preserved, being only cut, for the common good, when ordered by the council, which also provided for the planting of fresh timber. Here, as elsewhere, the transition stage towards private property in land is found in the occasional permission to *vecinos* to break up and till common pasture, for their own use, on condition of the land reverting to the community after a few years. But in field-work 'each for all and all for each' is the principle kept in view. At Cué, the community fixes, like a modern trade-union, the price of labour; and no one is allowed to undertake work for others at less than a certain price, the object being to preserve equality, so far as possible, among the *vecinos*. So strong is the persistence of these local customs that they still struggle against the new system of centralised local government.

The old kingdom of Leon, which lies to the south of the Asturias, shades off into the latter province towards the north, where it runs up into the spurs of the lofty Sierras that divided the two. Thus, in its northern valleys we find similar institutions, the Moors having barely penetrated into their recesses. Sr. Morán has published, in the 'Boletín de la Institución Libre de Enseñanza,' essays on the customs of this region, the more valuable from his being himself a native of it. Each valley was a little republic of three or four villages. The writer's own, that of Canseco, had a local code of ordinances, last revised in 1761, its subjects ranging from prohibition of swearing to the care of the common pastures. The community had the power of inflicting fines for any breach of these regulations and enforcing them. The village councils are held just outside the church, as among ourselves at a period so remote that scarcely a trace remains of the custom; and so recently as 1890 a fresh regulation was made, in the writer's village, for fining those who failed to attend after being summoned by the church bell. The immemorial antiquity claimed for these assemblies is confirmed by the chief subject of discussion, the all-important

all-important flocks and herds and the common pastures. The elaborate arrangements savour of a land

ὅθι ποιμένα ποιμῆν  
ἡγύει εἰσελάων,

and where agriculture is of little account.

It is curious, however, in a country where cleanliness and sanitation are at a discount, to find the care taken in these regions to avoid pollution of the springs and streams. Fire also, a dreaded enemy in mountain villages, is guarded against by the inspection of the houses and ovens, the council appointing a committee for the purpose. The care of the roads is a common duty, each household sending an inmate, when required, for the work ; while even the women have to turn out and work after a heavy fall of snow on that wind-swept sierra. The champions of the old 'self-government' system point with pride to the fact that, in spite of all drawbacks, these desolate regions devote such care to education that the proportion of illiterates has been infinitely lower than in more favoured districts, though the introduction of the new system, ill-suited to local wants, is rapidly destroying their proud pre-eminence.

The woods, so precious in these regions for fuel, were jealously guarded by an official appointed for the purpose by the community, and lopping the trees was an elaborate function conducted by the *alcalde*, all the villagers being assembled for the purpose by the ringing of the church bell. In common also they sallied forth, at the same summons, for a battue of the wolves that prey upon their flocks. This *monteria* is described as a scene of the greatest animation. The shouting of the men, the barking of the dogs, and the discharge of old-world weapons combine to raise to the highest pitch the spirits of the mountaineers. In their troubles, as in their enjoyments, the *vecinos* are all united, and, small as are their means, none of them is allowed to suffer from want. Even the wayfarers are provided for with truly Spanish hospitality, being quartered in regular rotation on each household. A curious old-world custom prevailed in the writer's district, reminding us of that extraordinary survival, the wardstaff of Ongar in Essex, going its way round the Hundred, with doggerel *formulæ*. In these Spanish villages the 'staff of the poor' and the 'handbell of the souls' still linger on, and go the round of the community together. The staff indicates the house where the wayfarer is entertained ; and at the sound of the bell, tinkling for the dead, as it passes down the village street, the peasant prays for the relief of souls in torment.

In



In these wild highlands, at an elevation of from 7000 to 8000 feet above the sea, the Moors had neither inducement nor power to obtain a footing. Here, as in a primitive Torres Vedras, the Gothic population stood at bay, retaining the old communal practices they had brought with them from the forests of Germany, when agriculture was still in its earliest infancy. Here, as in a sociological museum, is preserved for us what it is now old-fashioned to term the mark-system, with its strip of neutral ground between the territories of each village, its limited area of arable divided, on the two-field system, into sown and fallow, the whole being utilized as common pasture, except while the crops were growing. Guide-books tell us that the hardy peasants are 'wild as their country, agricultural and pastoral after the most wild and vicious system'; but Sr. Morán explains that without their common rights, over wood and field and pasture, the people could not exist. The substitution of enclosures and of the system of private property, though advocated as essential to agricultural improvement, would practically mean, he holds, the depopulation of the district. The problem is by no means easy. Laveleye, while denouncing as detestable a similar system in Holland, observes that '*sans les plaggen les cultivateurs de toute la région sablonneuse déclarent impossible l'exploitation de leur maigre terre. . . . Le succès de la culture dépendait surtout de l'étendue de bruyère que chaque copropriétaire de la *marke* avait à sa disposition.*' We have heard a shrewd observer in the French Basque country declare that, there also, the common rights are a necessity; and Mr. Garnier, in his 'History of the Landed Interest,' admits, though himself a land-agent, that the benefits of enclosure, necessary though it was, must not blind us to the loss it has inflicted on the labouring classes. But in the Highlands of Leon the peasants had not only the enjoyment for themselves of their common rights: they were able to let their mountain pastures to the flockmasters of Estremadura, during the scorching heat of summer, when the famous system of the *mesta* enables the merinos to travel across the country for hundreds of miles. Great was the joy of the villagers when the annual visitors arrived; nor did they omit, in their thrift, to send even for the droppings of the sheep and sell them for the benefit of the communal fund. Another source of their primitive revenue was the system of small fines, devoid of legal sanction, but always loyally paid. Thus, like our own municipalities in the past, these communities have been able to 'live of their own'—the political ideal of the Middle Ages—without need for local taxation, and,  
above

above all, with an administration, simple, inexpensive, and incorrupt.

From all this we learn, as Sr. Morán insists, that local autonomy is neither a fossil nor a dream of the future, but a living reality among the peasants of Leon, whose customary law enshrines not only the popular will, but the results of practical experience in the past. Its singular persistence, in the teeth of efforts to alter the system of local government, proves, he urges, its suitability to the real needs of the people, and teaches the statesman to adopt the institutions he finds existing, instead of trying to destroy them in the spirit of *doctrinaires*.

Passing eastwards into Castile, we find the provinces of Burgos, Soria, and Logroño, which are the subject of a monograph by Sr. Gómez, exhibiting much the same peculiarities as the northern regions of Leon. In these sierras also, the *ganado trashumante*, the migratory merinos, were a mainstay of the people. Their annual visits to these upland pastures were essential to the beauty of their fleeces, as was recognized by the pioneers of our own modern husbandry. In Southern Italy the same system was encouraged, with excellent results, by the Government, in the last century, summer pastures being leased to sheep-owners on easy terms. In former days most of the able-bodied men left for Estremadura in September with these vast flocks of merinos, taking sometimes a month to reach their winter-quarters. There the great *cabañas* spread over the now desolate plains, where once the busy Moor had lived and thriven:—

‘Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles  
Miles and miles,  
On the solitary pastures where our sheep,  
Half asleep,  
Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop  
As they crop—  
Was the site once of a city great and gay.’

But, with the improvement of our own breeds, the spread of sheep-farming in Australia and America, the abolition of the privileges of the *mesta*, and the increased value of land in Estremadura, the merinos have dwindled down almost to extinction, and, with them, the demand for the summer *puertos* in the sierras of Leon and Castile. To the absence of the men from September to June, the women being left behind to perform the work of the fields, is attributed the backward state of agriculture and the practice of the women toiling at the plough. From nine till five in summer (till dusk

dusk in winter) they guide the plough, with only a hasty meal, at noon, of bread and pork; and welcome to their ears is the sound of the horn, blown by the common herd, to summon the oxen from their labours to the village pasture for the night. The principle of co-aration—the *cyvar* of the ancient Welsh laws—to which Mr. Seebohm assigns so important a part in the evolution of the 'open-field' system, is found at work here also: the owners of single oxen club together for the team, while those who have none pay in labour for the loan of one when needed. In Upper Aragon where the arable land is infinitesimally divided, the peasants will even own shares in an ox, and claim its services for a proportionate number of working days. Here, as in Leon, though all are poor, pauperism is scarcely known. The inalienable common rights are the real wealth of the people. For the enjoyment of the common pasture, a *churrada* or flock of sheep is formed out of those belonging to individual households, and placed under a common shepherd, who has the dung for his perquisite, while the owners of the sheep receive the lambs and the wool (which some work up themselves). So, too, each of the villagers is allowed to send two swine to the communal herd—as was, in the Middle Ages, the practice here—after the woods had been inspected ('agisted' was the term among ourselves) in October by two deputies of the community. Experience, it seems, has shown that a good fall of beechmast alternates with a poor one, and that the flesh of pigs fed on acorns keeps longer, while that of those who have eaten beechmast has the better flavour.

For fuel also the woods were precious and preserved with watchful care. The antiquity of these common woods is well shown by the words of Siculus Flaccus, who thus alludes to them: 'Quorundam etiam vicinorum aliquas silvas quasi publicas, immo proprias quasi vicinorum, esse comperimus, nec quemquam in eis cedendi pascendique jus habere nisi vicinos quorum sint.' The word *vicinus* is, it will be seen, the *vecino* of Northern Spain, the name by which the villager is still described. Under the old system the village council decided annually as to the work to be done, on the report of two deputies appointed to examine the woods. A body of men were then sent to lop the trees—which was the primitive forestry adopted throughout these regions—and cut down the brambles which choked the wood and tore the fleeces of the sheep. On the next feast-day each household sent its representative to cut up and pile the wood, which was first arranged in equal heaps and then divided by lot. Sundays were reserved for the kindly work of helping those *vecinos* who

had no means of transport to cart down their stock. The substitution of government for communal control has, we are told, demoralised the people, who now combine to elude the vigilance of the forest guards, with the result that the woods are recklessly denuded and choked with brambles sheltering the wolf and the fox, or are even fired (as in Australia) to provide rough pasture. Corruption also, the curse of the country, has come in with the speculative contractor, who is allowed to fell the timber at a destructive rate.

But the old communal system has lingered on in agriculture, the cultivated portion of the arable becoming, as in Leon, common pasture after the harvest is over. Its temporary enclosure—*el cierro de los pagos*—is one of the chief of the *obras de concejo*, and is a work compulsory on the whole community. The warning bell sounds over-night; in the morning, the elected constable, who is also the crier as well as keeper of the common boar (as the parson was sometimes, with us, the keeper of the common bull), summons each household in turn; and armed with axes, spades, choppers, picks, shovels, and so forth, the *vecinos* sally forth. The clerk having called over the roll, and fined the absentees, trenches are dug, stakes planted, and stones collected for walls, till the mid-day meal breaks the work, and, in their animated groups, the villagers await the cupbearers, who bring them, in almost classical fashion, the wine provided by the *Ayuntamiento*.

Here we would turn the attention of our readers to the provinces of Drenthe and Overijssel, in the remote north-east of Holland, where we have noted a parallel to this function, so close that it admirably illustrates the value of analogy, in scattered survivals, for the study of the mark-system. Laveleye thus describes the practice (which prevailed, we gather, in Westphalia also) in these provinces:—

‘Le cultivateur qui entretient le taureau communal conserve aussi le cor ou plutôt la corne qui appelle les habitants à l’assemblée, et qui donne le signal des divers travaux à exécuter dans les champs. . . . Pour préserver l’*essch* de l’atteinte du bétail pendant que la moisson est encore sur pied, on l’entoure d’une sorte de mur en mottes de bruyères précédé d’un fossé, le *essch-wal*. Chacun est forcé de travailler à l’entretien de ce rempart le jour fixé par l’assemblée, et quiconque est en retard de plus d’une demi-heure après que la corne a appelé les travailleurs à l’ouvrage doit payer quatre sous d’amende.’

Here we have the ‘moot-horn’ of England in the place of the church-bell of Spain; but the common building of a temporary rampart round the cultivated area is a practice so ancient

ancient that, in the seventh century, we find it, as Seeböhm reminds us, in the first Bavarian laws:—‘*Si illum sepem eruperit vel dissipaverit quem Ezziſczun vocant.*’ This is the modern *essch-wal* of Holland; but on the word *essch* we shall have more to say.

Once enclosed, the fields are placed in charge of the *mesequeros*, who are sworn in by the *alcalde*, somewhat like special constables, to guard against trespass. This office is unpaid, and compulsory on all the *vecinos* in turn, the wife and elder children of the *mesequero* being sworn in with him. In England the duties of the *mesequero* were discharged by the ‘hayward’ (*hæig-wearde*). It is for him to watch a particular enclosure from March to August, that the *pena*, a fine for a trespassing animal, may be duly inflicted; and his evidence is, by customary law, as indisputable as that of notaries. In the village court which, after mass on Sundays, is summoned by the *mestura* bell, the clerk reads out the fines reported by these officers and payable to the common fund at the end of the year. The same watchfulness is exercised towards the stock of neighbouring *pueblos*, as over that of the *vecinos* themselves; and that which is caught trespassing on the village territory is promptly impounded. To avoid friction in such matters occasional meetings (*comparanzas*) are held at the boundaries, while in some cases a neutral ground, as in Leon, is left between the two territories. Where they adjoin, the landmarks (*mojones*) are piles of stones, which hold a sacrosanct status, and the position of which, like that of our own parish bounds, is impressed on the memory of children, though not by whipping, but by the ancient practice of sharply pulling their ears.

It will have been observed that the church bell plays its part in the system. In these provinces it is largely used, in spite of frequent clerical protests, to summon the *vecinos* to the village council, to the *obras de concejo*, repair of roads, cleaning of ditches, battue of wolves, fires, and pursuit of evil-doers; also to announce the arrival of the muleteer with his wine-laden drove, or even of the travelling veterinary or blacksmith. Some writers go so far as to assert that the cattle, far out on the common pasture, know the sound of the bell that summons them homeward for the night.

So far as the Gothenburg system can be said to be communal in character, it finds a distant parallel in the *taberna del concejo* of these regions. Unable to grow for themselves the wine which they require, the villagers make its import a monopoly, and lease to the highest bidder the right of keeping the *taberna*. The *tabernero* so appointed is allowed a

certain profit on retailing the wine, in return for which he has to provide the *Ayuntamiento* with a specified quantity for communal gatherings, *obras de concejo*, and so forth. So, too, the muleteer who contracts for the supply has to provide the governing body with the traditional French *pot de vin* in return for the preference shown him. On his arrival, with his train of mules, he reports himself to the *Regidor Sindico*, who orders the *contarear* to be rung. At this signal, all who can afford to buy a *media cantara* (sixteen pints) or more come to him first with their wine-skins. When they have been supplied, he proceeds to empty, in the presence of the Syndic, the contents of his remaining wine-skins into two or three large earthenware jars, which the Syndic locks in a wooden case as a precaution against adulteration on the part of the *tabernero*. The villagers send for the wine as they require it, and the writer testifies that at the time when he was living in the district it was not customary to drink in the *taberna*, though the practice had since crept in. Even those families which did not obtain their wine through the *taberna* were made to contribute to the communal profit by annual *sisas*, a kind of 'corkage' estimated on the amount they had consumed.

Another practice still kept up, and said to work admirably, is the *Carneceria de concejo*, a kind of co-operative butcher's shop. It is let by contract to a butcher who undertakes to supply meat at a fixed price, in return for the use of special grazing-ground and the monopoly of the trade. The people live through the winter and spring on the pork and bacon they have raised; and then the butcher's shop is opened from June to September. In the thinly populated districts of Upper Aragon, the people club together, among themselves, to ensure a supply of cheap meat on a rude co-operative system.

The mills, as in Leon, are in the hands not of single owners, but of groups of households, each of which is entitled to their use for a fixed number of days. In its efforts to discourage joint-ownership the State has endeavoured to abolish this system, but it shows singular tenacity.

If it were not for the uniform testimony of the writers of these essays, one would find it difficult to believe in the alleged excellence of education under the old system and its conspicuous retrogression under a centralised administration. It is alleged that custom formerly required all boys to attend school between the ages of six and twelve, that parents neglecting to send them were disgraced and truants flogged, and that illiteracy, in consequence, was very rare. 'From 1844 to 1850,' asserts the writer

of



of this paper, who was himself educated under the old system, 'there was not a boy nor a young man in my village who could not write.' Yet nothing could be more primitive: the humble schoolhouse was warmed in winter by the logs that the children brought with them, and which were needed badly enough, for 'glass windows were unknown in the district.' Like the old Scottish 'dominies,' or even the hedge-schoolmasters, the teachers were *contents de peu*. They received a measure of rye for each child attending, with a small fee from the *Ayuntamiento*, and were excused all communal labour. The moral effects of this system are said to have equalled the educational. During their six years of schooling and footing of absolute equality, the lads were imbued with that feeling of brotherhood, justice, and self-respect on which these little self-governing communities were based. For these hardy villagers, with their horny hands, public affairs were as important as private. The writer's father, a mere shepherd, was, we are told, named *alcalde*; and the first duty he was called upon to perform was to arrest his oldest friend for not complying with a police regulation. As against this Arcadian system, we are shown the result of Government intervention. In spite of attendance being now compulsory, and of a higher standard for masters and mistresses, education has decayed as the result of interference with the sense of parental responsibility, and the children are sent to work instead of to school. The priests, opposed to the State education, now encourage ignorance; the *taberna*, its name changed to the *café*, has become the scene of drinking and gambling; and the people, thoroughly demoralised by the uprooting of their old traditions, are losing every trace of their old simple charm.

Such is the picture drawn for us by a writer who is one of themselves, and who is certainly no obstructive with a blind devotion to the past. What are we to say of it? The phenomena may be wholly or partly true, and yet not the causes. Economic changes, the spread of ideas, the increase of movement, all these are elements in the problem quite as important in breaking down the old communal life as the dreaded bugbear of Government interference. Those who have seen somewhat of Spain must have been struck by the sharp contrast between the new and the old, the sceptic and the catholic, the Republican and the Carlist, the town and the mining districts with their socialism and their modern enterprise, the thinly-populated rural wilds with an agriculture, as has been said, only now adopting improvements which the Romans strove to introduce. The national wine-skin suggests the thought that there is indeed  
a pouring

a pouring of new wine into the oldest of vessels, and that the result of such an operation may be here, as elsewhere, disastrous. A passion for uniformity, a *doctrinaire* insistence on abstract principle in legislation, may, no doubt, intensify the evil, but its influence in bringing it about may easily be overrated. On the other hand, the value of the sturdy independence fostered by this system of local autonomy can scarcely be estimated too highly in such a country as Spain, where, as with all the Latin races, the tendency of a centralised government is to sap the energies of the people. The manly *labradores* of 'Castilla la vieja' represent the type of men that Spain most requires, and retain, in no small degree, the virile character of those mountaineers who issued from their fastnesses to drive before them, step by step, the Moor. That these peasants, remote from towns, and living in almost barren wilds, should have prized education so highly, might, indeed, seem improbable, were it not that the same is true of the Alps of Switzerland and of the Scottish Highlands. Nor are the statements of these Spanish experts as to the failure of the new system at all incredible in view of the fact that even in those countries where elementary education has for some time been compulsory and free, the school attendance is not satisfactory. The sense of parental responsibility can never be safely tampered with; and the poor nowhere prize what is given them for nothing.

Returning now to the monographs themselves, we pass from Castile to Upper Aragon, which is the special field of Don Joaquin Costa, the editor of these essays, and the leading spirit in the movement. The mode of payment for the village officers is here exceedingly primitive, and is perhaps the most curious feature of the local government. By the system of *conducta* the *Ayuntamiento* pays the doctor, the apothecary, and the farrier, for their services to the community, by dividing among them, in a certain proportion, a pile of grain contributed by the *vecinos* after harvest, and heaped up in the middle of the *plaza*. The governing body is also responsible for the payment of the village barber—Figaro is a public character in Spain—and for small retainers to the village counsel (*abogado*) and its agent at the provincial capital. The blacksmith and the common shepherd are paid by the *junta de vecinos* in measures of grain, each *vecino* contributing *pro rata*, as he does also to the fund for the repair of the common smithy.\*

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\* A 'communis furnus cum forgio' is mentioned at Coundon, Durham, in Bishop Hatfield's Survey.

In at least one district of England, so late as the early years of the seventeenth century, we have met with evidence of the Alderman of a Hundred being paid for his duties, 'by auneyent custome,' in sheaves of wheat. The blacksmith has also the monopoly of all special jobs for the *vecinos* outside his contract with the community, and the custom was to keep account of them by a primitive system of notched tallies (*tarjas*), as at our own Exchequer in early days. In some cases, as at Benavente, there was no call on the community, as the proceeds of the 'common field' covered the modest expenses. Its profits paid the clerk, the constable, the standing counsel, the official messenger (*veredero*), the rural guard, the bellringers, the cost of repairs to the church, and even of masses and special prayers. The water supply and the common smithy were kept up and other small charges defrayed from the same source; nor was it till the middle of this century that the inhabitants divided the land among themselves, lest the provincial government should seize and sell it as not being private property.

Just as in the Anglo-Saxon system the great Teutonic principle of mutual responsibility among kin was preserved by law in the tithing organization, or by voluntary association for mutual help in the 'gild,' so we find in these Spanish villages a link between that old-world system and the modern co-operative principle. One of their customs is of peculiar interest, from its having the same religious impress as our own mediæval gilds. This is the mutual insurance of live-stock, which, we are assured by Sr. Costa, is not modern, but of great antiquity. It is a good instance, as he truly observes, of natural adaptation to environment; and its absolute necessity has secured its survival even when 'an economic system, based on abstract principles and the revolutionary spirit of our age, and animated by a blind hatred of the past, destroyed in a single hour the traditions of thirty generations.' The same practice has been found in existence in the south-western corner of France by Mr. Wentworth Webster, who has described it in his paper on the 'Assurances mutuelles du Bétail.' The principle is the same, but the religious character comes into prominence among the traditionally devout Basques. By the natives Mr. Webster is assured that the practice is immemorial in existence, but that a terrible mortality among the cattle, from some highly contagious disease, about a hundred and twenty years ago, caused its complete suspension for the time. Their name, as he justly observes, is eloquent of their true character: at Hendaye they are termed *konfardiac*, at Sare *kofradiac*; in the Gascon country,

country, beyond the Basque district, *confréries*. Here we have our own gild-brethren closely reproduced, not merely for a similar purpose, but under similar auspices. For these associations have their patron saints, and their members attend mass on the saint's day; in some there are special masses for the souls of departed brethren. Whether in Galicia, in Upper Aragon, or north of the Pyrenees, the system adopted seems to have been always much the same. Plenary compensation was usually avoided, as unfavourable to due care; and half or two-thirds of the value of the dead animal guaranteed to its owner. A primitive but favourite method of raising the amount was to make each member of the association purchase, at a fixed rate, a certain portion of the flesh. But the oldest custom, perhaps, of all, was that by which an associate, when deprived of that essential adjunct a plough-ox, received from his brethren labour in the place of money, each of them lending an ox, for so many days, in turn. Experience has long taught the peasants certain precautions in their common interest: care is exercised in the admission of associates; the live-stock is usually inspected before it is allowed to be entered; and certain rules are generally made for the proper housing and humane treatment of the cattle, the breach of which entails forfeiture of claims. It is singular that we find in our own '*Judicia Civitatis Londoniæ*,' over a thousand years ago, precautions taken against members becoming careless of their cattle from the sense of security in case of their loss.

Mr. Webster agrees with Sr. Costa in pronouncing these associations to be the best suited to peasant farmers, where the holdings are small. They represent to perfection the mutual system of insurance, the associates keeping watch over one another in the interest of them all. The expenses of management are practically *nil*; and as each loss is met by a special levy, there are, of course, no annual premiums. Purely voluntary in origin, these primitive societies settle their disputes without going to law; and, as they are only formed to last a few years, there is practically, as in our village 'slate clubs,' neither time nor opportunity for fraud or loss to arise. Where, as it seems to us, such associations must fail, is in giving the peasant security against a local outbreak of contagious disease, or even a year of abnormal mortality; for, of course, there is no reserve fund. But so widely prevalent a system may fairly be said to deserve more attention than, from its obscurity, it has ever yet received. In Mr. Webster's opinion, one of its chief benefits is that it renders possible the local practice of *cheptel*, which he holds to be of the greatest value to peasant farmers. This is, practically,

practically, the application to live-stock of the *métayer* principle in agriculture: the small holder hires the stock from the small capitalist, and pays the interest, for the most part, not in money, but in kind. This avoids the snare of the peasant, the borrowing of money on mortgage, and is found in practice to answer well, especially where the insurance system gives the lender security against loss. It is, we believe, the hope of Mr. Webster that something of the kind might be tried among ourselves should small holdings come into vogue. We may add that his researches have shown the extreme antiquity of *cheptel*, which seems to have been known in Languedoc as *gasalha*, and as *socida* in mediæval Italy.

Returning to Upper Aragon, we find the co-operative principle applied to the making of tiles, to save the heavy cost of importation. Each village has its common kiln; and when the junta of villagers decides on a baking, it hires a journeyman tiler to direct the work, the *vecinos* working and providing the fuel in proportion to the amount of tiles they severally require. Their sheep, as a joint flock, are entrusted to a common shepherd; and so precious are their rights of pasture that, what with the concurrent increase of enclosures and of stock, the commons, as we should say, have now to be 'stinted,'—a stage reached by ourselves about the time of Elizabeth. Some light is thrown on the constant mention of the fold (*falda*) in our own mediæval documents by the importance attached, among these Spanish peasants, to the dung of the sheep. In some cases it is the shepherd's perquisite; in others it is the payment for the use of enclosed pastures; and where the pastures are occupied in common, each villager has the right of 'fold' on his land for an equal number of nights, and deems it, perhaps, the chief advantage of owning stock. So in the Domesday of St. Paul's (1222) we read of villagers among ourselves being bound by custom to keep their stock from Hokeday to Lammas folded on the lord's land, and to fee the lord's shepherd for watching them.\* And in the Customals of Battle Abbey, we find tenants, on a Sussex manor, bound 'portare faldam domini super terram domini ubi præceptum eis fuerit, et levare,'† while land neither manured nor visited by the fold is described as 'nec fimata nec faldata.' It is singular that the same phrase serves in Spain, where *cletear un campo* means, literally, to enclose it with *cletas*, but, in practice, to manure it. This system of sheep farming for fertilization is specially prevalent in the district round the

\* Ed. Camden Society, p. 105.

† Ibid., p. 56.

ancient city of Jaca, one of the earliest centres of resistance to the Moor.

An excellent study on Santander is contributed by another writer, who specially insists on the mischief wrought by the abolition of the *derrotas*. This institution (though these writers seem unaware of the fact) corresponds exactly with the common right of pasture, among ourselves, over (1) the open or common fields, (2) the 'Lammas meadows.' The former extended 'from the time when the corn is cut and carried until the same be again sown with corn'; the latter from old Lammas day, the close of the hay harvest, till the meadows were closed in May for the growing of the next crop. We still read, occasionally, in the newspapers of riotous gatherings on Lammas day for the throwing down of fences, where they have been made permanent; and this overthrowing is the literal meaning of the Spanish word *derrota*. Sr. Morán, in his elaborate paper on Northern Leon, is inclined to question this, and to challenge the definition in the Royal decree of 1853; but he has been misled by the special use, in his own district, of the word. We are grateful to him, however, for dwelling on the subject, because it has brought out a parallel so close that only actual quotation will make it credible. In Mr. Seebohm's great work on 'The English Village Community' is printed the finding of the Homage for the Manor of Hitchin (Herts) in 1819, from which we print an extract, relative to the sheep-commons, by the side of Sr. Morán's description of the actual custom in the highlands of Leon:—

'The Homage find and present that every owner and every occupier of land in any of the common fields of this township may at his will and pleasure enclose and fence any of his land lying in the common fields... no right of common on other land being claimed in respect of the land so enclosed and fenced.' (P. 451.)

'Cada uno tenía perfecto derecho á cercar todas sus fincas y á que se respetaran estos cercados; pero desde el momento en que las cerraba, perdía el derecho de llevar sus ganados á pastar en las fincas de los demás vecinos.'

As Mr. Seebohm expressed it: 'If he choose to enclose his own portion of the common field, he may do so, but he then gives up for ever his right of pasture over the rest' (p. 12). Thus then not only in the rights of pasture, absolute over the 'green commons,' and limited over the arable and meadow, is there exact correspondence, but even in the detailed provision,



as shown above, for enclosure. But in Spain, where sheep were the first consideration, the small holder has usually preferred to leave his land unenclosed rather than forfeit his rights of pasture, whereas at Hitchin the advantage of enclosure usually outweighed the loss of these rights.

In Santander, where hay and maize are the chief crops of the peasants, the sheep, on the fields being enclosed for the summer, are sent up to the mountain-slopes, and, as the snows melt, on to the sierras. Thus the right of common pasture, during the winter months, over the scattered holdings of the villagers, is, the writer holds, an absolute necessity of the system, however much it may hamper agricultural improvement. By Royal decree, however, in 1853, *derrotas* were everywhere abolished. This revolutionary step was precipitate and premature; it had practically, we learn, little or no effect, and only led to heart-burning and strife. Writing in the true Spencerian spirit, the essayist insists that where the institution has died out, in Galicia and Asturias, it has been from gradual economic changes, and not from legislation, which has failed to suppress it where it is still best adapted to the needs of the people. In the same spirit Sr. Morán insists that such legislation is socialistic, and forbids the peasant to exercise his choice as to the enclosure of his land. The old system, they claim, is condemned without any satisfactory substitute being offered, in the vain attempt to produce uniformity throughout districts varying from the *huertas* of Murcia and Valencia to the bleak sierras of the north. Like the *derrotas*, the common meadows (*pradas de concejo*) have, in Santander, survived the attempt to put down common property. This general Aryan institution is found, for instance, at Tudanca, where it produces, without manuring, 800 loads of excellent hay for division among the 80 *vecinos* who, it is important to observe, draw lots in public—the primitive custom—and then hasten to remove the portion they have secured. This gives each household winter hay for some six sheep. The woods, however, here as elsewhere, have suffered, it is alleged, from the change of system together with the increased demand for timber in ironworks and shipyards, and the improvement in communications. For this the decay of public spirit is said to be largely responsible. Formerly, as Sr. Linares explains, the local government was purely democratic; the heads of families, in each *concejo*, elected one of themselves annually as *regidor*, who was their representative in the *Ayuntamiento* of the district. In the capital *pueblo* of the *circunscripción* these *regidores*, all unpaid, elected one of themselves as *alcalde* and another as *procurador sindico*. The governing body thus  
formed

formed divided among the *concejos*, according to their wealth and population, the contributions due to the State and to the Province; they were also responsible for the carrying out in their districts of decrees and instructions from the central authority. It was for them also, as with our own magisterial 'Assize of bread,' to fix the prices of provisions—bread, wine, oil, and meat—besides looking after the public health. Its only officer was a secretary receiving the magnificent salary of from 4*l.* to 6*l.* a year, while the clerk of the local *concejo* (*fiel de fechos*) was unpaid, being only exempted from communal labour and from some of the taxes.

We attach importance to the 'Reporto de la contribución,' annually, by the *concejo* among the *vecinos*, for we suspect that some such practice originally existed among ourselves. The nearest parallels, perhaps, in historic times are such 'aids' as that, in 1168, which the inhabitants of Horncastle 'ipsi assederunt inter se concessu justitiarum'; for what is called by Dr. Stubbs 'the application of the jury principle to assessment of personal property' is quite different from a local body dividing among themselves the payment of a lump sum. In these *concejos*, each *vecino* made his own return of his land and stock, which was checked in public meeting by his neighbours. Thus the whole work was done in a few hours, and at one cost, while the quotas were collected with no difficulty. Such were the halcyon days to which the local ratepayer looks back as he contemplates the elaborate methods of government officials, and the absence of any check on individual assessments. So too with the communal property of which the accounts were formerly passed in public meeting at the close of the year, but are now taken out of the hands of the community and made unintelligible. With the old local autonomy there disappeared the ancient receptacles for records, which, like the venerable 'Domesday chest' in our own Public Record Office, had three locks apiece, that concurrence of the keepers of three keys might be needful for their opening. The time-honoured *obras de concejo* being now abolished by law, the hill pastures are no longer cared for; dead sheep are allowed to rot there, and shelters to decay. Bridges and roads are not properly kept up, nor can forest fires be easily extinguished. With the system of mutual responsibility has been destroyed, it is alleged, that of mutual assistance; the sick and needy no longer receive contributions of fuel from the common woods, and the practice of neighbours combining to rebuild the walls and roof of a house that had been burnt down is now discontinued. More surprising, however, is the statement that in these remote villages the

the worst features of American politics have been widely introduced, the 'boss' having duly appeared under the name of the *cacique*, who is in league, we gather, on 'Tammany' principles, with the local rogues and evildoers, in consideration of a share of the spoils or of their political support. We have heard, indeed, strange tales as to the introduction of modern politics into old-world Spain, such as the occasional manufacture of a majority on the 'right' side by providing the ballot-box with a false bottom stuffed with votes. Wonderful are the triumphs of modern progress!

From the general indifference engendered, we are told, by the loss, with local autonomy, of the old public spirit, it is pleasant to turn to the primitive life of the village community at its prime. Sr. Azcarate, in the third volume of his '*Ensayo sobre la Historia del derecho de Propriedad*,' cites the remarkable case of Llanabes in Northern Leon, where the priest who held its cure a century ago has left his testimony to the working of the system. Here again, the surgeon, the shepherd, the smith, the apothecary, and church expenses were all paid by the *concejo*; the community possessed its *sala* and its prison, but the latter was never required. The arable lands were 'divided every ten years, in equal shares, among all the *vecinos* by lot'; and if one of them died within that time, his share fell to the new member of the community, if there was one. Two cartloads of hay, also, were annually obtained by each *vecino* from the common meadow. Sr. Aramburo has testified to the persistence of the system in this wild infertile locality, and the old priest waxed eloquent on its excellent working in practice. Traces of the distribution of land by lot are, for the student of the village community, of especial value. Elton knew of hardly any evidence 'to show that the arable in England was ever divided in this way,' and relied rather on comparative custom and faint survival.\* Vinogradoff holds that 'the western village community does not go so far, as a rule, in regard to the arable, at least in the time to which our records belong; but even in the West, and particularly in England, traces of shifting ownership, "shifting severalty," may be found as scattered survivals.'† Dr. Andrews contends that the homily of Ælfric alludes to the practice, and that a share so obtained was known as 'hlot.'‡ In the wilds of Spain, however, we have direct evidence. At Cangas de Tineo, in the heart of the Asturias, a spot shut out by mountains from the

\* 'Origins of English History,' p. 389.

† 'Villainage in England,' i. p. 236.

‡ 'The old English Manor,' p. 171.

world, the arable is divided throughout the district into *varas*, which represent no measure of area, but are proportioned to the number of *vecinos* entitled to share at the periodical distribution. A fresh distribution is made from time to time, and when more pasture is broken up for arable. In practice, observes Sr. Pedregal, households are found with one or more *varas*, or even a fraction of one.\* It is a singular coincidence that in the Burton Cartulary, edited by General Wrottesley, a 12th-century survey shows us the arable of certain manors divided into *waræ* held in varying proportions. In Estremadura, on the frontier of Portugal, D. Zoilo Espejo testifies to the existence of *pueblos*, in the district of Cáceres, holding in common lands divided on the three-field (*tres hojas*) system, in which two of the fields are annually divided among the peasants according to their number:—

‘Cada año, las hojas correspondientes á cultivo y á barbecho se subdividen en tantas parcelas como vecinos labradores viven en el pueblo. Se sortean entre ellos y cada uno labra la que le ha caído en suerte.’

Further north, the same practice prevails, near Zamorra, in the valley of Sayago, where the lands are similarly divided by lot. Even when we reach a later stage, the *quinones* in the fields about Canseco, like the ‘quilllets’ Mr. Palmer has studied in the fields of the Wrexham district, point, as Sr. Morán observes, to some such distribution in the past. If we have not among our Spanish instances any stage quite so archaic as that of the Burgh of Lauder, where the shifting of the whole arable survived, we have at least in the Llanabes type a good parallel to the practice at Newton-upon-Ayr, where the ‘daill,’ down to its extinction (1828), was for seven years. This shifting of the lots, with an arable area, itself unshifting, is, of course, the second stage; and the third is reached when, as in the normal village community of England, the arable strips were no longer subject to redistribution, though their as yet limited ownership was seen in the right of common pasture, exercised over them

\* It is desirable, as the point is of importance, to quote the original Spanish:—‘Ofrecen una particularidad, digna de ser notada, las distribuciones de tierras en muchos pueblos de Cangas de Tineo y concejos limítrofes. Está dividido el territorio en mayor ó menor número de *varas*, que no representan cantidad fija para la medición superficial. Son tantas como vecinos ó co-participes al tiempo de la distribución, que era temporal y solía rectificarse, bien en períodos determinados ó cuando aumentaba el terreno cultivable. En la actualidad son muchos los propietarios que tienen una ó más *varas* ó fracción de *vara*, de las terrenos de un pueblo, cuya cantidad está en relación, de una parte, con el número total de *varas* en que el territorio se ha dividido, y de otra, con la extensión de los terrenos distribuidos.’

between the crops, an obvious survival from the pastoral era. Mr. Gomme knew nothing of this Spanish evidence, throughout his well-known studies on the village community; and he would doubtless have welcomed it not only because it shows us distribution of the arable, apart from all consideration of oxen or the plough, but also because, in these Spanish communities, we have not to do with a lord.

The remoteness and comparative isolation that have favoured these survivals in Spain have fortunately exercised the same influence in the north-east of Holland, the district we have selected to illustrate the value of the argument from analogy. Here, in the words of M. de Laveleye, 'entourée de toutes parts de marais et de tourbières, la Drenthe formait comme une île de sables et de bruyères où s'étaient conservées intactes les coutumes des aïeux': here, as in Spain, the village community 'a résisté également au régime féodal et à la centralisation moderne, et continue à durer malgré les textes du code civil.' The same purely democratic council elected annually the *markenrigter* and other village officers; but the 'mark' kept its ancient name, a hundred and sixteen of these communities being still found in this province so recently as 1828. We cannot enter, in full detail, into the points of resemblance and of difference between the two systems; but we may observe that the latter are due to natural conditions, so widely different that they only accentuate the common origin which resulted in so close a resemblance between communities widely distant and differing so greatly in environment. Perhaps the most startling evidence of this is found in what we only ventured to term a coincidence, so long as the occurrence of the term was limited to Spain and England. For the *varas* of Cangas de Tineo find their exact parallel in those *wharen* which, among the Dutch, represented the shares in the mark, and which conferred upon their owners (*erfgenamen*) the right to make use of the common pasture and other privileges of membership. As a mediæval Latin word, *wara* had other meanings, but in this instance we can hardly be wrong in assuming an absolute identity.

We cannot take leave of this interesting province without dwelling on its *esschen*. Etymologically, the word is of no small interest, because, as our own 'etch' is derived (through 'edish') from the Old English 'edisc,' so is 'essch' from 'ezzisc'—the early Gothic 'altisk.' Now Dr. Murray and the learned philologists who are responsible for the New English Dictionary abandon 'etch' as 'of obscure derivation,' because they cannot connect its meaning with the Old English 'edisc'

'edisc' in its sense of 'enclosed pasture.' Yet Dr. Kennet's definition of 'etch' as 'roughings or aftermath in meadows, but more properly the stubble or grattan in cornfields,' shows us clearly, when we glance at the Dutch or German system, how 'edisc' was pasture on the enclosed arable, after harvest—when the cattle and sheep were turned into the stubbles (as they are still on the *essch*)—as against the permanent pasture or 'green commons.' Thus the derivation of 'etch' is not difficult to trace. But more directly to our purpose is the fact that Seebohm, following Hanssen, insists, as a 'specially important' point, on the alleged absence of the three-field system in 'the district from which, according to the common theory, the Anglo-Saxon invaders of Britain came.'\* Yet here we have, as Laveleye could testify by personal observation, in the very district where Mr. Seebohm speaks of its 'conspicuous absence,' the familiar system of the three fields: 'le *winter-essch* où l'on met le seigle d'hiver, le *zomer-essch*, où l'on sème du seigle d'été, et le *brach-essch*, qui restait en jachère autrefois.' This corresponds exactly with Seebohm's own definition,—'winter-corn, spring-corn, and fallow.' It is in fact the Westphalian system, and it strikes, here, at the root of that able writer's argument. Again, it certainly seems to us, that the Veluwe district, in the provinces of Guelders and Holland, illustrates well by comparison with Drenthe, the feudalisation, in the Middle Ages, of the primitive community system by the superimposition of the lord.

In the absence of a lord, as it seems to us, is the distinctive note in our evidence, the feature that gives it special value as a contribution to the problem. In spite of the eirenicon attempted by Dr. Andrews in his skilful monograph, there is, and must be, war between the advocates of a free and of a servile origin for the English village community. We will only say, without prejudice, that the democratic autonomy of those Spanish communities is, to all appearance, original in character, and tends at least to prove, as against Mr. Seebohm, that neither the lord nor the manorial conception was essential to such an organization. We take it, further, that these primitive institutions were of Teutonic character; for the persistence, among Celts, of the chieftainship and its corollaries, precludes the idea that all traces of it could have thus disappeared. And the capacity of these peasants for self-government points, with unquestionable force, in the same direction. So long as we keep to the development of private property in land, we can

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\* 'English Village Community,' pp. 372-374, 410, 411.



trace the process of conversion from temporary to permanent allotment along parallel lines in the Asturias for instance, and in England. But when we would trace the germ of lordship, we turn to these communities in vain. It is an obvious inference from this contrast that the lord was an excrescence, not an element contained in the primitive system. Suggestive glimpses may, indeed, be caught of practices known to ourselves at a stage of more advanced development, such as the *andecha* described by Sr. Pedregal as found in all the rural *pueblos* of his district. This was 'the gathering of all, or sometimes the majority of, the villagers for the accomplishment of some agricultural work, requiring special despatch, on the holding of one of them.' We would note that it 'closes with a frugal meal at the cost of the *vecino* to whom his neighbours have thus given their assistance.' Here we have, surely, a primitive parallel to the *precarie*, or 'boon-work,' of an English manor, of which this apt description is taken from the work of Professor Vinogradoff:—

'Harvest time is the most pressing time in the year for rural work; it is especially important not to lose the opportunity presented by fair weather to mow and garner in the crop before rain, and there may be only a few days of such weather at command. For this reason extra labour is chiefly required during this season, and the village people are frequently asked to give extra help in connexion with it. The system of *precarie* is even more developed on these occasions than in the case of ploughing. All the forces of the village are strained to go through the task; all the houses which open on the street send their labourers, and in most cases the entire population has to join in the work, with the exception of the housewives and perhaps of the marriageable daughters. The landlord treats the harvesters to food, in order to make these exertions somewhat more palatable to them.'

As Dr. Andrews has described them, 'These were additional services which the lord at first asked for, and then demanded, a demand which soon hardened into a customary obligation.' But it is a long step from the *andecha* of Spain, a mutual obligation based on the idea of 'all for each and each for all,' to the boon-days of mediæval England, when, to return to the Russian professor, 'almost all the population of the village is driven to work on the field of the lord.' Warfare, in history, is the parent of lordship; servitude the offspring of impoverishment and want. In the plains, with their fertile fields and their villages open to attack, the lord is found established; but in the mountains, defended by Nature and by the valour of their hardy inhabitants, he flourished only where, as on the Alps, he could

prey, like a robber-chief, on the tracks of commerce. But to this political consideration we would add an economical reason: without a margin of profit from cultivation, there was nothing left for the lord, and among the sierras of Northern Spain there was no such margin. Therefore these communities, we believe, were democratic from the first.

We cannot take leave of our subject without some brief allusion to that movement which has given birth to these interesting studies. Reviewing the tendencies, in modern times, of Spanish agricultural legislation, Sr. Costa traces the development of the ideas now prevailing to the work of D. Gaspar de Jovellanos, an ardent individualist, who wrote in 1766, advocating the removal of all barriers to agricultural improvement by the abolition of mortmain, of the holding of land in common, of restrictions as to crops or enclosures, of the privileges of the *mesta* and so forth. This policy has been pursued in Spain since 1810, and was strenuously upheld in the work of D. Firmin Caballero (1862), who urged its completion. In the remarkable work of Sr. de Linares, '*La Agricultura y la Administración Municipal*' (1882), reminding one, in spirit, of Laveleye's work, we find the first attempt at a reaction due to the unsatisfactory results of this policy in practice. Writing, as a former *alcalde*, from his own personal experience, Sr. de Linares pleaded for the restoration of that organism, which represented adaptation to environment, and which the crude radicalism of the centralising school had ruthlessly destroyed. In spite of this appeal from the *doctrinaires*, with their paper schemes resembling those that sprang from the brain of the Abbé Sièyes, the Spanish Local Government Act of 1884 set the crown to forty years of similar legislation.

We cannot refuse our sympathy to those who are pleading the cause of Conservative reform, and who urge the adaptation of existing institutions by retaining all that is good in them, instead of merely destroying them as a tribute to modern enlightenment. Yet we feel that the venerable system these writers so ably defend is evidently breaking down from other and more complex causes than mere hostile legislation. The artificial creation of a peasant proprietary, or even the prolongation of its existence, may commend itself, among us, to Radical theorists; but the hands of the clock cannot be put back: the traces we have studied are those, in Mr. Seebohm's memorable words, 'not of types likely to be reproduced in the future, but of economic stages for ever past.'

And lastly we shall not, perhaps, be wronging these sturdy opponents of a dead uniformity, these advocates of special systems

systems as adapted to special needs, if we trace in their writings somewhat of the old *paisano* feeling, that still testifies to the fact that Spain is an aggregate of kingdoms, rather than a homogeneous nation at perfect unity with itself. Healthy enough, within due bounds, as a spur to provincial enterprise, its jealousy of a centralised rule tends to weaken a government, though it is not difficult to understand that the ways of Madrid statesmen may lead to occasional impatience. The question is more immediately connected, than might be supposed, with ourselves. The cry for federal reform, we will not say for Home Rule, is strongest, perhaps, in Catalonia; and 'La España Regional,' which is there its mouthpiece, has watched with eager hope Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. It is a satire on the value, in such matters, of the voice of the civilized world, that in race, in thought, and in commercial enterprise, Barcelona is undoubtedly the Belfast, and Catalonia the Ulster, of Spain. The cause of the people of Ulster is her cause also. Mr. Gladstone's policy applied to the Catalans would mean the ruin of their commerce and the suppression of such autonomy as they have. They might at least recall the feelings of their fathers when England abandoned them to their foes, before urging her to treat the men of Ulster as, to her lasting shame, she was guilty of treating them.

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ART. X.—1. *Vita di Torquato Tasso*. Da Angelo Solerti. Volumi III. Turin and Rome, 1895.

2. *Le Prince Vitale; Essai et Récit, à-propos de la Folie du Tasse*. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris, 1863. New Edition, 1882.

And other Works.

**T**ORQUATO Tasso died at Rome, in the convent of Sant' Onofrio, on April 25th, 1595. Like Shakespeare, to whom in other points he affords a notable contrast, Tasso had entered on his fifty-second year when he left a world which he had never known how to use discreetly. He was eight years older than his great English disciple, Edmund Spenser, who survived him until 1599; while thirteen years after the death of Torquato, Milton, the last true epic poet, was born, in Bread Street, Cheapside, on December 9th, 1608. These indications, which carry us forward from the dying Italian literature into that new English, destined to overshadow all the rest (save only the immortal Greeks), will be completed by adding to them the date of Ariosto, whose 'Orlando'—the fine example which is copied, not surpassed by the 'Gierusalemme Liberata'—came out at Ferrara in 1516, Messer Ludovico himself passing off the stage, sixteen years later, in 1532. And now, we may understand what has been often said, that Tasso was the child of the classic Renaissance, and victim of the Reaction which triumphed for a while in Italy as in England.

But the history of Tasso is one thing, his legend another. It has taken three centuries to sift the true from the false; and only in this year of solemn commemoration, 1895, have we at last the sure authentic life, which so many biographers and weavers of romance could never give us. A master has arisen, quickened by the Italian fire, stubbornly industrious as any Teuton,—we mean Signor Angelo Solerti,—whose researches, continued over Europe during a period of ten years, are summed up in the splendid volumes before us. Hitherto, Byron, Goethe, Manso—or, at the best, Serassi and Cherbuliez—have drawn the picture of this sovereign but unhappy singer, in which the multitude saw him, as they deemed, immortal. The poet's crown was upon his brow, and Duke Alfonso II. of Ferrara was keeping him a close captive for the poet's crime of looking upwards in his love,—a second Ovid, not banished to the Scythians, but held fast seven years among the distraught in Sant' Anna, himself sane and sad at heart, broken in course of time, and distempered by the contagion

tagion from which he could not flee. Within the walls of that dungeon, certified by inscriptions over its doorway, Byron spent an hour, rhapsodizing of Torquato and Leonora d'Este in words which thousands have read and imagined they were true. Goethe, more poetically inspired, while the sunshine of Italy lit up the Park at Weimar, and rivalries, love-makings, hours of deep feeling in the Ducal Court, led him to compare his own story with that of the laureate among politicians at Ferrara, in the declining sixteenth century, wrote the exquisite drama which we know. It is sentimental, but tragic, full of grave harmonies and sententious sayings, one of which tells us how the poet of the 'Gierusalemme' was fitted for his task; another, why he failed to be happy in it. The second Leonora, Countess of Scandiano, is addressing Duke Alfonso. Thus the lady speaks:—

'Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,  
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt;  
O, dass er sein Gemüth wie seine Kunst  
An deinem Lehren bilde! dass er nicht  
Die Menschen länger meide; dass sein Argwohn  
Sich nicht zuletzt in Furcht und Hass verwandle!'

These noble verses, marked no less by sympathy than by insight, may now replace the inscriptions which stirred Byron's wrath on entering the cells at Sant' Anna. They make no reference to the Princess Leonora; there is not a syllable concerning love in them; but as we shall prove ere we have ended, they are true, and the whole truth, graven in letters of gold. How came it then, that Goethe, having thus conceived, as only poets can, the essence of that intricate and puzzling narrative, let go the clue which he had held for a moment? He was writing—we have his word for it—with a pen dipped in his own heart. Tasso was Werther; Tasso was the Goethe of those passionate unstrung days when wisdom had not subdued impulse; Tasso was the Court troubadour, caressed, envied, and spoilt, with love for his theme, and etiquette reminding him that the singer gets his reward, not in recognition as an equal, but in presents of wine and chased silver goblets, as the most

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\* Perhaps thus in English:—

'Fine parts grow ever fit in solitude,  
But in the stream of men the man is made;  
Oh that on thee, my Prince, our bard would frame  
His temper like his singing! may he still  
No longer shun the crowd, nor later find  
Suspicion turn him all to Hate and Fear!'

successful

successful of showmen in Vanity Fair. He feels that he is a caged skylark, and he longs for freedom while he is singing his sweetest. But is it possible, said Goethe to himself, that he should sing and not love? Hence the touching, yet quite imaginary figure of the Princess, throwing over his play a certain secret melancholy, warming it as with a hidden flame, but in the life of Tasso altogether wanting. The real tragedy would have been far more difficult to set out in delightful verse. It was sombre, almost prosaic; not the idyl recalling 'Aminta' which a temperament so high-pitched, and a choice of language so lyrical as the poet of the Crusades indulged in, might have led us to expect. In Goethe's estimation Tasso is Romeo, young, impassioned, shy and bold. He is not more than five-and-twenty. Every one speaks of him as a mere youth, *nella bollente età*, as the Tuscans would say with a kindly shrug of the shoulders. History, nevertheless, tells us that he was three-and-thirty when his first imprisonment took place; and that he had passed twelve years in the service of Cardinal Luigi d'Este and the Duke Alfonso. Write these dates on the margin where Antonio lectures Torquato in the drama, and entire conversations will disappear as if by magic. Nor was Eleonora so young in 1577 that she could play the part of Juliet at the window with ease and propriety. She had sailed far north, beyond the temperate latitudes of old maidenhood, which in Italy begins long ere the robust damsels of Weimar have abandoned hope; she was looking forty in the face. Too old for Juliet!

Thus we can put no trust in Goethe, whose charmingly-coloured romance was founded simply on the legend current in his time. We move back to the historians. But Muratori lived before the age of criticism, and has given us the thrice-memorable scene, undoubtedly a fable, of the *bacio rapito*, which brings on the catastrophe of the German poem. Tiraboschi is brief and shrewd; Serassi careful; yet our present most learned author declares that he cannot allow one page of Serassi to remain without emendation. Who is there besides? Manso della Villà,—the Manso with whom John Milton abode at Naples, and whose memory lingers yet in the beautiful Latin verses addressed to him by the Englishman. Yes, and Manso was Torquato's intimate friend during the poet's latter years; Manso gave him hospitality in the country-house at Bisaccio where he brought to an end that strange and painful 'rifaccimento' of his epic, the 'Gierusalemme Conquistata'; and, finally, Manso published the well-known biography of Tasso in 1619. From his lips, one might fancy, Milton had

heard



heard the love-story to which he alludes in his distich, '*Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem*':—

'*Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,  
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens:  
Ah miser ille, tuo quanto felicior ævo  
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!*'

Certain it is that to Manso, if to any one man, the origin of that story must be assigned. His ninth chapter is entitled '*Love and Dissimulation, wherefore the object of his flame remained unknown*,'—a heading which the writer thus enlarges upon:—

'But from that his amorous and burning passion, and from the desire he had above measure to conceal and bury it within his bosom, like a second Ovid, sprang those first troubles upon the which afterwards all his misfortunes hung. Sooth it is that with this his silence and dissimulation he brought the world in such wise to question the truth of his thoughts, as that neither in the first age of his love, nor by-and-by in his sequent tribulations,—nay, not even when he was 'scaped forth of them,—was the whole history known, nor so much as the certainty of that lady by him so ardently courted, albeit in many places of his rhyming and by an artful device he bewrayeth her name as Leonora.'

Who, then, was she? The biographer mentions three ladies at Ferrara—the Princess, her friend the Countess of Scandiano, and a waiting-woman; but inclines to believe that the highest alone of these would have awakened Tasso's admiration or justified his idolatry. The romance had now been sketched in outline. It remained to fill up the details. Manso went on to imagine, from the sonnet, '*Più non potea stral di fortuna o dente*'—which has, in fact, quite another bearing—that a gentleman unknown had revealed to the Duke some passages in this Ovidian episode; that an affront which the poet received during his stay at Ferrara had led to a duel between him and his enemy, whoever that may have been; that Tasso had put to flight a number of assailants, wounding one of them severely; that, in consequence, Alfonso had confined him for several days to his own rooms; and that Torquato, being well aware of the real offence he had given, now fell into fears and apprehensions, which so tormented him, as that ever after he was subject to continual distresses, and 'did many of those things on account of which men thought him to be out of his mind.'

Here, then, is the legend almost complete—the love, the betrayal, the imprisonment, and madness imputed to one whose  
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deep melancholy, though sometimes breaking forth in delirium, never was 'frenzy,' in the true meaning of the word. For, as Manso argues, how could a brain-struck man defend his actions with the subtle and copious rhetoric of which Tasso proved himself a master? No, he must 'have feigned madness in order to evade more grievous perils whereof he went in fear, and by way of excusing the faults wherewith he had been falsely charged in the Duke's hearing.' All this Byron has taken for granted in his 'Lament of Tasso'; and it furnishes, with one significant exception, the ground of Goethe's tragedy. That exception relates to Alfonso. His character, in the poem, is drawn with a tender hand; he is neither morose, like Antonio, nor passionate, like Tasso. He does not act the gaoler; and when Tasso has committed his supreme act of folly, the punishment inflicted is of his own choice. He had entreated permission to set out for Rome; leave is now given him, and the curtain falls.

Not so did those who came after Manso deal with the legend which he had bequeathed to them. It is a strange chapter in history, could we tell it here. By 1628, Barbato has no scruple in setting down as facts the guesses and fanciful combinations in which his predecessor had gone astray. Imperiali followed; and Brusoni, in his '*Gondola a tre remi*'; and Leti, in his '*Italia Regnante*': in like manner did all who in France, England, or Germany busied themselves with the '*Gierusalemme Liberata*,' down to Serassi in the year 1785, when that painstaking writer published the only biography at all genuine. What need to speak of Goldoni's drama, of Rosini's dissertation, of the battle that raged between this daring fabulist and Cavedoni, Guasti, and Capponi? At length, in 1853, Guasti edited the poet's 'Letters,' and from that moment the controversy, moving within clear and definite lines, has been advancing to its only sure conclusion.

Sure, but still singular, still profoundly interesting! We had now two series of documents,—the correspondence which occupied Tasso more and more during his later unhappy years, and all those records which the Ducal archives might hold at Ferrara and Modena, throwing light on the same set of transactions. That brilliant Academician, M. Victor Cherbuliez, took in hand the correspondence, and by reading into it a little of the French systematic ideas,—which lend themselves to epigrams and give a character in a sentence,—discovered that Torquato 'was indebted for one-half of his misfortunes to the feebleness of his disposition, and for the other half to the beauty of his genius.' M. Cherbuliez wrote in 1863 the striking

striking story which he has denominated 'Le Prince Vitale,' by way of bringing to a focus the elements of this perplexed subject. To the letters of Tasso he looked for a solution, and, being himself a Puritan turned Humanist, he found in them, as he thought, ample warrant, when, putting aside the fiction of Leonora as absurd, he ascribed to religious scruples, to the pressure on the poet's mind of the Roman Inquisition, to the dominion of the Spaniards in Italy, and to the sinister influences of a reaction that condemned poetry and painting as merely heathen, the deep despair ending in mental disorder into which Tasso fell, and from which he never was able to emerge. If, in this deftly-written romance, Monsignor Spinetta declares, 'I have made the poet confess to me, and I find him a feeble character joined to a fanciful imagination, incapable of self-control, and thus made the victim of eccentricities and misfortunes,' the other more penetrating critic, Prince Vitale, makes it his supreme infelicity that he was 'born out of due season.' By nature and cast of thought he was akin to Raffaello, to Vida, to Castiglione; under Leo X. he would have been crowned as an Italian Virgil. But he came into the world sixty years too late; his Leo X. was only Sixtus V.; the Renaissance was dead, and he did not know it. 'Read his correspondence,' says Prince Vitale; 'there you will see the genuine Tasso. His heart was broken, his mind overthrown; I grant it; and I add that no Leonora need be invoked to explain the catastrophe. Look at the dates, and all is clear.'

'Not quite clear,' answers the present biographer, 'and for this reason: can we trust the poet's evidence? Supposing Tasso were out of his mind, would any cautious critic allow those letters to pass without sifting them? What do the records of the time say, when confronted with specific allegations in the letters?' It is a delicate, though by no means an insoluble problem. True enough, as Tiraboschi remarked long ago, that if we turn to his works, 'we see him so confused, so inconsistent with himself, that the more we read, the greater appear his obscurity and incertitude.' Numerous as his letters, dialogues, and poems are, it would seem that in them we have a looking-glass or a votive tablet, wherein his whole life might be faithfully studied. Far, however, from the facts should we depart, were we to rely on this testimony. A few lines in the '*Libri di Spenderia*,' or, as we should say, the buttery accounts, kept at Ferrara by Percino Visdomini, the Duke's officer, have not only revealed the date when '*Aminta*' was first brought on the stage, but have sufficed to put on Tasso's treatment during his time at Sant' Anna quite a different complexion

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from that which the poet gives to it. Other documents—the witness of servants, of physicians, of friends and admirers—prove that we are dealing with that most difficult of patients, a man whose fancy is no less disordered than creative, whose suspicions are not bounded even by the impossible, and whose self-absorption, rising to mania, distorts and persistently misinterprets the attempts that his kindest guardians make to do him service. In this sad and painful tragedy, no one wrongs Tasso so much as Tasso wrongs the world. It was his misfortune, and we pity him; but had he known what he was doing, it would have been his fault, and a serious outrage upon gratitude, affection, and good sense. The beauty of his genius would never have atoned for the malevolent feebleness of his character. But now it is time that, leaving fictions and romance, we endeavour to sketch his life as it really was.

The name of Tasso—from the Latin *taxus*, a yew-tree, which appears on the family shield—is originally traceable to Almenno in the Bergamask. Memories, which take us back to the thirteenth century, show them as established in the vale of Prembano, hard by a place called Cornello, where is Monte del Tasso, planted with many yews. A hundred years after, they went down to Bergamo. One branch, in the fifteenth century, striking root in Germany and Flanders, stretched out by and by into Spain. We hear of them at Trent, Innsbruck, Prague, and Vienna; and they are still the princely house of Thurn und Taxis. Others settled at Venice, Rome, and Milan. Under the Emperor Charles V., they were at the head of the regular posts, or letter-carrying, throughout his dominions. But the elder branch remained at Bergamo, winning from Charles and the Venetian Senate patents of nobility, and giving many proofs of genius in the field and in literature. Bernardo, born at Venice in 1493, and left an orphan at fifteen, was brought up by his uncle, Luigi Tasso, Bishop of Recanati, whom four assassins are said to have slain in 1520. Hereupon the young man, equally apt, as it would seem, at business and rhyming, entered the service of Guido Rangoni, a Modenese and ‘General of Holy Church.’ In 1528 he was at Paris, when the ill-starred marriage of Renée, daughter of Louis XII., to Ercole d’Este, was concluded. Bernardo enjoyed in her household the office of private secretary, which he held until 1532. Known and esteemed as a poet, he then passed over to a Neapolitan prince and patron of letters, Ferrante di Sanseverino, with whose good and evil fortunes the line of Tasso was henceforth to be fatally entangled. He followed the Prince in 1535 on the expedition which Charles V. had fitted out  
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against Tunis; twice he went upon a mission into Spain; and in 1536 he wedded Porzia de' Rossi of Pistoja, 'a fair lady endowed with all gentle qualities,' allied to the Neapolitan houses of Caracciolo and Caraffa, who brought him three children, one of whom died almost immediately, while Torquato, the illustrious and unhappy, was born at their dwelling in Sorrento, March 11th, 1544.

Bernardo was then in Piedmont, whither he had gone to take part in the futile war between French and Spaniards, during which Sanseverino behaved exceedingly well; above all after the battle of Ceresole when he kept back the invaders from Milan. 'Happy in a stormy time,' was Bernardo Tasso, as the chroniclers affirm; and he might have continued so, had not Toledo, the Viceroy of Naples, attempted in 1547 to set up the Inquisition among his subjects. Although deeds of cruelty have stained the Italian character, they cannot, as a people, be charged with the dreadful and systematic inhumanity which Spain has exercised upon Jews, Moors, and the *Nuevos Cristianos*; nor would the light-hearted Neapolitans endure this Spanish importation. They rose in arms; the Viceroy declared them rebels; their leaders appealed to Charles V., and chose Sanseverino to carry their message to Nuremberg. The Prince wavered, but Tasso encouraged him, and he accepted the perilous charge. It was for Bernardo, who joined him at Augsburg, the beginning of sorrows. In May 1548 Sanseverino returned to Naples, bearing with him the Imperial rescript which was to silence Toledo. The Viceroy dissembled; but Don Garcia, his son, 'dealt with two poor gentlemen,' or 'first and second murderers' in search of employment, whom he paid to assassinate his father's rival. The attempt failed; Sanseverino was but slightly wounded, yet his heart misgave him, and in 1551 he fled secretly to Terracina. His secretary followed. Thus Bernardo entered on a weary exile from which he was never to return, and on a train of misfortunes that lasted down to his death, nearly twenty years after.

Sanseverino, pausing awhile at Venice, joined the party of the French. It was an act of high treason. Toledo immediately declared him an outlaw, confiscated his fiefs and all his property, and extended the proscription to his household. Thus Bernardo lost the income which he had enjoyed from the Prince, together with his mansion at Salerno; he was committed to the policy, ending in mere confusion, of the Court of France; and his wife and children, separated from him by the hard necessity of the case, had to battle as they could against general neglect and interested relatives. He never saw Porzia again.

again. Young Torquato was bidden to join his father at Rome in 1554, two years before the gentle lady died. Her heart, as they say, was broken. Yet Bernardo wrote, and perhaps in his desperation believed, that poison administered by her kindred was the weapon which had destroyed her.

Much has been hinted by physicians of the hereditary influences to which Torquato may have been indebted for his unstable temper. But all this seems to be without foundation. There is nothing to prove that Bernardo had a taint in his blood. Certainly in writing verses he spent a deal of his time, and he published an heroic poem, the '*Amadigi*.' But taking into account his many troubles, all we know of the man indicates a steady disposition, sound sense, and the strong domestic feeling which his son never seems to have cherished. We must look for the commencements of young Tasso's melancholy elsewhere; in circumstances acting upon a sensitive and precocious spirit, rather than in his descent from an unwholesome stock. And perhaps it is often so; there is as much of fatality as of faultiness in the temper that at last settles down in gloom. But the fatality may show itself as a long-continued storm beating on the defenceless; and of such Torquato's childhood will serve as an evidence. It abounded in the darkest shades, which were only to lift when the brilliant but dangerous lights of the Court of Ferrara broke upon his view.

From the first, indeed, 'his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' Brought up at Salerno, his father often away, and soon proclaimed a traitor, his mother at the mercy of evil-disposed relatives, and to his great grief divided from him when he was but ten years old, the poet compares himself to the boy Ascanius, 'following with uncertain steps his wandering sire.' A child of genius, he felt deeply the sorrows that had come before their time. It is said of him that when he was only eight he seemed a lad of fifteen. At that early age he composed verses, learned Latin and Greek with ease, and was already drinking in, at the ancient Benedictine monastery of La Cava, those reminiscences of the Crusades which made the spot celebrated. The outlook over land and sea was beautiful; and, as Solerti well observes, from the tomb of Pope Urban II., once a monk in that convent and now buried there, arose the vision of Clermont, of Peter the Hermit, of Godfrey de Bouillon, and the first armed pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In the '*Conquistata*' we find again the vale of the Metello and the monastery. But Torquato, soon after his father removed to Naples in 1551, was sent to a school opened by the Jesuits in the Via de' Giganti, where he spent the best part of two years. Hasty judgments have seen in this episode

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an explanation of the religious scruples that gave Tasso such uncomfortable hours; as though, at eight years old, he could have been initiated in the art of casuistry. There was no need. We can now dissect to their finest threads the fibres which in this much-exercised poet thrilled to supernatural fears; they are not derived from his Jesuit teachers, who neither then nor at any later time molested him. Tasso's education was due, on the whole, to Bernardo. It comprised the usual elements of a gentle training; but, above all, it was literary, poetical, and chivalrous, with an added piety which, at the dawn of the Renaissance, would not have been thought essential. But the times were changing.

From Rome Bernardo and his son were driven by the phantom of a war which broke out between his Catholic Majesty, Philip II., and Paul IV.—that stern Caraffa to whom, through Porzia, the child-poet was distantly related. The boy was sent to Bergamo, where he lodged in the palace of his ancestors. To the father, Guidobaldi II., Duke of Urbino, gave protection and renewed leisure for his verse-making. Thus it came about in 1557 that Torquato, introduced to the pleasant country of Pesaro, took up his abode in the Palazzo Imperiali—a strong castle on the sea, with forests of ancient oak rising in its neighbourhood, and a delightful climate. 'Infinite pines and cypresses,' according to Agostini, adorned the place, which might have been framed for a poet's home. Gardens of orange-trees, cedars towering aloft, silver fountains, and the prospect of the Apennines, with buildings stately and well-designed, made it a pleasant sojourn. And Guidobaldi, hard on his people, was an artist no less than a tyrant-Duke, ambitious to keep around him men of letters, rhymesters, and the like, among whom severe mathematicians had their turn. The 'perfect courtier,' sketched in high colours by Castiglione, could not be wanting at Pesaro. To ride well, to fight valorously, to know the point of honour and insist on it, to study with the metaphysician and practise with Machiavelli, to play the lute and act the serenader, all were parts of an ideal, long since abandoned, but in the sixteenth century held up to imitation, glorified on the Spanish theatre, made of all charming touches in the 'Faery Queen,' realized to the letter in Sir Philip Sidney, and not altogether condemned by Shakespeare. It was a conception artificial in the extreme, but during its appointed hour fitted, by the extraordinary mingling of heroism with passion, of adventure with a new birth of the arts and the graces, to draw men's eyes, to win their enthusiasm, to inspire their efforts. Tournaments, jousts, and public rejoicings

rejoicings fill the life of Tasso with an excitement and a glory of which his stanzas are constantly telling us. The opening lines of the 'Orlando' might have fallen from his pen; Ariosto still survived in these Ducal courts; and his theme had not grown stale by endless repetition:—

'Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,  
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto.'

With Francesco Maria, the Duke's son, Torquato pursued these studies. A passing attack of influenza is mentioned, but the boy was seldom ill; he grew up tall and handsome, and promised to succeed in life. Misfortune, however, came close to them once more. In 1558 the Ottoman fleet made a descent at midnight upon Sorrento, where Tasso's only sister, Cornelia, had been left. Many of the inhabitants were slain; more were carried off. It was a moment of cruel uncertainty. The girl, indeed, and her husband—for she was now married to Marzio Sersale—escaped with the loss of all their goods; but so terrible an event as the Turkish raid could not fail to leave on Torquato a life-long impression. The Pagans, of whom he was to chant in his epic poem, never appeared to him merely as historical figures, resuscitated from far-off ages. They were haunting the world still, sacking his beloved native city, threatening Italy from the Sicilian and the Adriatic Sea, menacing Vienna, and by a secret dispensation of Providence, moving forward to the day, *apud insulas Echinadas*, when their power should be broken and scattered in the Gulf of Lepanto. Such is ever the origin of poems that live in the heart and on the lips of a nation. They are no antiquarian tapestry, revived by the colourman; somewhere the singer has put his hand upon the pulse of existence and felt it throbbing; he has passed through the fire which he transmutes to clearest light, and learnt in suffering what he teaches in song.

When this fear was appeased, Bernardo gave to the world his long-expected heroic poem, the 'Amadigi,' dedicating it, by way of atonement, to his liege lord, Philip II. That serious personage, chief corresponding clerk to his vast Empire, and swathed in red tape, knew no reason, however, why the art of rhyming should condone rebellion. The offering was not accepted, nor did son or father at any time recover one penny of their Neapolitan inheritance. The poem was to be printed at Venice. Thither both made their way in 1559; and Torquato, speedily adopted by the Accademia (then flourishing) della Fama, introduced to the greatest living Italian critic, Speroni of Padua, to whom Bernardo sent him with the manu-  
script

script of 'Amadigi,' and enjoying the acquaintance of men like Patrizio—rightly called the last of the Platonists—may now be considered as beginning his career. He was an anxious and minute student; a poet by the grace of God; and, though hardly sixteen, had meditated, or even sketched in some detail, the story of 'Rinaldo,' from which his epic was to be slowly but triumphantly developed. At sixteen his course was marked out for him.

The Council of Trent, now drawing to its close, had condemned Luther and made a second Leo X. impossible. Scholastic traditions, hallowed by the great name of Aristotle, were again in the ascendant. Two-and-fifty religious orders, of which the Company of Jesus may be described as the exemplar and the quintessence, had sprung forth to do battle with heresy, unbelief, and Humanist Paganism. In metrical romance, Boiardo, and even the inspired singer, Ariosto, had struck chivalry to the heart with their shafts of satire. Don Quixote was soon to come on the stage. Tournaments, ending disastrously when Henry of France fell wounded in the lists, were to perish with him. Lance and spear could not avail against artillery; the old Homeric world of single combatants was rapidly becoming a thing of the past. But the epic poem survived. Homer and Virgil took their place as the supreme classics, unapproachable, yet inviting to fresh trials of skill, in Latin first, then in Tuscan and the modern languages. Of masters in criticism, the Stagirite was so far beyond all others that his *dicta* came to be looked upon as laws of art; his illustrations ruled Parnassus, and none that could not satisfy the demands of his 'Poetics' might hope for applause. Yet something more was needed. Latin epics on the discovery of America fell dead at their first appearance; and neither the 'Amadigi' of Bernardo, nor the 'Tronfi di Carlo' of Ludovici, nor the many other historical romances in verse, could be deemed worthy of succeeding to the divine 'Orlando.' The next great epic must glorify the nation, the religion, the local and hereditary names, in which, for one brief moment, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and even England, were to realize their existence as a modern people, rooted in the past, but ambitious to seize upon the future. Tasso came forward; and the Italians, though held down under the Spanish yoke, distributed among petty princes, and showing signs of the decadence into which they were falling, recognized immediately that a Virgil had arisen on the banks of Eridanus, whose strains were too sweet and melancholy ever to be forgotten. The 'Gierusalemme,' indeed, remains, and is a European treasure. Englishmen still read 'The Faery Queen';

Queen'; Portuguese, when they open a book at all, perhaps turn languidly to 'The Lusiad.' But only the undying prose of Don Quixote can rival in vividness of character, and in a real grasp on the world of his day, those grand but simple verses which Tasso has written. He was meditating them, we have good reason to suppose, in the spring of 1560. They cost him twenty years of assiduous polishing; but when, in 1581, the first edition, surreptitiously published at Venice, took Italy by storm, the poet was a captive in the Hospital of Sant' Anna. What could be more affecting as a tragedy, though no Princess Leonora took part in it? And how did so rare a promise end in such disaster?

That is the story which we have now to tell, in strokes no less brief than certain. Tasso had distinguished himself by composing songs and madrigals which already gave an earnest of lyrical powers, much beyond mere drawing-room accomplishments. Among the older men with whom he associated in Venice were Cataneo, who had written 'Dell' Amor di Marfisa'—traces of which the 'Rinaldo' undoubtedly exhibits—and Verdizzotti, from whose explicit testimony it would seem that *he* was the first to lead Torquato forward in the path of epic adventure. The subject may well have been suggested by that pre-occupation with Eastern affairs which beset the Venetian Republic, then holding an authority and enjoying a renown not unlike those whereby the England of our day is distinguished. Crusading was by no means out of fashion; wars, rebellions, alliances, with religion for their pretext, were to shake Europe as with repeated earthquakes during a century to come. As late as 1573, Ferrante Caraffa laid before the Pope a regular plan of the Holy War. Pius V. looked upon the great fleet which, mainly by his efforts, had been collected under Don John of Austria, and which broke the naval power of the Turks, as part of a still more heroic enterprise, destined to win back from the infidel Jerusalem and Nazareth. Was it not the easiest way to fame and glory into which a young poet, warned that in sonneteering he might never excel Petrarca, could be guided by men of the world, who saw and admired his growing genius? 'Rinaldo' was the natural issue of these favourable coincidences. But Tasso had likewise to establish himself in life. Bernardo destined him for the legal profession; sent the youth in turn to Padua and Bologna; and was not ashamed, in his hard embarrassments, to beg from Annibale di Capua the means which his poverty could not furnish. Torquato began his long and melancholy career of courtiership when he had brought his first poem to an end. Marvellous it was for a youth

youth of eighteen, as Bernardo rightly judged. The reception given to it was favourable; and we read with mixed feelings the catalogue of names celebrated, as the custom of the age demanded, by the unfledged poet, including so many who are now best known to us through their relations with him—the Cardinals of the House of Este, Ippolito and Luigi; his future lord, Alfonso II. (whom he saw, perhaps for the first time, in April 1562), and the Princesses Anna and Leonora. The stanzas which foretell that Cardinal Ippolito d'Este is to mount the Papal Chair and give his benediction to a new Crusade have been often quoted. They were a splendid return for the kindness which he had shown to Bernardo and his son in Rome a few years previously. But Providence cared not to fulfil Tasso's prediction; and he little dreamt that, while he was singing of the heroic past, his own sufferings and despair were to make of him the first in that dolorous procession where pessimist and decadent walk side by side, which comes down with Rousseau, Byron, Leopardi, René, and Obermann to centuries resembling his own as periods of transition, when the old was dying and the new was struggling to be born.

From Padua, where his stay was uneventful, Tasso went on to Bologna. An allowance of fifty scudi per annum, given him by the Duke of Urbino, would have enabled him to study the law without other cares, but the poet was even now 'a votary of fond desire,' and by his Platonizing and verse-devising, as by the ironical temper which he sometimes displayed, we may affirm that his 'young and tender wit was turned to folly.' The prizes of jurisprudence were not for him. A subtle and punctilious intellect, Tasso made philosophy and even mathematics yield him profit. Orthodox by disposition, though at moments the prey of sceptical doubts, he, as Carducci remarks, not only believed in religion, but, like Dante, reasoned out his convictions. Still more did he address himself to compounding an art of poetry, during nights and days spent on the most famous authors, to whom he added marginal notes, or whose versification he submitted to minute analysis. The young man had many friends. Tall and fair, with languorous blue eyes, an ample forehead, and golden-brown curls, always daintily attired, a musician, and, in spite of his stammer, willing to hold argument on the rules of good writing or good breeding in the Academies which were then the fashion, Torquato ran the risk of being spoilt at the University. A certain pasquinade, which he probably wrote and certainly went about reciting, led to proctorial enquiries, very copious and somewhat inane. Tassino, as he was then called, quitted

Bologna, sending to his judges a defence, in admirable language, but not exactly convincing. And that was the end of his law-studies. Yet we may not believe, although the public authorities said so, that he was 'omni genere vitiorum infamis.' That is the pedant's style, exasperated when a lad of nineteen forsakes Ulpian and turns to madrigals. But remembering Ovid's line, so true of the life passed in schools like that of Bologna, 'Nox, et amor, vinumque nihil moderabile suadent,' we are prepared to hear that Tasso at this time went a little astray and that the old Bernardo grieved. His Benjamin had many light fancies, if no enduring attachments.

Scipio Gonzaga, of the noble house of Mantua, was the poet's friend, older by some two years, and a dilettante of many arts. He invited the scapegrace to Padua, where Tasso continued his studies, lost his youthful companion Santini, over whom he shed many tears, and made acquaintance with Guarini, the author of 'Il Pastor Fido,' and long at Ferrara his friendly rival. Perhaps he took a degree in philosophy. It is 'no perhaps,' as the Italians have it, that he fell in love with Laura Peperara, and wrote sonnets to the lady; or that this was far from being his first essay in passionate lyrics. But now his father had contrived a fresh existence for the lad. In the autumn of 1565 Tasso paid a visit to the Duke's Court at Ferrara, being then twenty-one years of age. He was introduced to the Cardinal Luigi (a profuse and restless prince who did not like his ecclesiastical duties), set down on the list of his gentlemen, given apartments in the palace and a daily allowance of food and wine, together with occasional donatives, and permitted to dine in chambers with his servant, instead of frequenting the common table. In return, he seems to have had no fixed charge, but was free to pursue his studies and his rhyming, doubtless with an implied condition that when verses were wanted for the festivities which made of Ferrara in those days 'the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy,' Torquato must be ready to produce them. A light burden! no more fluent pen ever ran forward in the eight-lined stanza, the sonnet-sequence, the dancing lyrics with their easy metaphors and music turning on itself in syllables which, though they had little meaning, would still take the fancy captive. In 1568 his uncertain donative was exchanged for a regular allowance, not large—the Cardinal's fortune had suffered reverses—but not less than other gentlemen of the household were enjoying. Henceforth Duke Alfonso, the two Cardinals d'Este, and the Princesses Lucrezia and Leonora, play their several parts, or have them assigned by the story, in Tasso's shadowy life. And questions at once crowd upon us.

The



The legend holds that Torquato, accustomed, as he owns, in the 'joyous April' of youth, to 'muse much more than read, being dedicated to love's light servitude,' and having set eyes on Leonora d'Este in Padua, whither on September 11th, 1561, she had accompanied Cardinal Luigi, was ever afterwards the liegeman of this passion. But his sonnets dating from that place and time are addressed to a damsel called Lucrezia; and it is now known that she was by her family name a Bendidio, not an Este, — a young lady-in-waiting to Leonora, married in 1562 to Paolo Machiavelli; and at her wedding, the poet, evidently not heart-broken, was present. He had been taken with Lucrezia's beauty and her singing. Petrarca furnished all the topics he could desire to handle, as well as the manner of handling them; and 'that love in its fervour,' he writes dispassionately, 'did not last a year.' Somewhat more serious was the affection with which Laura Peperara inspired him. For a little while he may even have thought of marriage. But beyond weaving her name into verses which the less critical have set down as praising the Princess d'Este, nothing came of it. A few perfect poems did homage to the *giovinetta peregrina*, and that was all.

Tasso had seen men and cities, but Ferrara dazzled him.

'Meseemed,' as he wrote in after-days, 'that the city was a marvellous and never hitherto beheld scene, painted and illumined, abounding in a thousand forms, a thousand apparitions; and the deeds done in that season were like unto those that with many tongues and interlocutors are acted on the stage. And I, not content to be thereof only the spectator, longed to play my part in the comedy, and with the others to mingle.'

Alfonso, the robust, dexterous, masterful, and always unfortunate Duke, was keeping his second wedding-day. In honour of the new Duchess, Barbara of Austria, some gorgeous tournament, 'The Temple of Love,' had been enacted. Life in the strong and beautiful city, adorned with large fair streets, high palaces, churches not a few, and ordered gardens along the pleasant hillsides, was gay enough. Names like Belfiore and Belriguardo, at which Goethe has laid the scene of his play, tell their own tale. But Tasso's similitude of the stage was to have its completion in a drop scene. Duke Alfonso had no children; the dukedom was a fief of the Holy See, which the Popes were sure to claim in default of issue. Neither did they fail to do so; and though the declining years of the Prince were spent in a combination of alliances, matrimonial and political, in diplomacy of the intricate Machiavellian kind, and in grasping at the crown of Poland, he could

not stave off the inevitable. On his death in 1598, Clement VIII. asserted his rights as Suzerain, annexed Ferrara, and brought to a close the glories of that line which Tasso has sung and in the loves and heroisms of Rinaldo has immortalized.

These feudal complications had no slight bearing on the fortunes of Torquato. He took up again, when leisure was secured to him by Cardinal Luigi's generosity, the expedition of Godfrey which he had begun to work upon at Venice and then had laid aside. In the library were to be found many of the well-known '*Chansons de geste*'; chivalry was a living and breathing world before his eyes; the Latin and Greek poems he knew familiarly; he has borrowed from them at every turn; even the legendary regions of Celtic and German romance appear not to have escaped his attention. No great epic song has been so filed and furbished as the '*Gierusalemme*.' It is a mine of reference, almost a tessellation; and the marvel is that such unwearied industry should not have taken away all its freshness. It has not done so; but the author, fretful, absorbed, in a perpetual anxiety that his work might go forth perfect to the world, betrays all along an intense self-regard which could only end, as it did, in what physicians call *la folie des grandeurs*. Solerti has observed that while Tasso wrote some sixteen hundred letters still remaining, not one has any other subject than his dear self. The egoism of the boy may have seemed not ungraceful; that of the man is provoking in the measure that it grows large and deep. At last, there is no one except Rousseau that will compare with him in never-ending complaints of hard usage, false friends, and a world conspiring against his happiness. The '*delusion of greatness*' turns to fear of persecution, and frenzy daubs the beautiful page that in happier days genius had written. Such is the true account of Tasso's madness; but in 1565 it was still far distant.

A great misfortune fell upon him during those brilliant commencements under Cardinal Luigi. Worn out by much travelling and the failure of many hopes, Bernardo Tasso died in 1569. His son found the old man not only ill, but in a state of extreme wretchedness, poor, and yet robbed by his servants, exiled to a petty place called Ostilia, in debt, and slightly attended. He could leave Torquato nothing but a claim on Porzia's dowry which had never been paid, some Flemish tapestries, and a silver vessel taken in the sack of Tunis. Cardinal Luigi made an advance of twenty gold scudi to the poet, and thus Bernardo had a decent funeral.

Torquato was back again in Ferrara on January 18th, 1570, when the marriage, soon to prove so miserable, of Lucrezia d'Este

d'Este with Francesco Maria delle Rovere was celebrated. He held a *disputa d'amore* in the Platonic style with some applause; and here we meet the name of Montecatini as his friend and philosopher, who gave him desirable hints concerning the manner of arguing before a court. Montecatini! That is the rigid, the Puritan Antonio, whom Goethe has set over against Tasso, and the world has long held chargeable for the tragedy of the duel with the imprisonment which followed it. So easily does a good man get a bad name! So dangerous is it to cross the path of sad and moody poets! These two men were friends before the catastrophe, and afterwards. But Montecatini has not enjoyed the benefit of a circumstance which ought to have proved that he was never in the wrong.

In 1570, Cardinal Luigi, setting out for Paris, sent on before him a part of his retinue, including Torquato. Many details, all of them imaginary, have attached themselves in Manso to this journey and his stay within the shadow of Charles IX.'s court. It is possible that Tasso met on this occasion Amyot and De l'Hôpital. He can hardly have seen Montaigne, who was afterwards to write that classic page on the melancholy of our poet wherein, if we allow the good Michael his philosophy of common sense with its golden mean, the verdict which he has passed may in no small measure stand. 'Blinded with excess of light,'—that sublime phrase will sum up the whole; and, granting it to be indulgent, it is not false. However, these men, as unlike in their history as their temperaments, never met but once, and that by chance, in the streets, probably, of Ferrara, not in Tasso's prison. Of other French celebrities, we need name only Ronsard. To him, in one of his dialogues, the poet alludes; and they may have exchanged views at Paris on the art of rhyming.

This was the conclusion of his service under the Cardinal. Tasso went home, bearing a letter from him to the Duke, and there is no sign of a violent rupture. But some grievance smouldered beneath the ashes. It never took much to offend the irritable bard, who years later did not hesitate to charge his first master with avarice,—unjustly, as the account-books show. Solerti believes that he was already lapsing into that universal discontent which drove him like a wandering spirit all over Italy. Now he resolved on going to Rome that he might enter the household of Cardinal Ippolito. But his journey was in vain. The Princess Lucrezia—we hear seldom of Leonora, the delicate, accomplished woman, shy and secluded, but often of her brilliant sister, whose matrimonial troubles had begun early—gave him shelter where she was staying, and took him with  
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her to the Duke. Not until January 1572 was he regularly inscribed on Alfonso's list of dependants. 'Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,' says Tasso in his flowery style, twelve months later, when composing that delicious and exquisite pastoral, the 'Aminta.' His stipend was about fifteen gold scudi a month; he had, observes his biographer, 'the title and place of gentleman'; free table at court, and no special charge. The patent in 'Aminta' runs simply, 'Tu canta, or che sei in ozio.' Alfonso, if we may believe the poet, denied him nothing; and Torquato promised to sing of his noble deeds and to canonize in heroic verse the ancestors of the House of Este.

Happy had he taken his own advice, and gloried only in singing. 'Others,' said the shepherd Tirsi in the poem, 'may drive the wolves away, or feed the flocks; others keep the produce or divide it; my task is to celebrate—shall I call him Jove or Apollo?' But Tasso was a courtier, bent on advancement, not free from jealousy, watching, and, it may be, watched, in the small but never-ceasing rivalries which every Italian Court nourished. He had a sharp tongue, not much reticence, as little as possible of the grand Spanish dulness, at that time coming into fashion, while the graceful *disinvoltura* of the Renaissance was going out. The idyl in which he described a poetic life has, among its melodies, certain low discords, pointing to envy and hatred, the exact direction of which it is hard to trace. However, we may go forward to the year 1575, *l'anno santo*, the year of Jubilee, and we shall find Tasso plunged into a sea of troubles from which he never after emerged.

In the preceding year he had suffered from a quartan ague, or influenza, as we should call it now, which hung about him for months together, and seems to have shaken his nerves, if it did not, as may be suspected, darken his intellect. He had always treated himself unwisely, practising no rule in eating, and being fond, sometimes to excess, of the *vini raspani e piccanti* which a poet had better drink in moderation. He wrote verses for every one with an amiable but dangerous facility. In most of the Duke's journeyings and amusements he enjoyed his share; but he was living that twofold life, of the brain and the senses, which to men of genius has so often proved fatal. His verses are not all composed in a Platonic mood. Perhaps that stroke of ague fell on a tired system and did it irreparable harm.

At all events, amid 'dark imaginings,' much irresolution, and not a little haste, in 1575 he had completed the 'Gierusalemme,'—his own choice never was to call it 'Liberata,' and  
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—certainly an evil genius guiding him—had determined to obtain for it the *imprimatur* of the Roman Inquisition. He might have published at Venice, where the censors, less rigid though quite orthodox, would have let it pass with a few insignificant changes. But that would not suit Torquato. His early friend, Scipio Gonzaga, was now a Cardinal resident in Rome. To that true and kindly critic he despatched the sheets. They were submitted to a council of sages; and from this moment Tasso's martyrdom may be dated.

One such impending trouble was enough, yet the fickle or suspicious poet drew down on his head another. On the very day when he was proposing to immortalize Duke Alfonso and his forefathers by so gloriously interweaving them with the First Crusade, he made rash and secret offers to leave Ferrara, and betake himself to Florence, if the Medici would accept his services. The rival Dukedoms had long contended for titles, precedence, and the honour of maintaining Italy's greatest men. Here was an act of desertion, so gross and sudden, that should Alfonso hear of it, no vengeance he could take would seem too atrocious. Had he and the Cardinal Luigi brought up this aspiring young man, heaping on him favours and emoluments, merely that when he had finished his poem it might be laid at the feet of the Medici? Tasso, like a frightened child, both intrigued and implored his correspondent to keep the matter private. He resolved on a journey to Rome, where his epic was undergoing such a fire of minute and absurdly scrupulous criticism as surely no poem of the kind before or since has sustained. The Reaction was now in full force, and rumours went of the 'prohibition of innumerable poets'; must he change his plan, omit the love-episodes, or how was he to escape? And why did others break the seal of his correspondence? This latter question shows a mind in disorder; it appears that no ground existed for so vile a suspicion. He consulted the inquisitor of Ferrara touching his own doubts and imaginations; but Buoncompagno was a sensible man, who endeavoured to comfort him with soothing speeches. Torquato gave himself more fervently to the practices of religion, which he had never neglected, even when writing sonnets in the lightest Horatian style. He ran in haste to the inquisitor of Bologna, sent whole reams of counter-criticism—often just and acute—to the grave Roman censors, and was evidently losing his balance. Even the 'wine of price,' given him by the Duke, always indulgent and gracious, tasted like gall. 'Stupors of the brain and fevers' assailed him; death seemed not to be far off; but he was intent upon the Roman pilgrimage, and, in

in spite of Duchess Lucrezia, went away on November 5th, 1575.

He had chosen his time ill. The Duke's minister, Pigna, who had united in his own person the office of historiographer, secretary, and laureate, died the day before. Tasso was the very man to succeed him; but he took no heed, asked letters from the Tuscan ambassador to Padre Borghini at Florence, then actually engaged on refuting the history which Pigna had written to the praise of the House of Este, and after this unwise, not to say, exasperating manner, departed from his old friends and protectors. He arrived in Rome speedily, and spent his time there in reasoning with the censors, of whom, however, Silvio Antoniano, the most powerful, was then absent. Silvio, afterwards Cardinal, represented what Tasso has called 'the rigour of the present age, and the fashion that now reigns in the Court of Rome.' But his old acquaintance, Speroni, austere and pedantic, was there to vex him. Speroni had marked the beginnings of a literary decadence in the soft, or even effeminate touches, that were mingled with heroic strains in the 'Gierusalemme.' He had expressed himself to that effect with savage vehemence. And his judgment carried the day with men who wanted only a pretext to condemn what they could not appreciate.

Personal intercourse availed nothing to change these critics. As for Silvio, the *poetino* whom Tasso addressed with a semblance of deep humility,—only to write of him the more bitterly in his private correspondence,—he is well described by Cherbuliez as opposing to the arguments which his victim brought forward in defence of the love-scenes, the magic, and the virtues ascribed to Paynim knights and damsels, that make the epic so fascinating, 'a tenacious mildness, and suave obstinacy,' not unknown to the type of which he was a marked instance. His notions of the edifying carried him far: 'You should aim,' said he to the lyrical and enthusiastic Torquato, 'not so much at being read by men of the world as by monks and nuns.' He could find no excuse for the charming episode in the First Canto, where Clorinda, the Pagan Amazon, as innocent as she is dauntless, rescues from the burning pyre two Christian lovers, Olindo and Sofronia. He saw little profit in drawing the veil from vices which Crusaders had indeed practised,—but why report them to a scandalized world? The story of Tancred's infatuation, the allurements of Armida, the guilty hours which Rinaldo spent, 'lost to name and fame,' in her enchanted gardens,—all this, and much more, the short-sighted censor would have done away. That by such unhand-  
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some dealing a poem, which might prove the delight of many generations, and had cost Torquato years of thought and labour, would be utterly ruined, did not trouble the good man. Somewhat he resembled that other who told Lavoisier that the Republic had no need of chemists. For it must never be forgotten that the 'Gierusalemme,' though abounding in sweet strains, requires less apology by far than various stanzas in Spenser, and that it is, if not severe, yet perfectly harmless in its delineations of passion. The learned Benedictine, Tosti, has with reason observed, that if such graceful and exquisite creatures had been called up into the world of poetry during the Renaissance, they would have adorned with their presence those chambers of the Segnatura in which Raffaele has painted the triumphal *cortège* of the Muses with Apollo leading them; and Leo himself would have signed the forehead of Erminia, or Sofronia, with the sign of salvation. But Silvio cared for none of these things. His philosophy was narrow and intolerant, his poetical taste false; and, as is not unfrequently the case with men of his stamp, he took alarm at metaphors, while the drift and spirit of this amiable Christian epic, so gentle in its recognition of a noble enemy, quite escaped him.

The poet, now thoroughly miserable, went back to Ferrara, having accomplished little by his journey except to rouse dislike and suspicion at home. His disorder increased. To mislead the censors, he bethought himself, with a grim and slightly insane smile which his letters at this time reveal by their ironical tone, of the device of allegory. 'You will laugh at my new fancy,' writes the poet to his great friend Scalabrini, 'and, to tell the truth, I am only throwing a sop to Cerberus. With this shield I may cover my loves and my incantations.' He wrote it in a day, which will serve to indicate how much of an allegory the epic had contained from the beginning. But his scruples tormented him. The Court was overflowing with life and amusement. Leonora di Scandiano had come, and in her brilliant style—for she was beautiful, gracious, and witty—presided as queen of the revels, to whom Tasso and Guarini, in a gallant but evidently not serious contest, dedicated sonnets on the inconstancy of her affections. The lady was much honoured by Alfonso. There is no token of her ever having cared for Tasso. But now, on the approach of summer, as always after this date, his malady gave him trouble. He had long been aware of the unsteadiness which, taking hold of his mind, was likely to ruin all his projects. In July 1576, however, the first symptoms of an approaching catastrophe made themselves visible.

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A certain Ercole Fucci, one of the lowest officials at Court, whose relations with Tasso remain obscure, but were certainly intimate, quarrelled with him, gave him the lie, and was answered with a blow from the now enraged poet. Fucci had acquaintances not less truculent than himself, among them one Maddalò, and these two, falling on Torquato as he was crossing the Piazza, struck him, not, as the legend reports, with a sword, but with a staff, and gave him a beating. The *podestà* reported the affair; it was well known who had been the aggressors; but Maddalò fled to the Duke's ambassador at Florence, and the brawl had no consequences. What did it all mean? It was entangled, writes the poet, in a thousand other intrigues. He could have explained part of them, but he never did; and his letters abound in suspicions, the object of which is now Montecatini, now Brunello—another intimate of no distinguished origin—and a doctor Antonio, whom Tasso hates, but whose 'accomplice' is the aforesaid Maddalò. Evidence is not wanting that, precisely at this period, the unhappy man was going through a moral crisis, of which physicians, acquainted with his peculiar form of melancholy, could give the best account. He now shut himself up in his rooms. The Duke promised to exact severe penalties from Fucci and his companions. Nowhere do we find an allusion to the Princess Leonora. And that remarkable sonnet, on which Manso has built his story, in which Tasso laments the hard dealing of fortune, must be interpreted as touching on some dark details of a business which was neither romantic nor creditable. 'It is meet,' observes Cassius in the play, 'that noble minds keep ever with their likes.' Tasso forgot his wisdom, and suffered the consequence.

A moment of calm succeeded. But old fears and vain conjectures, and the long revision of his poem, had shaken him to the centre; no healing was to be expected. Agitation, mounting to a dangerous height, drove him upon strange actions. He thought himself in the midst of enemies, and accused them to the Duke. He had fallen into heresy, but so had others; if he seeks absolution from the Father Inquisitor, he must yet denounce these unbelievers, among them Montecatini, who, as is now abundantly certain, had never done him an injustice. Gravest sign of all, he dreams that poison is laid ready for him. The Inquisitor, with equal good sense and kindliness, gave him absolution, and declined to let him prove his sincerity on the rack, as Tasso had proposed. All these particulars, reported to Alfonso, were aggravated by the fresh intelligence that the patient intended to seek advice from the

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Holy Office at Bologna. The situation, in fact, was a grave one. Ferrara, during the time of the Duchess Renée, had been the head-quarters of the Italian Reformation. Modena still held known or unknown Protestants within its walls. The Holy See had charged Alfonso with slackness in administering the laws against heretics. That was undoubtedly the chief reason why Rome would never consent to let him dispose of his Dukedom in favour of an Este. What would befall him if accusations—which in those days of legal unrighteousness were equivalent to proofs—should be launched in a Papal city like Bologna against his confidential servants, and heresy be found under his own roof? The risk was formidable; and Tasso, not yet imprisoned, was kept in view lest he should attempt any fresh extravagance.

On June 17, 1577, the *dénouement* arrived. Stung to madness by the presence of a servant (probably set to guard him) as he was breathing out his suspicions to the Duchess Lucrezia, Tasso drew his dagger on the man. The Duke was absent, at Belriguardo. But how could they wait his return? Measures of security must be taken when homicidal fury is at large. Tasso was seized and locked into the cells which served as a prison, in the courtyard of the palace. There he passed a miserable night. Next morning, when a friend came to him, he was subdued and willing to let the doctors take care of him; but he begged piteously, and wrote to the Duke, that he might go back to his own rooms. In a few days that was done; but Tasso, when he entered them, must have seen that iron stanchions had been put up at the windows.

Three years later, while complaining of all men, the poet allows that Alfonso 'in the beginning of my persecutions showed me the kindness, not of a master only, but of a parent and a brother, which is a feeling that the great seldom exhibit.' So, in truth, it was. Had Tasso chosen, he might have stayed quietly reading and writing in his own chambers, attended by the best physicians, and sure of the sympathy which his misfortune provoked. But no, he must appeal from the Franciscan Monastery in which he sought refuge to his old enemy, the Roman Inquisition. Sent into Ferrara once more, he disguises himself as a peasant, escapes past the sentinel, and takes to flight across fields and byways until he arrives at Sorrento, where his sister Cornelia is living still. He pretends to be a stranger, and narrates the story of Tasso with tears. It is a tragical scene. Sheltered for a while under the old roof, he grows better only to leave it for Cardinal Luigi's house in Rome, whence, on the repeated solicitations of his kind friends,

Alfonso

Alfonso consents to the prodigal's return, but stipulates that he shall be treated as a man out of his mind. 'Not at all,' said Torquato, 'I am neither mad nor mischievous.' Unhappily, he was both, and at times he knew it. When the familiar places held him again, the doctors judged that writing verses would only excite him. Advice to this effect, coming from the Duke, enraged him beyond measure. It became impossible to converse with the madman except by signs: and he quitted the palace again, and wandered to Mantua, Venice, Pesaro, Urbino, and Piedmont. The fear in which he went concerning his manuscripts drew him in February 1579 to Alfonso's presence again, but in an ill-favoured hour. The Duke was celebrating his third marriage, with Margherita Gonzaga. No one amid the magnificent pageantries could pay attention to the poet, now well known to be distraught and unmanageable. He broke out into fury, uttered maledictions on the Court and the Prince, was put in irons, and confined within the Hospital of Sant' Anna, founded a century and a half before as an asylum for the insane. There is no evidence that he was ever imprisoned in the historic cell which Byron visited. But,—sad coincidence!—he entered on his long captivity almost at the same time when Camoens perished at Lisbon, a wandering outcast.

Fourteen months he continued thus, a prey to melancholy hallucinations. The ducal accounts show that he was well treated. In 1580 he writes of his imprisonment as in the past; but although, with the gradual quieting down of his temper, he was permitted to go about the city, and always had many visitors, he did not leave Sant' Anna for good until 1586. His complaints against the Prior, Agostino Mosti, which moved the unreflecting to bitter judgments on this 'Hudson Lowe of the Gierusalemme,' are known to have been mere dreams, baseless even as the visions that filled his solitude of demons, angels, and the Madonna. Voices persecuted him, an *esprit follet* played tricks with his letters and his money, the terrors of religion compassed him round about. Still, his lyrical vein was unexhausted. When he did not scatter broadcast supplications to every prince in Italy, to the cardinals, to the people of Naples, that he might be set at liberty, any one could get from the fallen poet a copy of verses. But Leonora died, and he made no sign. The Countess of Scandiano followed; he was silent. He had never cared intensely for any woman. His first thought was freedom; his second, a luxurious independence befitting the man whom kings should nourish at their table. He was inspired; he was a born gentleman and should be treated as such; he had no true friends; the Duke was jealous  
of

of him. At last, when seven years were accomplished, Prince Vincenzo, who had loved him always, took the poet to Mantua, and his long and eventful relations with Alfonso came to an end.

But how shall we recount the wanderings in which he spent what was left of his days beneath the sun? They took him in all directions and to every Italian court; they were as aimless as interminable. He is flight personified, ever on the wing, and long ago drawn by his prophetic pencil in 'Aminta.' Those verses Rousseau, another restless fugitive, loved to quote:—

‘Temerò me medesimo, e da me stesso  
Sempre fuggendo, avrò me sempre appresso.’

He belonged to the class of weeping and furious maniacs. What profit would there be in describing his fruitless plans, wild journeyings, lamentations without cause or remedy, and haunting fears? He could not be helped, and the poverty which no presents might relieve led him into piteous embarrassments. Sometimes he wanted food and decent clothing; he was once a patient in the hospital of the Bergamaschi at Rome; the new Pope, Sixtus V., would hardly receive him; and houseless, forsaken as all must be who will endure no conditions of friendship or charity, the poet flitted up and down, from palace to palace, yet ever miserable, until Sant' Onofrio gave him shelter, and the turbulent scene closed. For some nine years he had been a wanderer on the face of the earth; during at least eighteen his mind had been shattered.

Nevertheless, he was, beyond question, the most celebrated poet in a day of immortals. His epic had found an audience before it was finished, wherever the Italian language was studied or spoken. Queen Elizabeth, as though neither Shakespeare nor Spenser had begun 'to live with the eternity of her fame,' desired in Tasso's rhymes to be remembered, and envied the Estian princes. His genius and sufferings, perhaps not without a suspicion that love had turned his brain, were known at Paris and in the Court at Greenwich. But Montaigne, who republished his 'Essays' in 1582, speaks of having seen him at Ferrara, 'en si piteux estat, suivant à soy mesme, megcognoissant et soy et ses ouvrages, lesqueles, sans son scen, et toutesfois, à sa veue, on a mis en lumières, incorrigez, et informes.' It was too true. From the sale of his poem the author did not receive one single scudo. Worse still, as if it had been a property derelict, editors, not asking leave nor with Tasso's revision before them, flung themselves upon it—'ubi corpus, ibi aquilæ congregantur'; they published each his own version at Venice, Parma, Mantua, and in the same year

year no less than eight editions saw the light. Of these, the first, published in Venice by Celio di Malespini—a brigand who well deserved his name—was literally stolen; but, as Cherbuliez remarks, had Celio not committed this robbery, we might never have seen the original poem. Febo Bonnà alone had Tasso's assistance during his publication. But the long battle with Silvio proves that, even in the earlier stages of his mental disorder, the poet would have kept to the first design. It was not until weakness grew upon him that he changed the personages, hardened the outlines, and added the fierce strokes which make the 'Conquistata' both a gloomy and a morbid legend of untempered zeal. The world has passed judgment on this attempt to deface a noble work. When the 'Conquistata' came out, some few read, and fewer still applauded. The last good edition is dated 1593; and only the curious are aware that it contains a description, so detailed as to seem prophetic, of the calamities which, just two centuries later, were to overwhelm the House of Bourbon, or that, on account of what was deemed an insult to Henry IV., the Parliament of Paris ordered these verses to be erased from all the editions, which in France accordingly was done.

But the true poem is the 'Liberata,' with its dedication to Alfonso, its gay tenderness, and its large humanity. Who has painted the impression which it leaves better than Cherbuliez? 'Favoured Muse,' exclaims in transport his Baron Théodore, 'that now dost sing of pleasure and now of heroism, breathing forth the wildness of passion, or the proud enthusiasm of the soldiers of Christ! Myrtles all sweet, sacred to human love, yet growing at the foot of the Cross! Roses from Paphos entwined in the thorny wreath! Divine harmonies wherein the flutes of Arcady mix their sound with the epic trumpet, and the romantic fancies, which awaken to music the guitar of the troubadour of Provence, swell into the majestic notes of Virgil, and die away in the solemn psalmody of Israel's King! And yet, though sacred and profane are thus intermingled, truly nought here is profane. The soul, itself a harmony, has known how to reconcile these contrasts, and to take from its fantasies the air of caprice.' We do not, in English, break out after this ecstatic fashion. But the Baron is a sound critic. Painting, sculpture, and romance have taken for their theme the lovely delicate apparitions which floated into Tasso's golden atmosphere and delighted him, ere the days came of which he must say, 'I have no pleasure in them.' His copying from the ancients was highly original. He knew the heart of his Erminia as well as the charm that overcame Rinaldo. In this

swan-song



swan-song of Italian literature the past and the present are glorified; Dante has inspired its religious fervours; Ariosto lends to the youthful Torquato his magic wand. Never did any ideal find so splendid a requiem as chivalry. But it had no future; and in the 'Gierusalemme' we shall not discover, though Columbus and the New World be praised with jewelled epithets, one touch or tone betraying that the singer had looked beyond the horizon. He was of the past, except for his poignant sorrows. They, in some measure delineating the contest between art and religion which ever since has made European culture a problem rather than a standard universally accepted, do indeed point to succeeding centuries and, as it were, forecast them. But Tasso, busy with Ficinus, with Pico della Mirandola, with alchemy and white magic, never did inherit 'the prophetic soul, dreaming of things to come.' If his petulance reminds us of Heine, there is in his feeble character no room for philosophic creation or anarchist revolt.

The years brought him little peace. After much roaming, many foolish outbreaks, and the most degrading solicitation for alms wherever he turned; when his lyrics had grown mechanical as the grinding of a barrel-organ, and grace and beauty had forsaken his singing; when the hideously smeared pages of the 'Conquistata,' unpleasant even to look upon, were ceasing to occupy his mind, Tasso found new friends in the kingdom of Naples. He was made much of at Rome, and was no longer unwelcome at the Vatican. The Pope was Clement VIII., an Aldobrandini, less austere than Gregory or Sixtus, though not less edifying in his private conduct. Cinzio, his nephew, the Cardinal of Saint George, delighted in men of letters, and made a home for the poet, first in his own house in 1592, and, two years later, in the Papal palace. To him the new epic was dedicated from which every allusion to the line of Ferrara had been omitted. The Torquato we remember was dead; a pale meditative shadow walked the world, calmer now, but flaming out into fury with the summer heat, easily provoked, and still capable, as in his last illness, of compelling his attendant to swallow the medicine prepared for himself. Religion was all his care. Pious hymns took the place of sonnets; and if his 'Creation of the World' is still mentioned, the reason is that Milton has gathered a pearl or two therein for the 'Paradise Lost.' Meanwhile, the Roman authorities who had so pedantically vexed him, were now thinking of an honour which they had to bestow, and which would have made him equal with the idol of his youth, Petrarca. In 1595 the rumour ran that Tasso, noblest of living Italian poets—and who outside Italy might

might compare with him?—was to be crowned on the Capitol. It was said that the day had been fixed, the ceremony prepared.

But he was never to be crowned. Perhaps he did not covet these laurels, now that he might have them without asking. Manso, his late though attached friend, in whose garden he had spent some tranquil days, tells us how, when the proposal came to his hearing, the poet murmured a verse of Seneca, '*Magnifica verba mors prope admota excutit.*' These are fables. We like better the words which he addressed in December 1594 to Duke Alfonso: 'Could the past return,' he said, 'nothing would I choose more willingly than always to have served your Highness,—or, at least, never by my own ill-fortune to have lost your favour. I beseech you to have pity on me, and I pray God that He would grant me His divine forgiveness and move you to do the same.' He was anxious to die at Ferrara. The pardon did not reach him. But it was given; and history has now cleared Alfonso from the charge of cruelty which none but Tasso could have brought, and which the future, it is to be hoped, will not, in the face of clear and certain documents, any more entertain.

The end of all things had come, with a break in the clouds, grateful, as we may conceive, to the tired spirit. Clement VIII, lodging him under that mighty roof, gave him a pension, and promised more. The life-long dispute over Porzia's dowry was finished by a compromise with the Prince of Avellino. The Cardinal, desirous always of having him crowned, was recovering from an illness which had delayed the festival; nor could it have taken place during Lent. However, it was in prospect, though Tasso, wearied with unceasing fevers, cannot have set his thoughts upon it. For the last time he fell into his mania of persecution and poisoning. He had always drugged himself; now he took strong antidotes again. They did him much harm, and, feeling his end approach, he was taken in Cardinal Cinzio's carriage to Sant' Onofrio. That convent of the Hieronymites, founded on its pleasant hill by a Gambacorta, the family to which his mother belonged, was open to the dying poet as to a benefactor. His melancholy ceased. In continual prayer and meditation he spent the remaining time, perhaps from the beginning of April 1595. One last attempt was made, by Marco di Sassuolo, to appropriate the poet's manuscripts as he lay dying. They were, in fact, of little value; but the tragedy of his death-bed would not have been complete without some touch of this hateful kind. Clement interposed and the papers were given back. Not long afterwards, on the morning of April 25th, Tasso expired, uttering the words '*In manus tuas, Domine,*'

Domine,' while the brethren stood around and Cardinal Cinzio joined in their prayers. Henceforth, Sant' Onofrio was to be a place of pilgrimage.

Thus, we may say, ended the Renaissance. It had done its work. The chivalries and the courtesies, the close imitation of ancient authors, the artificial, stately, and yet picturesque life, in which that great multitude known as the common people served only to fight in the ranks, to pay taxes, and to bear the burden of princely magnificence,—the Platonism of sentiment which did not forbid less innocent attachments; the intrigues, diplomacies, and Ciceronian rhetoric, tempered by the stiletto which a little money could hire; the reconciling spirit, disposed in its enthusiasm for humanity somewhat to strain, occasionally to forget, the Gospel and the severe Pauline teaching;—all this, which during eighty years, down to the Janus-Pope Paul III., had triumphed in Southern Europe, was either cast out, or reformed, or so tempered by new elements as to undergo a change of essence and quality, during the half-century which elapsed between the opening of the Council of Trent and the death of Tasso. The seventeenth century was in Italy an age of decadence; in England democratic, scientific, and revolutionary; in France it led up to Pascal and Bossuet, whose spirit overpowered Molière. When next the literary movement culminates, the great leader will be one to whom chivalry and all the Platonic ideals of the Renaissance will seem unmixt delusion. There is nothing of Tasso and Spenser in M. Arouet de Voltaire. Yet we may ask, as Goethe would have done, whether the romantic spirit, touched merely and not enlightened by classic reminiscences, had in it scope enough, or a philosophy of such height and depth, as truly to interpret the phenomena of that world which it desired to rule over? Perhaps in this want of a large and therefore patient thought, in the stage-like conventions, and the carpet knight-errandries, that mark the Renaissance, we may discover the cause of its weakness when fanaticism broke its power. Tasso, by a strange destiny, was chosen to exemplify all its phases. He began with a joyous April; he rioted for a while in the summer of the gods. Then came his autumn and his winter; madness, melancholy, repentance, and the 'Gierusalemme' to bear witness that, once more in the world's history, an age had passed away.

'We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.'

ART. XI.—*The New House of Commons.* ‘Pall Mall Gazette’ Office, 1895.

WE have taken the phrase ‘the triumph of Conservatism’ as the heading of this article. We have done so, not because we are desirous to indite another pæan, in addition to the many which have been already raised, to the victory won at the late elections by the party of which this Review has been the organ, alike in days of failure and success, of good and ill repute. The reason of our choice is that the phrase in question expresses more truly than any other the moral of the great political crisis through which the United Kingdom has just passed. We are not in the least disposed to undervalue the importance of party success, but in our eyes the numerical increase in the parliamentary representation of the Conservative party is a matter of utter insignificance as compared with the general growth of Conservative ideas evinced by the recent appeal to the constituencies. The result of the elections, startling as it is, is only one more proof of the truth, for which we have so long contended, that Conservatism is the natural, we might almost say the instinctive creed of the British people. To illustrate this truth by the lesson of the elections is the object we have in view in the remarks we have to offer on the outcome of the polls.

With regard to the elections themselves, the whole result of the contest is summed up in the fact that a Radical majority of 43 has been converted into a Conservative majority of 152. No comments can add much to the significance of this fact; no criticisms can materially detract from it. And indeed, to dwell at any length on the numerical magnitude of the Unionist success, is only to repeat a story which has been told till the public must have grown well-nigh weary of its recital. There are, however, certain aspects of this success which are worth dwelling on, as illustrating the causes of the movement which has replaced the Conservatives in power,—causes which, according to our view, are of a permanent, not of an ephemeral character. We do not assert that the issue of the late elections guarantees the duration of a Conservative Ministry in office for an indefinite period. Under democratic institutions, such as those which now prevail in this country, nobody can attach implicit confidence to the permanency of popular verdicts. The fact that Conservatism has triumphed all along the line in 1895 affords no absolute reason why a Separatist majority should not be returned seven or six or five years hence. Our contention is, not that the next General Election is certain to be attended with

with anything like the same result as its predecessor, but that even, in the event of a Separatist victory, the incoming Radical Administration will be of a far more Conservative character than the one whose career has just ended so abruptly and so ignominiously. Conservatism, in the normal as distinguished from the party sense of the word, is manifestly in the ascendant in all parts and all classes of the country; and this spread of Conservatism cannot but influence our national policy both at home and abroad, no matter what party may be in power, what Ministry may be in office.

The first and most important feature of the elections lies in the circumstance that the Conservatives have gained ground in every part of the United Kingdom with the exception of Ireland. In 1895 England returned 349 Unionists as against 268 in 1892, Scotland 33 as against 22, and Wales 8 as against 2. In Ireland alone the Nationalists held their ground, and even won two seats on the balance. But, regrettable as this last result may be from a party point of view, the Nationalist success in the Sister Kingdom is due to a variety of causes which have little or nothing to do with the antagonism between Radical and Conservative principles. The Conservatives have no need of the Irish vote, and have no wish to bid for its support. But regard for truth compels us to admit that, apart from the question of Home Rule, the Irish Nationalists are as a body more in accord with Conservative ideas than with those identified with the name of Radicalism. Our objection to the Repeal of the Union is, and always has been, based on national considerations, not on any belief that the establishment of an independent Irish Parliament, if such an event were possible, would be attended with any signal gain to the cause of democracy. Moreover, the elections have once more established the absolute supremacy of the predominant partner. The Unionists returned by English constituencies alone number 349, and would thus constitute an absolute majority of the whole Parliament, even if not a single Unionist representative had been returned from any other portion of the United Kingdom. We may add, too, before we pass from this portion of our subject, that the voice of the nation has been declared, not by narrow majorities, but by majorities so large as to assume the character of a plebiscite. The actual figures as given in the singularly accurate electoral statistics published by the 'Times,' stand as follows:—In London the Unionist vote increased by 21,213; the Separatist decreased by 23,862. In England, outside London, Scotland, and Wales, the corresponding numbers showed respectively increases of the

Unionist vote by 79,225, 9,450, and 18,165; while the decreases in the Separatist vote were 56,759, 12,138, and 247. In the whole of Great Britain there was a gain of 128,053 Unionist votes as against a decrease of 93,006 in the Separatist vote.

It is worth noting that this total is not made up so much by overwhelming majorities in individual contests as by a series of steady increases in the Conservative polls and of equally steady decreases in the Radical polls. Throughout the length and breadth of England, Scotland, and Wales, wherever a contest terminated in the retention of the seat by the party which held it in 1892, the Conservative vote, with very rare exceptions, showed a marked increase, the Separatist an even more significant decrease. Not only did the Unionists gain 110 seats held by Radicals in the last Parliament, while the latter only won 20, but, even in the contests the former failed to carry, their poll in the great majority of instances was much heavier than at the preceding election. The moral of these figures is obvious. All over the country, leaving Ireland for the time being out of consideration, the Conservatives have gained ground, the Separatists have lost ground. Ingenious calculations have appeared in the organs of the Radical Party to show that the total Conservative vote given at the polls did not exceed the Separatist vote by more than some 50,000, and that therefore the parliamentary representation of the Conservatives is out of all proportion to their intrinsic strength in the country. It is not very easy to see how this argument is consistent with the favourite dogma of Radicalism, that any majority must be accepted as decisive. But though we are quite willing to admit that our existing electoral system does not always secure an adequate representation of minorities, the late election is the last which we should select as an illustration of an instance in which public opinion was not fairly represented by the parliamentary majority. Since 1832 there has never been an election in which the number of seats carried by the winning party corresponded so closely with the general current of public sentiment. The best testimony to the universality of the dominant sentiment is to be found in the circumstance that 124 seats held by Unionists in the late Parliament were uncontested, while this was the case with only 52 seats held by Radicals. Of these 52 unopposed returns on the Radical side 42 were Irish constituencies. In 124 British constituencies, the preponderance of the Conservatives was so marked and so manifest, that the Radicals did not deem it worth their while to court certain defeat. But only 10 Radicals were able to retain their



their seats in Great Britain without a contest. It is not an unfair estimate that, in so keen a party struggle as that through which we have passed, no seat was left uncontested where the party whose representative was returned without opposition was not known to have a majority of at least five to three. If, therefore, we wish to form any reasonable calculation as to the strength of the numerical vote recorded for or against either Unionists or Separatists, we must add three-fifths of the electorate in the uncontested constituencies to the party by whom the seat was held without a contest. If this addition is made, it will be found that the Unionist majority in Parliament corresponds substantially with the total Unionist majority.

Nor can it be alleged with any show of reason that the Unionist victory was due to local or exceptional causes. Our successes were won in every part of the country; were achieved in constituencies representing every class, every industry, every interest of the community. It was, we need hardly say, in the Metropolis that we achieved our most signal victory, returning as we did 54 Conservatives out of a total of 62 members. There is a good deal to be said in disparagement of London as compared with the other great towns of the United Kingdom. From a variety of causes, some of which were discussed recently in this Review, less local spirit, less corporate energy, less organization, both social and political, are to be found in this vast modern Babylon, than in many cities of infinitely smaller magnitude and importance. But these very defects of London, which we should be the last to ignore, render it in many respects singularly representative of England. Owing to the causes to which we allude, local, personal, and class influences are less powerful in the Metropolis than they are elsewhere. Be London's failings what they may, the politics of the parish pump are unknown to the world of Cockayne. The vulgarity of London, if we may use the word 'vulgar' in its original not its modern sense, renders it more independent in its opinions than any other portion of the community. If landlords, squires, parsons, capitalists, and scholars have lost their due influence in the Metropolis, there must be set against this loss the gain that local politicians, pothouse orators, professional agitators have far less influence also. It is not that Londoners are wiser than their provincial fellow-countrymen; but that, owing to the conditions of London life, the vast masses congregated within the metropolitan area, dwell practically very much apart one from the other, and have far less in common than the citizens of Birmingham or Manchester. Moreover, with all their faults, Londoners are influenced by the *genius loci* of the city in which they dwell.

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In the very air they breathe there is a certain savour of Imperialism. They feel and know that they are inhabitants of no mean country; and the pride of race, which in its highest form is called patriotism, and in its lower form is termed Jingoism, is more universal amidst the citizens of this Metropolis than in other portions of the kingdom, which in many respects are more intelligent, more enlightened, and more capable of giving a reason for the faith that is in them. Even in the days when London was regarded as a stronghold of the Liberals, its Liberalism was always of the Rule Britannia sort. The highest and loftiest views of English politics are not, we fully own, to be looked for in the metropolitan constituencies. But if you want to find a fair expression of the average opinions of commonplace Englishmen, you will do well to look to the views prevalent amidst the London electorate. There is no gainsaying the significance of the fact that this great Metropolis of ours has declared by an overwhelming vote in favour of Conservatism. Such a result might have been expected in the West-end and in the suburban villa constituencies; but the Conservative gains were won in Lambeth, Bethnal Green, Camberwell, Finsbury, Hackney, Shoreditch, Bermondsey, the Tower Hamlets and West Ham,—districts which, by no possibility, can be described as the resorts of rank and wealth and fashion, and in which the vast majority of the electors are working men and small shopkeepers. Under our anomalous electoral arrangements, London, with a population far exceeding that of Ireland, has little more than half its parliamentary representation. In the not distant future this irregularity will probably be corrected; and it is therefore not an unimportant circumstance that London, for the last quarter of a century, has been growing more and more distinctly Conservative, till to-day only eight of her representatives are Separatists, and even they hold their seats by rapidly diminishing majorities.

London, as we have said, is a place apart; yet the same phenomenon was displayed in the chief provincial cities. At Bradford, Bristol, Cardiff, Coventry, Derby, Glasgow, Hull, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Northampton, Nottingham, Rochdale, Salford, Stockport, Stoke-on-Trent, Sunderland, Swansea, the Conservatives gained seat after seat, while Plymouth was the only town of any commercial importance in which the Radicals carried the day. The counties contributed scarcely less than the boroughs to the Conservative reaction. Argyleshire, Ayrshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, Cornwall, Cumberland, Derbyshire, Devonshire, Dumbartonshire, Durham, Essex, Glamorganshire, Gloucestershire,

Gloucestershire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Radnorshire, Roxburghshire, Somersetshire, Stirlingshire, Suffolk, Warwickshire, Wiltshire, Worcestershire, and Yorkshire, one and all, replaced Separatist representatives by Conservatives. East and west, north and south, in the agricultural and the manufacturing districts, in constituencies differing from each other in situation, interests and traditions, the same tendency manifested itself in favour of Conservatism as opposed to Radicalism. A glance at the electoral charts, issued after the polls were over, seems to afford some indication as to the general character of the current of popular opinion. The whole centre of England, with the exception of a narrow streak in the middle, mainly composed of Yorkshire constituencies, has gone solid for the Conservatives. It is only in the remote outlying districts, north, east, and west, that a fringe of constituencies is still represented by Radicals. The obvious conclusion is, that be the cause what it may, England has adopted Conservatism as her political creed, to an extent to which no parallel can be found within the century now drawing to its close. Every indication would seem to show that this change in popular sentiment is due to permanent and general, not to temporary and accidental causes.

This contention is very naturally contested by Radical speakers and writers. According to the orthodox Radical dogma, the Conservative success is due to a mere caprice of the electorate which is certain to be abandoned at no distant date. The swing of the pendulum theory is much in favour with the Opposition, and on the strength of this theory Separatists are bidden to be of good cheer and to feel confident that their defeat is only a passing reverse, not a real rout. We, for our part, feel unable either to admit or to deny the truth of this assumption. Under democratic institutions rapid changes of public opinion are always possible, and it would require far greater courage than we possess to make any confident prediction as to the outcome of the next General Election. All we can fairly say is, that for the time being the Unionists command the confidence of the country, and that before a Radical Administration can expect to return to office the Separatists must recover the confidence of the general public. For the present, therefore, the reiterated assertions of the Radicals, that the Conservative victory is sure to be shortlived, rest on no more solid foundation than the declaration of a Transpontine actor, 'that a time will come.' For the moment the Radicals are utterly at a loss to account for their disastrous defeat.

defeat. The explanations offered are of various kinds, all inconsistent with each other. Different sets of Radicals attribute in turn the defection of their supporters to the influence of the publicans, to the action of the Church, to the Separatist programme being even too comprehensive, to this programme not being sufficiently advanced, to the popular distrust of Socialist legislation, to the Labour candidates, to the power of capital, to the jealousy of trade unions, to the dislike of strikes, to the increase of rates, to the agricultural depression, to the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, to the selection of Lord Rosebery as his successor in the leadership of the party, and to any number of causes, all of which have this feature in common, that they are transitory, not permanent.

We acknowledge that all the causes alleged may have contributed to the magnitude of the Radical defeat, but none of them, either singly or collectively, seem to us adequate to account for the result of the elections. Some importance must be attached to the facts, that men rather than measures influence the masses, and that, since the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, are the only public men whom the people know and trust. But, after all, the one intelligible explanation of the Conservative reaction is, in our judgment, that the Radical party as at present constituted has ceased to be a living power; has become in fact an effete organization. The Conservative victory is due, as we hold, to the simple fact that Conservatism, in the non-party signification of the word, has long been gaining ground in the United Kingdom generally and in England in particular, while Radicalism as a political growth has for a like or even longer period been losing ground. The excuses put forward by the Radicals to explain away their losses all confirm this view of the position. We do not doubt that the influence of the liquor trade contributed to our success at the polls. But for many years past, the public-house vote has gone almost solid against the Radicals, and there is not the slightest ground to suppose that this vote is numerically larger to-day than it was formerly. On the contrary, the disposition of licensing authorities throughout the country to restrict the issue of fresh licences must have tended, if it had any effect at all, to diminish the direct voting power of the licensed victuallers. Their indirect influence is, however, greater than ever. Taverns and beershops are, as the Temperance party is apt to forget, not only shops for the sale of drink, but they are the houses of call, the clubs of the artisan and the labourer. The landlords as a body undoubtedly did  
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their best to induce their customers to vote for the Conservative candidate. But the reason why their efforts as volunteer canvassers were so successful was that their customers resented the arbitrary interference with their habits and amusements which lay at the bottom of the whole Local Veto agitation. In other words, the working classes had gradually learnt to regard the Conservatives as the champions, the Radicals as the opponents, of their right to live their own lives according to their own wishes. It was this sentiment, just or unjust, which rendered any public house where working men met together a sort of informal committee room of the Conservative candidatures.

So again with regard to the Established Church. No candid observer can doubt that the influence of the clergy told for a good deal in the recent contest. But this influence could not have been more potent now than it was of old, unless the State Church had enlisted on her side the sympathies, the good will, and the confidence of great bodies of the working classes. If the Church is politically a more powerful influence on the Conservative side than she ever was before, this result cannot be due to any material cause, but must be attributed solely to the increase of her moral authority and to the accident of Dissent no longer possessing its pristine attraction for the mass of the electorate. We can quite understand the objection of many sincere Churchmen to any identification of the Church with a political party. We are not arguing as to whether a kind of tacit alliance between the Church and Conservatism is a benefit or otherwise. All we contend is that the fact of the Church of England's exercising an unwonted political influence is proof that her instinctive Conservatism is in harmony with popular sentiment. In the same way every single one of the excuses urged in disparagement of the Conservative triumph, in so far as it is valid at all, is only valid on the assumption that the electorate has become saturated with ideas and opinions which, if not avowedly Conservative, work for Conservatism as against Radicalism.

But to our minds the main cause of the Conservative reaction has not been so much the growth of Conservatism as the decline of Liberalism. The Liberal Party as it exists dates, roughly speaking, from the agitation which led to the Reform Bill of 1832. At this period there were a number of political reforms which, rightly or wrongly, were demanded by the public opinion of the day. Household suffrage, vote by ballot, abolition of property qualifications, municipal self-government, State education, removal of the so-called taxes on knowledge, reform of the criminal law, freedom of public meeting,

meeting, liberty of the press formed the principal items in a programme, which was not dictated by a caucus, but was based, justly or unjustly, on the demands of popular sentiment. Within the lifetime of the present generation all the political reforms which were consistent with the maintenance of our existing Constitution have practically been accomplished. For many years past, no reform of first-class magnitude could be advocated by agitators who were not prepared to recommend also a complete remodelling of our Constitution. There are now, as there have been always, reformers ready enough to subject the British Constitution to a drastic treatment similar to that which Medea employed for the rejuvenation of her aged parent. But no such operation is possible, unless its would-be authors have popular opinion on their side. Now, for the last quarter of a century, public sentiment in the United Kingdom has been averse to all revolutionary changes. Of course this state of feeling may alter. As years roll on and circumstances alter, there may be a democratic reaction just as there has been of late a Conservative reaction. The democracy may come to clamour for changes inconsistent with our ancient Constitution. Whenever this clamour arises, whether for evil or for good, there will be an opening for a genuine Radical party. As things are now, and as they have been ever since 1870, there is no such opening. The Liberal party since the date in question has been in the position of the frozen-out gardeners, with whose cry Londoners are so familiar in the bitter winter-time. 'We've got no work to do,' might well have been the complaint of the great Liberal party. Naturally enough, the Liberals were either unable or unwilling to recognize the truth that their reason of being was at an end; and for years past they have been trying to make believe that they had a mandate from the people to accomplish a variety of reforms to which the people were either indifferent or absolutely adverse. Indeed, the virtual collapse of Liberalism as an effete creed would have made itself manifest many years ago, if it had not been for two causes: the first being the singular tenacity of the British intellect; the second being the personal popularity of the great Liberal leader. Throughout the first seventy years of the present century, the great majority of the British electorate had accepted the ideas of Liberalism, had been enrolled in Liberal organizations, and had learnt to consider themselves Liberals. The sentiment of Liberalism remained long after the reality to which its existence was due had ceased to exist. For many a year past numbers of ordinary men, whose instincts had become Conservative, refused to consider themselves, and still less to call



call themselves, Conservatives. They had been Liberals all their lives, and their wish was to remain Liberals to the end.

This national reluctance to change sides was intensified by the fact that the leader of the Liberal party had obtained a hold on the sympathies of his fellow-countrymen which no English statesman has, we think, ever acquired since the days of Pitt. We may, and do, hold our own opinion as to how far Mr. Gladstone merited the esteem and admiration with which he was regarded during the latter half of his long and distinguished career. But the fact that he was so regarded is not open to dispute. Democracies are always prone to hero-worship, and Mr. Gladstone was, throughout the period antecedent to the Home Rule scheme, the hero of the British democracy. The old Liberal creed had gradually become transformed into a belief in Mr. Gladstone, and if he had not strained the loyalty of his followers to a pitch beyond human endurance the Gladstonians would probably have remained the dominant party in Great Britain up to the present day. The secession of the Liberal Unionists on the issue of the Repeal of the Union dealt a death-blow not only to the Home Rule movement, but to the existence of the Liberals as a coherent body in the State. Wealth and education, on Mr. Gladstone's own confession, went against him, and there remained only the rump of the Liberals whose claim to call themselves the Liberal Party is not only disputed, but untenable. Yet even after this disruption the magic of Mr. Gladstone's name not only kept his followers together, but secured them a temporary success at the elections of 1892. Our own impression is, that if Mr. Gladstone had consented to abandon Home Rule after his return to office three years ago, the Gladstonians might have remained in power till the late Parliament came to a natural end. Happily, as we deem, for the welfare of England, Mr. Gladstone felt confident in his own power to override all opposition whether from Parliament or from the country, and refused to forego the idea of repealing the Union; an achievement which by some strange process of self-delusion he had learnt to regard as destined to be the crowning triumph of his public life. The second Home Rule Bill was introduced, forced through the House of Commons by the most unscrupulous use of the Closure, and then rejected by an overwhelming majority of the House of Lords, as undeserving of serious consideration. The result was foreseen; but what was not foreseen was the utter indifference with which the rejection of the Home Rule Bill would be received by the country. We can hardly wonder if Mr. Gladstone was unable to realize that his influence over the electorate had become a thing of the past, or, to speak perhaps

perhaps more correctly, that the power of his name could not reconcile the British public to the acceptance of a surrender opposed to their instincts, their traditions, and their interests. Contrary to his better judgment, he lingered on in office after the rejection of his Irish policy, afraid to dissolve, unwilling to retire, and buoyed up by the hope that the arrogance, as he deemed it, of the Lords in throwing out a measure carried by the House of Commons, approved by the voice of the Liberal party, and, above all, championed by himself, must excite an outburst of popular indignation on the strength of which the Separatists might appeal to the country and obtain a fresh mandate from the masses. This mandate, though it might be in reality a protest against the action of the House of Lords for overriding the will of the popular assembly, would indirectly, it was thought, authorize the re-introduction of a measure for the Repeal of the Union. But the expected storm never appeared above the horizon; and Mr. Gladstone, broken in health, depressed in mind, and conscious of failure, retired from office, bequeathing as his last legacy the leadership of the Separatist party to Lord Rosebery.

It is not necessary to our purpose to retrace the history of the luckless Rosebery government. We have no wish to join in the abuse with which the late Premier has been assailed since the collapse of his administration. Our own opinion is, that if Sir William Harcourt or any other leading Separatist had been entrusted with the Premiership in place of Lord Rosebery, this collapse would have been even more rapid and more signal. His Lordship was more in harmony than any other possible Separatist Prime Minister, with the general Conservatism which characterizes the temper of the British public at the present day, and influences the Liberal equally with the Conservative electorate. In respect of Foreign and Imperial affairs, the ex-Premier evinced a sympathy with popular sentiment in which his great predecessor had been strangely lacking. In Home affairs his mistakes were due rather to the advice of his colleagues than to his own initiative. Indeed, the one great mistake committed by Lord Rosebery was his acceptance of the post of a Radical Premier. By his temperament, by his turn of mind, and by his shrewd common-sense, he was even more disqualified than he was by his rank, his title, and his fortune, for being the leader of a Radical Government. Even if this Government had had popular enthusiasm at its back, his position would have been untenable. His natural, his proper place was in the ranks of the Liberal Unionists. As the colleague of Sir William Harcourt, he was a square man in a round

round hole; as the colleague of Mr. John Morley, he was a man of the world compelled to act with a man of the closet; as the colleague of Mr. Asquith, he was a sceptic yoked to an enthusiast. We suspect his consciousness of the incongruity of his own position made Lord Rosebery more susceptible than he would otherwise have been to the influence of his more advanced colleagues and counsellors, who impressed upon him that the only chance for the party he led lay in adopting the Newcastle programme. The crusade against the House of Lords, the Disestablishment of the National Church in Scotland and Wales, the policy of taxing capital by progressive imposts, the imposition of Local Veto on the liquor trade, the principle of betterment and the other items of the Collectivist platform, are not measures whose expediency was likely to have suggested themselves to Lord Rosebery's sound judgment and knowledge of the world. He adopted them, as we imagine, not because he believed in them himself, but because, being himself out of harmony with Radical ideas, he felt it incumbent upon him to follow the advice of men who were regarded as the recognized representatives of Radicalism. Such at least is the most favourable interpretation that can be placed on Lord Rosebery's adhesion to a policy more worthy of French *doctrinaires* than of common-sense, sober-minded British statesmen.

No doubt the Ministry were unlucky as well as ill-advised. Throughout the eighteen months of Lord Rosebery's administration there was an absence of any important foreign complications of a kind to excite general public interest. At the same time there were a number of minor complications, which though they did not threaten any immediate disturbance of peace, in so far as Europe was concerned, were yet sufficiently grave to strengthen the public conviction that the present was not the time for serious constitutional changes. Then, too, ill-luck ordained that the Irish Nationalists should quarrel amongst themselves just at the very moment when it was all important for the Separatist party to keep up the fiction that their Irish allies were worthy of the confidence of England. The British public has no great taste for the discussion of abstract principles; and the arguments by which Home Rule for Ireland was defended or opposed never obtained the hold they deserved on the attention of the masses. Englishmen, however, are singularly keen in drawing conclusions from facts within their own cognizance, and the sordid disputes between the different sections of the Irish Nationalists brought home the folly and absurdity of Home Rule to the British mind in a way which had not been accomplished by speeches and pamphlets

pamphlets and articles without end. These politicians—so the popular British verdict ran—whom you Separatists have been holding up to us as honest and enlightened patriots, well qualified to administer the affairs of Ireland, are by their own showing and confession a gang of needy and unscrupulous adventurers, intriguing against one another, denouncing each other as traitors, charlatans, and impostors, pursuing their own personal interests without regard to the welfare of the cause they are supposed to have at heart; and having no bond of union except a common jealousy of England, a common desire to get money out of English capitalists, or places out of English politicians. This picture may seem overdrawn, but it is one which rests on the authority of the charges which, since the death of Mr. Parnell, his followers have bandied one against the other. Ireland to-day seems to be much what it was in the days when Swift said that, if ever you wanted to roast an Irishman alive, you would always find another Irishman ready to turn the spit. It would be strange if the spectacle presented by the quarrels of the Irish Home Rulers—the high-minded patriots whom Mr. Gladstone held up to admiration and whom the Separatists declared themselves proud to reckon as their trusted allies—had not filled the ordinary British mind with sentiments of disgust. It might, as we were assured, be only ‘Sweet Fanny’s way.’ But if so, the ways of Fanny seemed to Englishmen those of a vulgar fish wife. Home Rule, so our slow Saxon intellect argued, might be right or wrong; but the Nationalists had shown themselves unfit to rule at all; and yet these were the men to whom the Separatists advised and implored us to entrust the fortunes, the liberties, the lives of our loyal fellow-countrymen and co-religionists in the Sister Kingdom. It was in Committee Room No. 15, not in the House of Lords, that Home Rule received its death-blow.

Yet, even if these accidents had not combined with the retirement of Mr. Gladstone to accelerate the collapse of the Liberal party, as at present constituted, its downfall was a mere question of time, and of no long time either. Some twenty years ago, Mr. John Bright, upon his return from an electioneering campaign, was asked what he had been doing. ‘Flogging a dead horse,’ was the answer. The horse was dead, and neither whip nor spur nor bait, neither threats nor remonstrances nor promises, could galvanize it into more than a mere semblance of vitality. The saying of the great Liberal orator possessed a deeper significance than he himself probably attached to it at the time of its utterance. The lack of the old enthusiasm for the Liberal cause, of which John Bright then complained,

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was due not to temporary lassitude, but to the fact that the Liberal party of his youth and his mature age had fulfilled its mission and lived out its time. It is easy enough to be wise after the event. But we suspect that very few politicians on either side realized, up to the commencement of the Home Rule controversy in 1885, how completely the Liberalism which came into power with the great Reform Bill, had exhausted its vitality. The classes which had pinned their faith to the doctrines of the Manchester School, had practically got all the reforms which they desired, and were therefore unconsciously becoming Conservative in their ideas. The new classes admitted to power under household suffrage had as yet no very distinct programme of their own; and, what is more, had learnt by experience to entertain a profound disbelief in the potency of purely political reforms to change the conditions of their lives. Their aspirations, in so far as they assumed any articulate form, were for social reforms in the interest of labour, and these aspirations met with no response on the part of the Liberals as a political party. Thus, as time went on, the Liberals grew more and more out of touch with the classes, on whom they reckoned for electoral support; and gradually the conviction dawned upon them that the general decline in their own influence was strengthening the power of Conservatism.

Mr. Gladstone was never, as we hold, a statesman of great foresight; but perhaps on this very account he possessed a marvellous insight into the fluctuations of popular sentiment. His sudden conversion to Home Rule in 1885 was due to a conviction that the Liberal party was losing its hold on the country, and that the last chance of recovering that hold was to enlist popular enthusiasm on behalf of a new policy. That policy consisted in settling, or rather attempting to settle, the perennial Irish difficulty, by conceding legislative independence to Ireland. Mr. Gladstone had no difficulty in persuading himself that the Repeal of the Union was demanded by the highest considerations of justice and policy; but the fact remains that the idea of granting Home Rule was never adopted by him, till he had arrived at the conviction that, unless some new departure was made, the Liberal party was destined to succumb to the Conservative reaction. History, whatever its judgment may be on Mr. Gladstone's public career, will not fail to give him credit for the energy, courage, and perseverance with which, whether in office or in Opposition, he fought for the cause of Home Rule. When at last the rejection of his second Bill by the House of Lords, and the manifest approval with which that rejection was received by the country, showed that the game

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was up, he retired, leaving his followers without a policy, without a cry, without a leader, and confronted by a Conservative reaction, which numbered amidst its adherents a large and influential section of the old Liberal party. The result, the inevitable result has been that, after clinging to office to the last, the Separatist Administration, which attempted to carry on Mr. Gladstone's policy without Mr. Gladstone's aid, came to an abrupt and obscure ending. When the constituencies were consulted, the verdict of the electorate, as we have pointed out, was even more a condemnation of the Gladstonians than a declaration in favour of Conservatism.

It may have been noted that in the foregoing remarks we have treated Unionists and Conservatives as convertible terms. We have done so for the sake of simplicity, but no retrospect of the causes which have brought about the Conservative reaction would be even approximately complete if it failed to do justice to the part in this movement played by the Liberal Unionists. It cannot be too often repeated that the Liberal secession in 1886 not only secured the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, but also secured the success of the Conservative reaction. When the Dissident Liberals made up their minds to part company with Mr. Gladstone on the question of Home Rule, the latter result did not probably enter into their calculations. Their one object in seceding was to bring about the rejection of a measure which they regarded as fatal to the welfare of the country. At the period when the then Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Goschen, Sir Henry James, Sir George Trevelyan, and their followers agreed to vote with the Conservatives against the Home Rule Bill in 1886, they did not, we believe, contemplate any direct alliance with the Opposition; they did not anticipate any prolonged severance from their former colleagues. Their calculation was that, when the Bill had been thrown out, Mr. Gladstone would consent to abandon a policy which was manifestly distasteful to the great bulk of his English supporters, and which was so repugnant to the most eminent of his former colleagues, that, sooner than support it, they were prepared to sacrifice their party allegiance and join hands for the time with their traditional opponents. If, after the rejection of the Bill, Home Rule had been dropped out of the Liberal programme, the Liberal Unionists would have gladly returned to the Liberal ranks, and would have probably gone a very long way with their former leader in supporting any measure for granting local government to Ireland which was consistent with the maintenance of the Act of Union. Fortunately for themselves, and still



still more fortunately for England, Mr. Gladstone refused to abandon his policy, trusting partly to his own personal authority, partly to the powerful influences which tended to bring the Liberal Unionists back to the fold as soon as they realized that their secession had failed to bring about the abandonment of Home Rule by the rump of the Liberal Party. The result of the elections of 1886 made the Liberal Unionists masters for the time of the political situation. Their votes were necessary to give the Conservatives a majority in the House of Commons. On the other hand, they were not then prepared to join the Conservatives. They resolved therefore to form an independent party, which, while supporting the Government in its opposition to Home Rule, was to maintain complete independence in all other respects. As a temporary expedient the arrangement in question was probably the best possible. It is obvious that the process of assimilation between the two sections of the Unionist party had not proceeded far enough at this period for the Liberal Unionists to agree to call themselves Conservatives; and any premature attempt to force on a fusion would probably have resulted in the bulk of the seceding Liberals following the example of Sir George Trevelyan and scuttling back to the Gladstonian side. The abortive negotiations of the Round Table soon showed how futile the hope was of finding any common ground on which the Gladstonians and the Liberal Unionists could come to an agreement on Home Rule; and with the collapse of these negotiations it also became evident that the only way by which the Separatist policy of Mr. Gladstone could be defeated was by maintaining the Conservatives in office. In order to do this it was not enough for the Liberal Unionists to vote with the Government on Irish questions; it was essential that they should also vote with the Government on all issues upon which a defeat might involve a Ministerial crisis.

Two important consequences followed from this temporary necessity. The first was that the Liberal Unionists became identified in popular opinion with the general policy of the Conservative Government; the second was that the Government found it needful to consult the Liberal Unionist leaders beforehand as to their policy, so as to minimize the risk of any serious Liberal Unionist defection. If ever the inner history of the Unionist Ministry, which held office from 1886 to 1892, should be made public, we believe it will be found that the alliance between the two sections was maintained by a display of good sense, public spirit, and personal loyalty on the part of the leaders of both sections, to which there are few, if any, parallels in our

political annals. Both parties thus learned to understand each other better ; to see that the differences which still divided them were matters of names rather than principles. The approximation of the Liberal Unionists towards the Conservatives was undoubtedly accelerated by the vehemence with which the former were singled out for abuse by their old colleagues. The Separatists never lost an opportunity of taunting the Liberal Unionists with their alleged desertion of their party, and of assuring them that whenever the constituencies had the opportunity of expressing their opinion they would be wiped out of existence. The Liberal Unionists were also not slow in perceiving that their position was not only logically untenable, but unintelligible to the electorate at large. The British public always failed to appreciate the attitude of politicians who sat on one side of the House and voted on the other, who called themselves Liberals, and yet supported the Conservatives on any critical division. We attribute to this lack of popular appreciation the fact that the Liberal Unionists never commanded a following in the country at all commensurate with the personal authority of their leaders. Under our ballot system it is very difficult to obtain accurate electoral statistics ; but we should doubt whether there is a single constituency in which the Liberal Unionists ever commanded an absolute majority, or a single Liberal Unionist member whose majority was not mainly composed of Conservatives. We strongly incline to the belief that, notwithstanding their success at the polls, the total Liberal Unionist vote was smaller in 1895 than it was in 1886. We say this in no disparagement of our allies. Our own opinion was, and is, that the Liberal Unionists might have coalesced with the Conservatives at an earlier date, with advantage to the country. All this, however, is a matter of speculation ; and as the final result has turned out to the satisfaction of all those who have the interests of the Union at heart, it would be ungracious to complain because this result has not been brought about so rapidly as we might ourselves have desired. The proof of the pudding is in the eating ; and the Liberal Unionists are justified in contending that, if the coalition had been formed earlier, it would not have been found so much to the public liking. This much we must fairly allow, that the Conservative reaction has been facilitated by the fusion between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists having been effected gradually and almost imperceptibly.

The fusion, however, is now an accomplished fact. Both parties have every reason to be satisfied with the character of the compact. If, on the one hand, the Liberal Unionists have

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won a number of seats by the aid of the Conservative vote, the Conservatives have greatly improved their position in the country by the adhesion of the Liberal Unionists. It is all very well for Radical newspapers to rave about a Tory Administration, but the common sense of the British public is proof against raving of this description. A Ministry which counts amidst its leading members the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, whatever else it may be, is not a Tory Government. On the other hand, politicians who are members of a Conservative Ministry, under whatever appellation they may choose to describe their tint of politics, are, and must be, Conservatives. Indeed, the presence of old Liberals in a Conservative Cabinet is only another proof of the general reaction towards Conservatism, which, as we hold, is the most important feature in our political history of recent years.

To all intents and purposes Conservatives and Liberal Unionists form for the time being one united party. Whether the Coalition is best described as a fusion or an alliance is a matter of absolute indifference to all but political pedants. In so far as Parliament is concerned, there is no distinction between the two sections of the Ministerialist party, whether it is called Unionist or Conservative. In the constituencies the separate electoral organizations are, it is said, to be kept alive. We are not quite convinced ourselves of the wisdom of this decision. But as the great Liberal Unionist successes were won in the districts of which Birmingham is the centre, and as Mr. Chamberlain considers that the time has not yet arrived when the Liberal Unionist Associations can be amalgamated with the Conservative without injury to their common interests, we are ready to accept the opinion of a statesman who may be said to have brought over the Midland Counties to the Conservative cause. The time, however, has arrived when, in our opinion, some modification should be made in the arrangement under which certain seats are, so to speak, set apart for Liberal Unionists as distinguished from Conservatives. At the time that this compact was made it was an eminently fair one. It was only reasonable in 1886 that the Liberal Members who seceded from Mr. Gladstone, and thus secured the defeat of the Home Rule Bill, should not be opposed at the General Election by Conservative candidates. But what was rational in 1866 has become irrational in 1895. Now that Liberal Unionists and Conservatives form one party under common leaders, it is absurd to draw any distinction between one section of Ministerialists and another. The compact in question never was, and never could have been, intended to be anything beyond a temporary arrange-

ment. Under democratic institutions it is idle to imagine that any constituency can permanently be deprived of its right to select its own candidates. As time goes on and as the Coalition becomes consolidated, the Conservative electorate will learn to attach less and less importance to the shades of difference which distinguish one class of Conservatives from another; but so long as any importance is attached to these differences on one side or the other, each constituency in which there is a Ministerial majority must in common fairness be allowed to select its own representative. A disastrous schism at Warwick was only averted the other day by the loyalty and good faith of the local Conservatives. But it is idle to suppose that such self-denial can be expected of the constituencies as a body, and it is of importance that there should be a clear understanding between the two sections of the Unionist party as to their respective claims to monopolize the representation of any particular constituency. Sensible men in both sections are alike of opinion that, in their common interest, it is not desirable to perpetuate any arrangement either inside or outside Parliament which tends to mark the distinction between Conservatives and Liberal Unionists.

In every Coalition there is always the possibility of a rupture. The more the Coalition loses the character of an alliance and assumes the character of a fusion, the more remote this possibility becomes. Still, even if the futile policy which found favour with some Liberal Unionists, of declining to be considered Conservatives, while they were the supporters of a Conservative Ministry and a Conservative policy, should be persisted in after the formation of a Coalition Government, we see little cause to regard the possibility of a rupture as tantamount to a probability. There are various causes which render any such rupture extremely unlikely of occurrence. The Radicals under present political conditions have no hope of regaining office except by the aid of the Irish vote. The Irish Nationalists, whose only reason of being consists in the advocacy of Repeal, will never consent to vote with the Radicals unless the latter bind themselves to carry Home Rule for Ireland as soon as they return to power. Thus Home Rule must necessarily form the chief item in the Radical programme, however distasteful the measure may be to their English partisans. It is obvious that any schism between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists which might lead to a Ministerial crisis, would in all likelihood entail the return to office of a Separatist Government pledged even more strongly to Home Rule than that of Mr. Gladstone or Lord Rosebery.

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The same considerations which led first to the secession of the Liberal Unionists from the Gladstonians, and subsequently to the formation of a Coalition Government, must therefore tell most strongly against any open schism in the Ministerial ranks. Again, the alleged differences of opinion between the two parties who compose the Coalition have little existence outside the heated imagination of their Radical opponents. Nine years of constant and loyal co-operation have taught both parties that those points on which they agree are far more numerous and more important than the points on which they may disagree. The Liberal Unionists have learnt that the Conservatives are in favour of any reasonable change. The Conservatives have acquired the conviction that the Liberal Unionists do not desire any change inconsistent with our existing institutions of Church and State. In fact both parties represent pretty much alike the moderate Conservatism which is the dominant characteristic of the British mind at the end of the nineteenth century. This being so, the Conservatives have not the wish, if they have the power, to part company with the Liberal Unionists, while the latter have no wish to rejoin the Radical party, even if Home Rule were relegated to the Greek kalends. The plain truth is that, though Home Rule furnished the occasion for the Liberal secession, the causes which tended to create an approximation of the Whig section of the Liberal Party towards the Conservatives, had been in active operation for many years before Mr. Gladstone consented to repeal the Union in order to secure Mr. Parnell's parliamentary support. These causes must have ended in a disruption of the Liberal Party, even if the 'uncrowned king' had never made his appearance in public life. By the laws of political attraction Conservatives and Whigs were bound to come together sooner or later, and the present Coalition Government is only the embodiment of the influences which have rendered Conservatism the dominant popular sentiment of the day.

Thus we are in face of a position almost, if not absolutely, unique in our political history. We have had Conservative administrations before now, supported by large majorities, but they were always open to the charge of representing the classes, not the masses, and of owing their existence to the influence of the landed interest. No charge of this kind can be brought against the present Government with any show of plausibility, still less of reason. Even putting the Liberal Unionists aside, the Conservatives command an absolute majority in the House, and a majority which, though small in itself, is singularly united and harmonious. If we count the Liberal Unionists, the great  
majority

majority of whom owe their seats to Conservative votes, as Conservatives, the present Ministry commands a majority of 152 over the heterogeneous Opposition of Radicals and Nationalists. This majority, as we have shown, is mainly due to the Metropolis and to the great centres of industry, in which the working-class vote is practically omnipotent. The reaction, however, which has placed the Conservatives in power, is confined, as we have pointed out, to no district or locality. In all parts of the United Kingdom the Conservatives have won seat after seat. Never, too, was a General Election conducted more entirely on the issue between Radicalism and Conservatism than the one just concluded. There was no cry on either side calculated to excite great enthusiasm; there was no prominent personality to influence the desires of the electors. What the constituencies had to decide was the plain and simple question, whether they preferred a Conservative to a Radical policy, and that question they answered unmistakably in the affirmative. The triumph of the Conservative Party at the polls has been followed by the formation of one of the strongest and most representative administrations which this country has ever witnessed. A Ministry which includes Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, may fairly be said—now that Mr. Gladstone has retired—to represent the highest statesmanship which the United Kingdom can produce. Moreover, even if a Separatist Administration could command the same majority and boast of the same ability as the existing Government, it would not possess the same authority. Lord Salisbury, as the trusted leader of the Conservative Party, enjoys the cordial support of an overwhelming majority of the Upper House; and it may fairly be said that there is no measure that his Government could pass through the House of Commons which would not meet with a favourable acceptance on the part of the House of Lords.

The question therefore of the day is, Given this opportunity, what use will be made of it by the Conservative Party? We are inclined, for the reasons we have indicated above, to assign a permanent character to the causes which have placed the Conservatives in power. But it would be a fatal delusion to imagine that the Radical Party has ceased to be a danger to the country. We believe ourselves that the logic of facts will compel its leaders to adapt their programme to the demands of the most advanced assailants of property. Political reform is exhausted, but change based on Collectivist and on Socialist principles is certain to command some popular support; and greater faith than we possess in the unflinching wisdom of democracies



democracies is required to assure us that when the Radicals make up their mind—as they must do sooner or later—to come forward as the champions of labour against capital, they may not recover much of their lost hold on the masses. Common prudence therefore dictates that while the Conservative temper is in the ascendant amidst the British public, no opportunity should be lost of showing the masses that their interests are more likely to be advanced and protected by the Conservatives than by their opponents.

How this end can best be accomplished is a matter of opinion. We observe that in many quarters it is held the Government ought to devote their energies, in the first instance, to important constitutional reforms, the effectuation of which is held, and justly held, to be in the interest of Conservatism. The first of these reforms is the redistribution of seats, so as to render representation approximately based upon population. The second is the reconstruction of the House of Lords in accordance with the real or supposed exigencies of public opinion. In principle, we are quite ready to admit the advisability of both these reforms being carried out while a Conservative Administration is in power. Whether the system of counting heads is an ideal mode of government, may be open to doubt; but as our existing institutions are based upon this system, it is obviously desirable that the heads should be counted fairly and equally. As things are, London and the great industrial centres which constitute the backbone of modern Conservatism are very inadequately represented as compared with the rural districts, in which Radicalism has, in these latter days, made considerable progress. Again, Ireland is over-represented as compared with England. If seats were redistributed so as to give one member, roughly speaking, to every 50,000 souls, Ireland would lose some twenty to thirty members in all, which would by rights be assigned to the great English urban constituencies. Moreover, the North of Ireland, the loyal and progressive part of the Sister Kingdom, would receive, under any fair scheme of redistribution, a large accession of electoral strength which would be taken from the disloyal and decaying South. On these grounds the general principle of equal electoral districts may fairly be regarded as a Conservative measure. The same remark applies to the reform of the Upper House. Even the staunchest advocates of the hereditary Chamber would admit that its influence would be increased, if greater facilities were provided for the legal exclusion of a few Peers whose presence in a Legislative Assembly had, from one cause or another, become a public scandal. Nor can it be doubted that  
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the system of life peerages might be extended with advantage, so as to give the Upper House the authority of a Chamber of Notables as well as that of an hereditary legislature. We trust that during its tenure of office the present Administration will take in hand the questions of redistribution of seats and of the re-organization of the House of Lords; but we cannot think that these questions should form the first items in the Conservative programme. Our objections to these measures being taken into immediate consideration are twofold. The first and most obvious is that, if the reforms we refer to were passed into law, they would introduce so great a modification into our Constitution that they ought logically to be followed by a general election. It would be urged with force that a Parliament elected under conditions which in virtue of recent legislation had ceased to exist, was not entitled to represent the electorate. We believe that in the present temper of the public mind the result of a fresh appeal to the constituencies would not differ materially from that of the late elections. But, in default of any overwhelming necessity, it would be folly for the Conservatives to discard the services of a Legislature so much after their own hearts as the fourteenth Parliament of Her Majesty's reign. Secondly, we do not ourselves think that redistribution and re-organization of the hereditary Chamber are measures which, however beneficial in their ultimate results, would enlist much popular sympathy on their behalf. They must both of necessity give umbrage to many local and personal interests, and this disadvantage would not be counterbalanced by any corresponding gain in so far as the popularity of the Ministry is concerned. The plain truth is that constitutional reforms of any kind are very much out of favour at present with the British public, irrespective of party considerations, and, for the time being, the less our Constitution is tinkered up the better the country at large will be satisfied.

It does not follow that, because political reform is, so to speak, at a discount, political questions should be left entirely aside. Even if this were possible, which it is not, it would not be desirable. There are two questions bearing directly on party politics with which the Government must deal at a very early date, and must also deal in such a matter as to satisfy Conservative requirements. Ireland, to some extent, still stops the way. The Separatists, under Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, contrived to postpone all legislation for Ireland on the plea that this legislation would be better dealt with when Home Rule had been conceded. No plea of this kind is open to the present Administration. The Unionist party exists for the maintenance

maintenance of the Union, and the first duty of the Government is to make it clear that Home Rule for Ireland is unattainable so long as England remains the predominant partner in the United Kingdom. The Irish, with all their failings, have the Celtic facility of accepting accomplished facts; and we suspect a very large proportion of our Irish fellow-countrymen have long ago come to the conclusion that Home Rule is a mere will-of-the-wisp. It may be urged that at the late elections the Irish Nationalists carried the day even more completely than they had done hitherto. But there are many indications that the Nationalists have lost heart, are broken up into hostile factions, and have entered on that process of disintegration which seems to be the normal fate of all Hibernian political organizations. The Home Rule agitation, in so far as it was ever a national movement, began and died with Parnell; and the Irish, as a body, are prepared to accept a solution which a few years ago they would have scouted as inadequate. Any complete realization of Irish aspirations is utterly and entirely out of the question. On the other hand, it would obviously be better for England as well as for Ireland, if certain purely local Irish affairs could be settled by Irish local authorities, without the direct intervention of Parliament. A partial extension of local self-government would remove all the remaining grievances of which Ireland has any real cause to complain; and the removal of those grievances, whether great or small, would weaken the hold of the Home Rule idea on the Irish mind, and would render the relations between Great Britain and Ireland more satisfactory to both parties. But until the Irish are better prepared for the trust, and number fewer illiterate voters, it is plain that very little, even in this direction, can be accomplished with safety. Local self-government, like the union of hearts, must be a work of time.

In addition to the Irish question the Government will manifestly have to deal with the question of voluntary schools. It is obvious to any dispassionate observer that the Education Act of 1870 has, as worked in practice, produced a result not intended or anticipated by its authors. The late Mr. Forster's idea was that the Board Schools should assist, not supplant, the voluntary schools. As a matter of fact, the former are killing the latter. This is not because the rate-supported schools are more popular or command a larger attendance than the schools supported by voluntary efforts. The sole reason is that, without some form of grants in aid, denominational schools cannot hold their own against secular schools supported at the cost of the rates.

rates. There is no question that the great mass of our population prefer their children to be educated in schools where some form of religious instruction is imparted. There is even less question that the immense increase in the rates which would be necessitated by the universal substitution of Board Schools for voluntary schools would be resented to an extent which might endanger the interests of public education. Given these conditions, common sense as well as common fairness demand that denominational schools should be placed in a position to maintain their ground as centres of education. How this end can best be obtained is a matter foreign to our purpose to discuss here. All we contend is, that the question of the voluntary schools is one of the first with which the Unionist Government will be called upon to deal.

But apart from any issues which demand immediate attention, the less distinctly political legislation there is for the present, the better the general public will be satisfied. The country is weary of changes in the Constitution; and this weariness is not the least of the causes which have brought about the Conservative reaction. Throughout the masses, irrespective of party, there is a very general feeling that the time has come when we should attend to our own domestic affairs, and try how far it is possible by legislation to improve the conditions under which our own people live and have their being. In other words, the demand of the day is for social—as distinguished from political—legislation.

To meet this demand, in so far as it is capable of being met, is the special duty of the Conservative Party. Socialism and Collectivism are never likely to commend themselves to British national sentiment, partly by reason of their inherent absurdity, partly on account of the stubborn individualism of the British race. But there is a very widespread feeling that State intervention might be extended in many matters with advantage to the community. Steam, electricity, and all the manifold improvements of science and commerce during the present century have tended, and must tend still more in the future, to place the control of trade, industry, and labour in the hands of large capitalists and huge associations. Everywhere the small trader, the petty shopkeeper, the little employer, is being beaten out of the field by companies, stores, emporiums, trusts, and all the other developments of collective wealth. The tendency of the industrial whale to swallow up the industrial minnow is due to causes as certain and as irresistible in their operation as those which regulate the rise and fall of the tides. This being so, it  
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is intelligible enough, that a demand for State interference in the interest of the general public should have obtained a hold on the public mind. This idea is more in consonance with Conservative principles than it is with those of the Liberal Party, which up to a very recent date was the party of the great manufacturers and the large employers of labour. Indeed, we have reason to believe that the Liberal Unionists have been much impressed by the fact that they have found the Conservatives far more disposed than their late colleagues to entertain schemes of social legislation.

It is obvious that schemes which may affect the whole industrial and economical interests of Great Britain cannot prudently be taken up with such ill-considered haste as that displayed by Mr. Gladstone, when he undertook to repeal the Union, or by Lord Rosebery, when he issued his abortive indictment against the House of Lords. We see no reason therefore to expect that the Government will commit themselves forthwith to any comprehensive programme of social reforms. There are, however, certain social questions which in all likelihood will command the early consideration of the Unionist Ministry.

The first of these questions is that of the liability of employers for accidents occurring to workmen engaged in their service. The original Bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone's Government rendered an employer liable for any injury sustained by a workman through the culpable negligence of the employer or his agents. Mr. Asquith's Act proposed to extend this liability to accidents caused by the negligence of any workman in the master's employment, no matter whether that workman was his agent or not. This Act was strenuously opposed by Mr. Chamberlain on the ground that it was unjust, as it might render an employer liable for an accident caused by carelessness on the part of the workman, though the employer, far from being responsible for any such casualty, had done everything in his power to avert its occurrence. He also opposed the Bill on the ground that it only provided for three-tenths of the accidents to which workmen are subject. Out of every ten accidents, according to a rough calculation, two are due to carelessness on the part of the employer or his agents, one to carelessness on the part of workmen, and the remaining seven to casualties which in our insurance policies are quaintly described as 'the act of God,' or, in ordinary language, as due to causes beyond human control. Mr. Chamberlain is understood to be of opinion that the most effective way of removing a  
grievance

grievance which creates constant irritation between employers and employed would be to make every employer bound by law to make compensation to any workman for any injury sustained in his service, irrespective of the cause to which that injury might be due. The amount of this compensation would not depend, as at present, on the arbitrary assessment of a jury, but would bear a fixed proportion to the wages earned by the injured workman, to the length of his service, and to the period during which the victim of the accident might be kept out of work. A definite liability of this kind could easily be guarded against by insurance, and the employers would gain instead of lose by being subjected to a calculable risk instead of, as at present, to an incalculable risk, enhanced by the costs of law and the caprice of jurymen. Political economy proves that the cost of all permanent charges on any particular industry is borne in the long run by the consumer, not by the producer; and in virtue of this law the cost of a policy covering his workmen against injury would be repaid to the employer by the increased price charged for the products of his industry. An arrangement of this character would, it is thought, place the whole question of liability for accidents on a satisfactory footing, would deprive Trade Unions of one of their most potent instruments for stirring up ill-will between masters and men, and would be extremely popular with the working classes, whose sympathies it is the interest of the Conservative Party to enlist on their side.

The second of the questions to which we refer is that touching Old Age Pensions. It is impossible not to feel that a plausible case may be made out against a social system which permits artisans and labourers who have lived respectably all their lives, who have worked hard and done their duty to their families, and who have been brought to destitution by old age, sickness, or other causes for which they are not morally responsible, to pass their declining years as inmates of a parish workhouse. But the practical difficulties in the way of any comprehensive provision for the aged and deserving pauper seem to us insurmountable. According to common calculation, the cost of providing even a pittance of five shillings a week for all workmen of sixty-five or upwards, who, through no fault of their own, were unable to obtain work, would amount to many millions annually. Any comprehensive scheme of this kind cannot therefore be seriously entertained. All that can be done is to make some distinction between outdoor and indoor relief in the case of aged paupers whose destitution is not due to any misconduct,



misconduct, but to the unavoidable accidents of life. It is possible, too, that, without injuring the spirit of independence which has been the backbone of the English character, the income of aged workmen who had partially provided for old age, either by investment in the Post Office banks or by subscribing to Friendly Societies, might be supplemented by State grants. Any project of this character would deserve the sympathetic consideration of all parties, and especially of the Conservatives; but we fear the only real remedy for destitution caused by advancing years and declining powers of work must be sought for in such a general rise in wages as would enable the prudent workman to lay by money after he had provided for the wants of himself and his family. And to raise wages generally and permanently all round, is an enterprise beyond the powers of the State.

The third measure of the possible programme of the near future may, we fancy, consist of legislation destined to facilitate the purchase of their own houses by the working classes. Such a measure would be eminently Conservative, and is likely to commend itself especially to the Premier. All that is required to carry it into effect is a law enacting that, if any workman desired to become the owner of his own dwelling, he should have the right to apply to the municipal authorities of the district in which he dwells to assist him in purchasing a house whose owner might be prepared to sell. Under due regulations a loan for the purchase might be made by the municipalities without any risk to the lenders. They would retain the first mortgage on the house till the loan had been repaid. If, on the other hand, the borrower wished to change his abode, or was unable to pay the instalments, he could always sell his tenure for any amount he had already paid towards the liquidation of the loan. An arrangement of this nature, by increasing the number of small householders, would tend to improve the social and sanitary conditions of working-class life, and would naturally strengthen the influences which are rendering the working class more and more Conservative in sentiment.

The fourth question of the category is that of small Allotments. Much has been already done in this direction. A fresh stimulus might be given, with more stringent conditions of purchase, by the application of the principle mentioned in the preceding paragraph. Land-owners, in these days of agricultural depression, would welcome any scheme for creating a new market for small properties. The Conservatives, as a party, have no objection to the increase of small allotments, provided the system

system is not worked in a manner and spirit directly hostile to the landed interest. No doubt the compulsory registration of titles and mortgages is an almost indispensable condition of any general purchase of small allotments by small people. The opposition, however, to compulsory registration is professional, not political. So long as the sale of their lands is voluntary, and not compulsory, landed proprietors would offer no objection to the increase of small holdings.

The fifth and last item of a labour programme would, we imagine, be the question of Alien Pauper Immigration. The actual effect of this class of immigrants upon the labour market is probably exaggerated; and the evil caused is essentially local and temporary. Still popular feeling amidst the working classes is keenly excited on the subject. It is, at any rate, conceivable that the evils complained of might assume formidable dimensions in the future, and it is wiser to deal with them while they are still of small dimensions. An Act empowering the Government to forbid the landing of pauper aliens, if due cause should be shown, would meet the requirements of the case, and would give general satisfaction.

It does not seem probable that the various social problems to which we have referred could be dealt with successfully in any one session. But some one or more of these problems will, we anticipate, be taken in hand in the ensuing year; and if the Conservatives only succeed in showing that they are disposed to treat all questions which interest the working classes in a liberal and sympathetic spirit, they will have done much to increase the hold of Conservatism upon the masses. At the same time, any reforms of the kind indicated, even if successfully carried out, are only palliatives, not cures; and of this no one is better aware than their authors and advocates. The *causa causans* of industrial distress lies in the plain hard fact that there is too plentiful a supply of labour, too meagre a supply of remunerative work. The only way to remove this cause is to extend the trade, the industry, and the manufactures of the United Kingdom. The real remedy for the evils of which our artisans and labourers complain is to make agriculture and manufactures more profitable, so that employers may be able to pay higher wages and employ more hands. And this can only be done by opening up new markets and obtaining fresh customers. Thus social and Imperial questions are individually connected with one another. Mr. Chamberlain hit the nail on the head in declaring that, if the British Empire wished to make its colonial possessions remunerative,

tive, it must spend money on their development. It is therefore matter for satisfaction that the Foreign and Colonial policy of Great Britain should now be in the control of statesmen who are prepared to uphold British interests, to extend British influence, and to push British commerce all over the world, not so much from any desire for national aggrandizement as from a well-founded conviction that the extension and consolidation of the British Empire are the best, if not the only, modes of upholding the commercial and industrial supremacy of this small island country. For this, if for no other cause, all friends of England have cause to rejoice at the result of the elections, by which the Unionist party has been replaced in office amid circumstances which hold forth every prospect of a long and prosperous tenure of power.

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## INDEX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SECOND VOLUME OF THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

## A.

- Abulpharagius, extract from his 'Compendious History of Dynasties,' 237.  
**Al-Makkari**, 'History of the Moham-medan Dynasties of Spain,' 233.  
**Ali**, Syed Ameer, 'The Life and Teaching of Mohammed,' 222.  
**Amari**, Michele, on the influence of the Mussulman rule in Sicily, 229.  
**Apostolic Fathers**, The, 369—introduction of the controversial period of Church History, 370—transition to the historical period of investigation, *ib.*—publication of Baur's treatise in 1836, 371—failure of his method, 372—reconstruction of Church History in the second century, *ib.*—reliable authorities, 373—period of creative religion in the Roman Empire, 374—society, 375—unpopularity of Christianity, *ib.*—evidence of persecutions, 376—378—development of the three Churches, 378—the Church of Rome, *ib.*—persecution of Nero, 379—Domitian's executions, 380—Clement, the Roman Bishop, 381, 382—his Epistle, 381—the Church of Antioch, 383—Ignatius, *ib.*—his protest against 'Judaistic Docetism,' 384—the champion of Episcopacy, 385—his seventh letter, 385, 386—establishment of Christianity in Asia, 387—St. John's teaching, 388—his disciples, 389—life of Polycarp, 389—391—his pupil Irenæus, 391—Christianity an unlicensed religion, *ib.*—burial-places of the Christians, 392—communities, *ib.*—a 'benefit' society, 393—members of a great organization, *ib.*—unity of its services, 394—the Christian belief, 395—397—writings, 397.  
**Armada**, The, 1—conditions of naval warfare of Spain and England, 5—doctrine of the 'fleet in being,' 6—result to the Chinese fleet; 7—views

of the situation, 8—the Battle of Gravelines, 9—opinion of Sixtus V., 10—letter of the Duke of Parma from Dunquerque, *ib.*—demands of Santa Cruz, 11—death, 12—Medina Sidonia appointed to the command, 13—causes for the slackness and unreadiness of Elizabeth's preparations, 14—16—comparison of the forces engaged, 16—opinions of the true policy of offensive defence, 17—21—defensive policy radically faulty, 21—fatuous strategy of Sidonia, 22—result of Philip's instructions, 23—position of the Dutch fleet, 24, 25—dispersion of the Spanish fleet, 26—29.

**Arnold**, Matthew, his Lectures on translating Homer, 329, 343.

## B.

- Banim**, John and Michael, their tales of the Irish peasantry, 319, 320.  
**Bishop**, Maria Catherine, 'A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven,' 454.  
**Booth**, Charles, 'Life and Labour of the People in London,' 59.  
**Broadhurst**, Mr., his view of an old-age pension scheme, 260.  
**Brown**, Horatio F., 'Venetian State Papers,' 9.  
**Browning**, Robert, on literal translation, 341.  
**Burgon**, Dean, on Tischendorf's method of criticism, 192—195, 197—199.  
**Bury**, Rev. W., his evidence on the maximum limit of inevitable pauperism, 270.

## C.

- Calverley**, C. S., 'Verses and Fly Leaves,' 170—his skill and fidelity in translating, 346.  
**Carleton**, William, his scenes and characters of Irish life, 319.  
**Carroll**, Lewis, his parodies, 160.

Chadwick, Sir Edwin, on outdoor relief, 268.

Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. J., M.P., his Old-age Pension scheme, 255, 278.

Cherbuliez, Victor, 'Le Prince Vitale,' 513. *See* Tasso.

Chesney, Sir George, on the vernacular press of India, 443.

Christianity, progress of, 220—its fruitful and enduring principles, 247.

Church, Dean, on the principles of monasticism, 100.

Conservatism, The Triumph of, 338—result of the Elections, *ib.*—electoral statistics, 539—increase of the Conservative vote, 540—successes in the Metropolis, 541—in the chief provincial cities, 542—the counties, 542, 543—causes of the Radical defeat, 544—influence of the liquor trade, *ib.*—the Established Church, 545—decline of Liberalism, 545-547—secession of the Liberal Unionists, 547—retirement of Mr. Gladstone, 548—the Rosebery Government, *ib.*—disputes of the Irish Nationalists, 549—want of the old enthusiasm, 550—object of the Liberal seceders in 1886, 552—resolution to form an independent party, 553—gradual fusion with the Conservatives, 553, 554—character of the compact, 555—remote possibility of a schism, 556—majority of the Conservatives, 557—strong and representative Administration, 558—redistribution of seats, 559—reconstruction of the House of Lords, *ib.*—the Irish question, 560—voluntary schools, 561—demand for social legislation, 562—liability of employers, 563—Old Age Pensions, 564—purchase of their own houses by the working classes, 565—small allotments, *ib.*—alien pauper immigration, 566.

Costa, Joaquin, his essays on the customs of Upper Aragon, 494.

Craven, Mrs. Augustus, The Memoirs of, 454—her records of prominent Englishmen, 455—characteristics, 456—depth of her religious faith, *ib.*—freedom from professional clericalism, 457—description of Lord Palmerston, 458, 459—Mr. John Morley, 460—Mr. Gladstone, *ib.*—on the Irish crisis, 461-464—the rejection of the Home Rule Bill, 462—her interest in public affairs, 464—intense personality, 465—'Recit d'une Sœur,' 465, 474—her connection with the religious movement

in France, 466—conversion, 467—her account of the change, 468—'Journal of Meditations,' 469—her sense of anxiety, 470—life at Castagneto, *ib.*—description of Madame Swetchine, 471—contrast between the French and English temperament, 472-474—failure as a novelist, 474—history of the religious revival, 475-480—account of her visit to Notre Dame, 477—value of comparative unity amid divisions, 480—the promise of civilization, 481.

## D.

Disraeli, Benjamin, 354. *See* Rival Leaders.

Doughty, C. M., on the condition of Arabia under Islâm, 227.

Drama, The New, 399—the Greek, *ib.*—Roman comedy, 400—Elizabethan, *ib.*—limitations of ocular presentation, 401—necessities of a climax, *ib.*—the exigencies of an audience, 402—difference between a drama and a play, 402, 403—the literary aspect, 404—want of better plays, 405—distinguished authors, 406—question of stage realism, 407-409—of passion, 409-412—'intensity,' 412—definition of what constitutes literature, *ib.*—Mr. Jones's style, 413—contrast between 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' and 'Heimat,' 414, 415—Mr. Pinero's idea of naturalizing farce, 416—extract from 'The Cabinet Minister,' 417—his resolution to naturalize tragi-comedy, 418—'The Profligate,' 419—'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' 419-421—'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' 421—Herr Sudermann's plays, 423—'Die Ehre,' *ib.*—'Heimat,' 423-427.

Drummond, Henry, his letter to Mr. Disraeli on Parliamentary Reform, 362—on the true principle of the right of voting, 364.

Dryden, John, his analysis of the art of translation, 338-341.

## E.

Edgeworth, The Novels of Maria, 305—character of her letters, *ib.*—her position in literature, 306—continued popularity, *ib.*—discovers a new vein of material for fiction, 315—birth, 316—life in Ireland, 317—'Castle Rackrent,' *ib.*—superficial observation of Irish character, 318—her appreciation of William Carleton and



other writers, 318—moral teaching, 321—her faults as a novelist, 321-323.

Elworthy, F. T., 'The Evil Eye,' 204.

England, the military resources of, 5.

Eye, The Evil, 204—'fascination' or hypnotism, 205—the old Herodotean doctrine of Nemesis, 206—examples of *invidia*, *ib.*—the involuntary, 207—'sympathetic magic,' *ib.*—effects produced, 208—Totemism, *ib.*—amulets, 209—origin of the devices on shields, 210-212—superstitions about crescents and horns, 212—crosses, 213-215—magical formulæ, 215—the practice of 'scrying,' or 'crystal gazing,' *ib.*—rare phenomenon among the lower and isolated races, 216—ceremonies of treading on fire unhurt, 217-219.

F.

Foresters, Ancient Order of, 127. *See* Friendly Society System.

Foster-Melliard, Rev. A., 'The Book of the Rose,' 110.

France, account of the religious revival in, 475.

Freeman, Froude, and Seeley, 281—Freeman, his capacity for self-judgment, 282—childhood, *ib.*—early associations, 283—at Cheam, *ib.*—at Oxford, 284—sympathy with Anglicanism, *ib.*—his standard of right and wrong, 285—'History of Architecture,' 286—marriage, 287—unfitness for practical politics, *ib.*—his political views, 287-289—return to Oxford, 289—antipathy to the examination system, 290—his 'limitations,' 290-293—harsh criticism, 293—compared with Johnson, 294—his reputation, *ib.*—influence as a teacher, 295—architectural writings, *ib.*—compared with Froude and Seeley, 296—his opinion of Froude, 297—Froude, his method of writing, 298—want of real imagination, *ib.*—Seeley, 299—his didactic view of historical study, 299-301—'Expansion of England,' and his 'Life of Stein,' 302—extracts from his addresses at Birmingham, 302, 303.

Friendly Society System, The, 126—the affiliated or federated class, 127—number of members, 128—in Ireland, *ib.*—Scotland, 129—Wales, *ib.*—the Temperance Orders, *ib.*—support of the agricultural labourers, 130—the Railway group, *ib.*—Cen-

tralized Society, 131—sub-group of County and Semi-county, *ib.*—particular Trade Societies, 132—the Medical and Clerical, *ib.*—Local or Ordinary, *ib.*—Deposit, 133—Dividing and Female, *ib.*—number of female members, 134—question of admitting women, 135—the 'nurseries' of mutual thrift, *ib.*—table of registered societies, 136—Report of the work of the Registry Office, 137—result of the Act of 1875, 138—Parliamentary Return on the Societies' position, *ib.*—number of defaulters in the matter of annual returns, 139—the process of valuation, 140-142—unsatisfactory condition of the finances, 142—inadequacy of contributions, 143-145—inadequacy of earning powers of capital, 145—lack of protection of funds, 146—habit of going beyond the terms of sickness contracts, 146-148—remedies, 148-150—financial reformers, 150—work of the Registry Office, 151—opposition to State pensions, 275.

Froude, J. A., 'English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century,' 2—his method of writing history, 297—biography of 'The Earl of Beaconsfield,' 354.

G.

Gasquet, F. A., on the number of 'religious' expelled, 107.

Germany, adoption of the Hexameter in, 345.

Gibbon on the alleged burning of the libraries of Alexandria, 241.

Gladstone, W. E., 354. *See* Rival Leaders—described by Mrs. Augustus Craven, 460—his attempt to revive the Liberal party, 551.

Goethe, his drama of Tasso, 509.

Greece, earliest trace of the Rose in, 114.

Gregory, Dr. C. R., his labours on Textual Criticism, 185—his alteration of the notation, 188.

H.

Hamer, John, 'Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor,' 81, *note*.

Hamilton, Walter, 'Collection of Parodies,' 162.

Hardy, Ralph, on the distinction between the affiliated and centralized types of mutual insurance, 131.

- Hare, Augustus J. C., 'The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth,' 305.  
 Harte, Bret, his parodies, 176.  
 Henry, Miss Tenira, describes the ceremony of fire-walking, 217.  
 Hill, Miss Octavia, on the evils of indiscriminate charity, 273.  
 Holland, system of agriculture in, 490, 503.  
 Holmes, Consul, on the Turkish administration, 252.  
 Hunt, Rev. W., 'An Account of the Priory of St. Peter and St. Paul, Bath,' 98.

## I.

- India, Public Opinion in, 429—origin of the National Congress, 430—theory and objects, 431—table of the number of delegates, *ib.*—of the various races, 432—defect in the representative system, 432, 433—the fusion of discordant elements and the mental and moral regeneration of the people, 434—its neglect of the masses, *ib.*—of social reform, 435—political changes, 436—simultaneous examinations, *ib.*—the Forest Laws and the income-tax, 437—ninth resolution of 1892, *ib.*—its discrepancies and inconsistencies, 438—the literature, *ib.*—the 'Dialogue,' 439—its appeals to the ignorant fanaticism of the people, *ib.*—the Cadastral Survey, 440—cow-killing controversy, 441—instances of injudicious interference, *ib.*—the Opium enquiry, *ib.*—public meetings, 442—petitions, *ib.*—vernacular press, 442—444—increasing burden of taxation, 444—Congress not representative of the millions, 445—attitude of the landed classes, 446—the 'sunset law,' *ib.*—of the warlike tribes, 447—the cultivating classes, *ib.*—their danger from the money-lender, 448—ignorance, 449—tendency to over-population, *ib.*—objections to British rule, 449—451—promise of the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, 451, 452.  
 Islâm, 220—compared with Christianity, 221—influence and result of Mohammedan rule, 222, 223—revenue of the Byzantine Empire, 223—of the Ottoman, 224—decay of manufactures and decline of agriculture, *ib.*—faults in the system, 225—condition of Arabia, 226—characteristics of the Musulman, 227—influence on Persia, 228—in Hindustan, *ib.*—Sicily, 229—Moorish Spain, 230—232

—expulsion of the Moors from Spain, 232—condition of Moorish society, 233—intellectual bondage inherent in the Musulman system, 234—the Korân, 235—Omar's knowledge and attitude towards literature, art, and science, 236—alleged burning of the libraries of Alexandria, 237—witnesses to the belief, 237—241—destruction of the Pagan temple of Serapis, 241—the foe of intellectual development, 242—Islamic conception of God, 243—character of the Prophet, 244—his cruelty and treachery, 245—massacre of the Jews, 246—its failure due to the multiplicity of inflexible rules, 247—Dar-ul-Islâm and Dar-ul-Harb, 248—want of nationality, 249—a cosmopolitan militant Papacy, *ib.*—the Ulema, 250—specimens of the Muslim style of reasoning, 251, 252.

## J.

- Johnson, Dr., compared with Freeman, 294.  
 Jones, Henry Arthur, 'The Renaissance of the English Drama,' 399—criticism of his style, 413—his plays, 415. *See* Drama.  
 Jowett, Prof. B., his influence over Mr. Symonds, 35—failure of his advice, 37—Preface to the third edition of his version of Plato, 329—friendship for Lord Beaconsfield, 359.

## K.

- Kitchin, Dean, on the organization of monasteries, 91—the moral character of monks, 107.  
 Korân, the, 234. *See* Islâm.

## L.

- Lansdowne, Lord, on the tendency to transfer power from the Indian to the British Parliament, 450.  
 Latin literature, translation of, 328.  
 Laughton, Prof. J. K., 'State Papers relating to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada,' 4.  
 Leaders, Rival, and Party Legacies, 354—contrast between Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, *ib.*—deviations from their first tenets, 355—Mr. Gladstone's disestablishment measures, 356—political principles of Mr. Disraeli, 357—overcomes prejudices, *ib.*—'Lothair,' 358—

- friendship for Prof. Jowett, 359—  
master of parliamentary tactics, 360—  
—effect of undivided influences, 361—  
—the Derby-Disraeli Reform Act of  
1867, *ib.*—letter from Mr. Henry  
Drummond on Parliamentary Re-  
form, 362, 363—on the true principle  
of the right of voting, 364—defects  
of Mr. Disraeli's policy, 365—his  
successful government and adminis-  
tration, 366-368.
- Lee-Warner, W., 'The Protected  
Princes of India,' 429, 452.
- Liberal Unionists, secession of the, in  
1886, 552—coalition with the Con-  
servatives, 553, 554.
- Lightfoot, J. B., 'The Apostolic  
Fathers,' 369.
- Londoners at Home, 59—character of  
the population, 60—observers, *ib.*—  
differences in former days, 61—  
fashion a universal epidemic, *ib.*—  
demoralisation of the working-class,  
62—condition of the interior of  
houses, 63—defects of the modern  
roofs and walls, 63, 64—amusements  
a substitute for the old domestic life,  
65—want of cleanliness, 66—charac-  
ter of the past and present women,  
66, 67—domestic servants, 67—  
laundry work, 68—want of education  
for the young, 69—proposed organiza-  
tion of 'housewifery establishments,'  
70 *note*—scarcity of servant girls, 71—  
influence of Sunday Schools on  
dress, 72—want of economy in the  
style of living, 73—reform in  
general behaviour, *ib.*—state of  
feeling in the middle class, 74—  
results of the social question, 74, 75—  
number of tenements and servants,  
76—holidays, *ib.*—assertion of  
superiority, 77—character of artisans,  
*ib.*—deplorable falling off in the  
amount and quality of work, 78—  
honesty of the aborigines of North  
Siberia, 79—outcry against the in-  
crease of rates, *ib.*—need for self-  
culture, 80—want of combination  
and effective local power, 80-82.
- Ludlow, J. M., his report of the work  
of the Registry Office, 137.

M.

- Mahan, Capt., 'Influence of Sea Power  
upon History,' 4.
- Maturin, Mr., the author of 'Montorio,'  
309. *See Novels.*
- Monk, The Passing of the, 83—  
causes for the diminished number of

religious houses in the fifteenth  
century, 84—accusations against the  
monasteries, 85-87—evidence of the  
'Black Book,' 87—the Comperta, 88—  
—letters of the Visitors, *ib.*—Bill  
for the suppression of the smaller  
religious houses, 89—confiscation of  
the greater, 90—influence and  
organization of monasteries, 91—  
monks, the forerunners of modern  
trade, 92—patrons of art, *ib.*—'The  
Rites of Durham,' *ib.*—production  
and multiplication of books, 93—  
work of education, 94—life in a  
monastery, *ib.*—the abbot, priors and  
sacrist, 95—precentor and circa, *ib.*—  
the custos operum, 96—receiver or  
treasurer, the hordarian, *ib.*—in-  
firmarian, 97—master of the novices,  
guest-master, and camerarius, *ib.*—  
subordinate officials, 98—daily  
service of a Benedictine house, *ib.*—  
perpetual prayer, 99—spiritual fel-  
lowship, *ib.*—hard and austere life,  
100—recreations, 101—neglect of  
cleanliness, 102—change in the  
fourteenth century, *ib.*—faults of the  
system, 103—spirit of exclusiveness,  
104—Mendicant Orders, 105—neg-  
lect of churches, *ib.*—accusations  
against the moral character of the  
monks, 106—of the nuns, 107—  
extracts from the disciplinary rules,  
108.

- Morán, E. L., his essays on the  
customs of Leon, 485.
- Morley, John, described by Mrs.  
Augustus Craven, 460.
- Myers, F., his translations of Virgil,  
348.

N.

- Navy Records Society, formation of  
the, 4.
- Novels, differences between, in the  
eighteenth and nineteenth centuries,  
307—at the close of the eighteenth  
century, 308—influence of Mrs. Rad-  
cliffe, *ib.*—Maturin, 309—style of  
the sentimental fiction, 310, 311—  
various forms of fictitious literature,  
311—Charlotte Smith's books, 312,  
313—development of character, 314—  
—Miss Edgeworth's scenes and cha-  
racters of Irish life, 315.

O.

- Oddfellows, The Manchester Unity of,  
127. *See Friendly Society.*

Old Age Pensions, 254—Royal Commission appointed in 1832, *ib.*—in 1895, 255—Memorandum of the Prince of Wales, 256—explanatory Memorandum, *ib.*—majority Report, 257—minority, *ib.*—terms of the Commission, 258—Mr. Booth's scheme, 259—Mr. Broadhurst's views, 260—Mr. Stockall's statement, 261—263—extract from paragraph 24 of the Summary, 263—political members' Memorandum, 264—Mr. Stuart's separate Report, *ib.*—Mr. Roundell's dissent from clause 24, 265—no alteration necessary in the existing system of Poor-law relief, 266—extract from section 9, 267—Sir Edwin Chadwick's proposal for outdoor relief, 268—decrease of pauperism, 269—Mr. Bury's evidence on the maximum limit of inevitable pauperism, 270—old-age pauperism of to-day, 271—question of 'Charity other than endowed,' 272—Prof. Marshall's proposal, 273—evils of indiscriminate charity, *ib.*—funds and membership of Friendly Societies, 274—their opposition to State pensions, *ib.*—returns of the number of members in workhouses, 275—rejection of the various State-pension schemes, 276—objections of the projectors, 277—misconception of the mechanism of an industrial society, 278.

## P.

Pagans, *Latter-Day*, 31—J. A. SYMONDS, 32—childhood, 33—character, 34—at school and college, 35—self-absorbed dilettante, *ib.*—fatal consequences of a charge, 36—marriage, *ib.*—uncongenial task of translation, 37—his condition of mind, 38—tone of his diary, 39—meets with an accident, 40—travels, *ib.*—'The Renaissance in Italy,' 41—character of the work, 42—'Essays Speculative and Suggestive,' 43—his poems and description of Nature, 44—life at Davos, *ib.*—'Life of Michael Angelo,' 45—death, 46—W. PATER, *ib.*—'Marius the Epicurean,' *ib.*—style of his writings, 47—beliefs of the Renaissance, 49—scale of pleasures, 50—'Lectures on Plato,' 51—'Greek Studies,' *ib.*—character of Marius, 52—self-contained existence, 53—stirrings of his heart, 54—dies among Christians, 55—the false Platonism, 56—58.

Palgrave, Gifford, on the condition of Arabia under Islâm, 227—on the God of Islâm, 243.

Palmerston, Lord, described by Mrs. A. Craven, 458.

Parody, 153—meaning of the term, *ib.*—essential conditions, 154—instances, 155—in Spain, 156—religious, *ib.*—'Le Virgile Travesti' of Scarron, 157—Herr Funck's collection, 158—'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' *ib.*—its object, 159—Lewis Carroll's parodies, 160—political, 161—Mr. Hamilton's collection, 162—Mr. Parton's 'Humorous Poetry,' 163—Isaac Hawkins Browne's compositions, 164—Parodies on Wordsworth, 165—on Southey, 166—Tennyson, 168—Moore, 170—the 'Burial of Sir J. Moore,' *ib.*—Calverley's parodies, 170—172—Swinburne, 172—175, 177—Bret Harte, 176—W. S. Gilbert, *ib.*—opinions against the art, 178—instances when taken in good part, 179.

Parton, J., 'Humorous Poetry,' 163.

Pater, Walter, 'Marius the Epicurean,' 46. *See* Pagans.

Paul, William, 'The Rose-Garden,' 110.

Persia, influence of the Musulman rule in, 228.

Pinero, A. W., his invention of a new form of drama, 416. *See* Drama.

## R.

Radcliffe, Mrs., influence of her writings, 308.

Radical votes, decrease in the, 540—causes of the defeat, 544.

Rome, cultivation of the Rose in, 115.

Rose-growers, Ancient, 110—origin of the name, 111—original home, *ib.*—expansion, 112—supposed poem of Sappho, 113—earliest trace in Greek literature, 114—under the Roman Empire, 115—instructions on the cultivation, 116—advantages of rigorous pruning, 117—method of open-air forcing, *ib.*—distinction of species and varieties, 118—120—cultivation for medicinal purposes, 120—for display at banquets, 121—organized trade carried on between Rome and country centres, 122—the celebrated Pæstum blooms, 123—'Provence' or 'Cabbage' rose, the link of connection, 124—date of its introduction into England, 125.

Rosebery, Lord, incongruity of his position as Radical Premier, 548.

Rossetti, D. G., on rhythmical translation, 342.

Russell, G. W. E., biography of 'W. E. Gladstone,' 354.

### S.

Scrivener, F. H. A., 'A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament,' 181. See Tischendorf.

Seeborn, Mr., extract from his work on 'The English Village Community,' 498.

Seeley, Sir J. R., his views of teaching history, 299. See Freeman.

Sicily, influence of the Musulman rule in, 229.

Smith, Charlotte, the novels of, 312, 313.

Solerti, Angelo, 'Vita di Torquato Tasso,' 508.

Southey, Robert, 'English Seamen,' 3 —parodies on his poetry, 166.

Spain, the dominant power in the sixteenth century, 5—features of the Arab rule in, 231—expulsion of the Moors, 232—Village Communities in, 483—primitive institutions of Asturias, 484—Leon, 485—Canseco, its local code of ordinances, *ib.*—the old communal system, 486—necessity for the common rights, 487—the Sierras of Castile, 488—system of migratory merinos, *ib.*—principle of co-aration, 489—preservation of the woods, *ib.*—system of agriculture, 490—parallel in the North-East of Holland, 490, 503—*taberna del concejo*, 491—*Carnecería de concejo*, 492—education, *ib.*—result of Government intervention, 493—contrast between the new and the old system, *ib.*—Upper Aragon, 494—mode of payment, *ib.*—insurance of live-stock, 495—the practice of *cheptel*, 496—making of tiles, 497—system of sheep-farming for fertilization, *ib.*—institution of *derrotas*, 498—abolition in 1853, 499—*Reporto de la contribución*, 500—the case of Llanabes, 501—traces of the distribution of land by lot, 501—503—its *essen*, 503—Teutonic in character, 504—the *andecha*, 505—appeals for the restoration of the old system, 506.

Stead, T. B., on the number of members of Friendly Societies applying for poor relief, 275.

Steel, Mrs., her stories of India, 448.

Stephens, W. R. W., 'The Life and Letters of E. A. Freeman,' 281.

Stockall, J. J., on State pensions, 261.

Stuart, Consul-General, on the Muslim style of reasoning, 251.

Sudermann, Hermann, 'Die Ehre,' 423—'Heimat,' 424. See Drama.

Swetchine, Madame, described by Mrs. A. Craven, 471.

Swinburne, A., 'Heptalogia; or, Seven against Sense,' 172.

Symonds, J. A., 'The Renaissance in Italy,' 31—'Essays Speculative and Suggestive,' 329.

### T.

Tasso, Bernardo, history of, 514—his poem 'Amadigi,' 516, 518—death, 524.

—, Torquato, 508—Signor Solerti's researches, *ib.*—Goethe's drama, 509—historians, 510—Manso della Villa's biography, 510—512—various writers, 512—two series of documents, *ib.*—his father Bernardo, 514—birth, 515—childhood, 516—his life at the Palazzo Imperiale, 517—at Venice, 518—the 'Gierusalemme,' 519, 524, 526—his songs and madrigals, 520—'Rinaldo,' *ib.*—at Bologna, 521—continues his studies at Padua, 522—service under Carl. Luigi at Ferrara, *ib.*—sonnets, 523—intense egoism, 524—death of his father, *ib.*—stay in Paris, 525—leaves the Cardinal, *ib.*—at Duke Alphonso's Court, 526—'Aminta,' *ib.*—bad health, *ib.*—impending troubles, 527—secret offers to the Medici, *ib.*—in Rome, 528—critics of 'Gierusalemme,' *ib.*—symptoms of madness, 529—attacked and beaten, 530—his strange actions, *ib.*—under supervision, 531—Duke Alphonso's kindness, *ib.*—confined in Sant' Anna, 532—aimless wanderings, 533—poverty, *ib.*—'Conquistata,' 534—'Liberata,' *ib.*—return to Rome, 535—proposal to crown him, 536—death, *ib.*

Tennyson, Lord, parodies on his poetry, 168—his translations of Homer, 347.

Thomson, Basil, 'South Sea Yarns,' 218.

'Times,' extract from the, on the presence of European troops in Egypt, 252.

Tischendorf's Greek Testament, 181—number of recorded Greek MSS., 182—number of his editions, 183—his five rules, *ib.*—in possession of the great Sinaitic manuscript, 184—

- death, 185—Dr. Gregory entrusted with the task of writing 'Prolegomena,' *ib.*—their contents, 186—difference between the 'Prolegomena' and 'Epilegomena,' 187, 188—Dr. Gregory's alteration of the notation, 188-190—Tischendorf's textual labours, 190—method of criticism, 191—authorities, *ib.*—instances of acting on his own conjectures, 192-196—his frequent inconsistency and inaccuracy, 196—caprice, 197—average specimen of his manner of conducting critical enquiries, 197-199—disagreement of editors, 199—lays undue stress upon the oldest MSS., 200—evidence against their value, 201-203.
- Translation, The Art of, 324—various translators, 325-327—its place in literature, 327—influence of the Scriptures, *ib.*—position of Greek literature, 328—of Latin, *ib.*—prefaces, 329—definition of the word, 330, 335—translatable and untranslatable words, 331—verses of a sixth-form boy or undergraduate 332—multiplication of translations, 333—difficulty of a perfect translation, 334—canons for a translator, 335-337—Dryden on the three modes, 338-341—use of 'Imitation,' 339—'Paraphrase' or 'translation with latitude' 340—Browning on a *literal* rendering, 341—Rossetti on rhythmical, 342—preservation of the style and character of the original, 343—difficulty of the form, *ib.*—method of transference, 344—attempts to acclimatize the Hexameter in England, 345—in Germany, *ib.*—the Pentameter, 346—Mr. Calverley's renderings, *ib.*—experiments in translating Homer and Virgil, 347—the Heroic couplet, 348—Iambic beat, 349—question of rhyme, 350—prose composition, *ib.*—style and form, 351—effect of translating poetry into prose, *ib.*—the Authorized Version of the Bible, 352—its value in education, 353.
- Tuchmann, M., his work on 'Fascination,' 204.
- U.
- Ubicini, M. A., on the agriculture of Turkey, 224.
- V.
- Villa, Manzo della, his biography of Tasso, 510.
- Vinogradoff, Prof., on the system of *precariae*, 505.
- W.
- Webster, Wentworth, his paper on the 'Assurances mutuelles du Bétail,' 495.
- Wood, Consul-General, on Musulman policy, 251.
- Wordsworth, W., parodies on his poetry, 165.

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